



Except me. If I had stood and gored a wild dog, that would have been cleaning my daughter. If I had stood and crushed beetles, that would have been cleaning. Preventing others, letting only the hardness of my exhaustion fail me.

Pulled away. Dropped into the sea. Watch the shadow fall and the helicopter go up, spin, and readjust after losing two tons. My body taken into the sea. Swallowed.

Once a death goes into the sky, does it return?