

I Knew the Topography of His Face Just by Shouting and Feeling the Reverberations

by Han Kondabalu

Show me where to go, he said out of defiance for the moment in which time was malleable and fat minutes were consumed by wayward, languid hours. And all I could do for the time being was sit there excruciatingly anxious for this to pass, so it would trans-morph into a butterfly and escape into the deep blue photon-filled sky, away from all this, all that we know which could be true, but is most likely a prism of co-modified consumerism and therefore likely false.

