

Look at the water; breathe in the sky.

Dance aptly as the world passes by.

And the Mistress leaves again; she leaves me again. Dancing in the proscenium again. The leaves and wind watch arms, fluid and jellylike. They move around in the air separate from my torso, dancing their own little dance, my fingers dripping and drooling as they twirl around and around and around and around. I have my legs still; we tap dance; well, they tap dance, the legs making a metallic "click" and when they step with purpose, a "clack". Then there's me, yes, me... My face warped with honey leaking from my orifices; my face with teeth longer than fingers; my face with a tongue of lava; my eyes sewn together; a series of black fish eggs. At least she left that phrase. She's building it piece by piece. If I dance, dance, dance, she keeps building it. I want the phrase to be finished. I do; I know it. Me and my legs walk over to the edge of the proscenium, looking over the city. I can't even see it; I could when I first arrived here, when the Mistress was kind enough to take me here. I was so malnourished before she found me and helped me. I was all... fleshy and bone-ridden; blood was flowing through a disgusting, beating pustule; and water leaked from my eyes so much. But I'm much better now; I'm a dancer.

I've been dancing forever now, and I like it. Whenever I look up at the sky, it looks back! A swirl of pink, green, and white pillars intersecting right at the middle, building a castle in the sky! But it's not made of wood or iron; it's made of buzzing particles. Little particles: going up, going down, going all around! To form the building in the sky. It has eyes too; they look beautiful in the moonlight. It keeps me company when I practice; it's my favorite critic. Quiet yet so, so vibrant—how can one sky be so wise? Has it lived forever? Has the castle been buzzing, all sparkly and pretty, as long as I've been dancing? Or did it come before me? Were there dancers before me? It doesn't matter; that's what the Mistress tells me. Still, it's nice to have a friend. I know we're friends because my whole body agrees; my arms blush so easily at their compliments! Sometimes, sometimes they turn this beautiful black, onyx, crystal color. Even my legs like the sky; they start to jump higher, from side to side; sometimes, sometimes...they even float. How can one silent sky be so, so nice? I suppose it's its own secret.

Thhhhhhhhh. The tracks below me—my track, my failures—are so hissy so, so disjointed! I'M A DANCER; I'VE NEVER FAILED; the Mistress told me so; she told me so... don't get mad. That's what the Mistress says—thank you. I feel bad for the ground; I stand on it all day, poking, prodding, stepping... It never tells me to stop; it just vibrates. I wonder what it thinks about; I bet it thinks of others' other thoughts because the ground never talks. So I bet it thinks about the thoughts nobody else thinks about. What am I not thinking about right now? Maybe I'm thinking about a field of yummy plants that grow stalks that are so tall, even the sky can enjoy their produce. Maybe I'm thinking about dust, shiny blowing dust in the wind, a storm of dust, but it's a nice storm, a storm of dust. I can walk through it with my eyes full and open, with no care in the world...because it's nice dust, so it can't hurt me. My other thoughts are strange; I wonder how strange the ground is then. Rumble. Rumble. Rumble. Why are you rumbling?

