

Wings and Lace

by Erika Byrne-Ludwig

Feelings can't be measured, can't be weighed, can't be evaluated. I imagine invisible wings flitting inside us close to our heart like butterflies on flowers. Unpalpable, elusive, colourless lace. I'd like to be able to touch them, see if they're hot or cold. Perhaps reshape them according to my desires and feel them to know if they're silky like a cat, smooth like a plumage or soft like a young skin.

