

Sometimes she just liked to walk in this alien space by herself.

Perched atop a skyscraper's spire moongazing.

Watching TV in an abandoned love hotel; or

swapping bodies looking for what fit. She found

three, because they were so unlike her.

Blue crow-girl with white oval eyes singing songs

of grief. People, robots, and strange creatures gather

round to hear the music: her voice is a guitar with

vocals. They came and went as she cycled through

song after song. She drew attention to the cracks across

her skin, the tears in her heart, the breaks in her bones,

the lesions in her brain, but concealed them underneath

feathers and a mask. "Are you alright?" but she refused to burden

them, so she lies. She knows things cannot continue like this,

but like this she endures. Kinsman of Beowulf, she stands alone,

facing her dragon with will unyielding. Knowing she will

inevitably fall. It is her Harmatia, that she can only talk

through a VR headset... to anons... even then she doesn't

speak freely. As she turned her head and shoulders, her arms

maintained position, only moving her legs to reposition herself.

When she was done singing, she went mute and disappeared.