

Weightlessness

No really...think about this, consider for a moment, this moment, of a weightlessness that is at the same time, perhaps, a burden. Or is it? You be the judge. Contemplate this body of evidence, that places before you the gift and weight of your own desire, and render an opinion. Do our own wishes crush us? And do we care, as the earth rushes toward us, that we are leaving behind our ordinary lives? Do we care, that we might some day lie inert and naked on the ground, our wings singed by our brush with flesh and thus with death? Do you tell me that life has the ability to arouse in you the willingness to risk all this for—what? The knowledge of good and evil?

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