

Altitude

She does not yet feel
those things she sees with her eyes.

So, she sits.

The colors speak softly. As if worried about being rude, they do not want to interrupt; instead, they whisper, politely.

The sky creeps along, like a child sneaking out, trying not to get caught by parents. She can barely spot the instantaneous changes, but every few seconds she realizes the clouds are not where they once were.

The air, the dust, the wind: they are not proud. She thinks they might be ashamed or embarrassed. Of what, she does not know.

But then, there is the space.

The emptiness, the distance. It does not make sense to her, that something owns the rights to so much invisible property. It is a dictator, it is self-absorbed and unruly. Nothing can fill its nothingness, except itself.

But, of course, she can look and admire the space. Anyone can. In fact, it is encouraged. Every dictator wants to be admired. The space wants its surroundings to grow green with envy.

Looking at the emptiness, staring into the open chest of Nature, she begins to feel.

She feels she cannot be touched. She feels like she can extend a finger, and tap the mountains, rivers and clouds wherever she desires.

She feels like a foreign language no one else will ever understand.

No matter her efforts, she would never be able to translate
the power and influence the space has over her.

It is not worth a thousand words; it would not come out right.

She is so high

from everything alive.

The air is thin

but she will survive.