

Hollow. Flat. It was  
how she felt. That. As if her  
arms and legs and lungs

All had forgotten  
something important, like how  
to be arms and legs

And lungs. Like she had  
forgotten how to be her,  
or part of her had

Stopped working. Perhaps  
like a device running low  
on power or a

Speeder riddled and  
running on fumes. But her heart  
pumped gasoline when

It couldn't find blood  
and she burned anyway and  
that was something. That.

Something. Right then she  
didn't feel like something at  
all. She sat heavy

Under her own skin,  
her fingers feeling wrong set  
into her hands, just

A little numb, just  
enough to make her bones want  
to claw their way out.

Hollow. Flat. That was  
all she was, because without  
him, she was ~~leg~~ lost.

