

Lost

written by Holly

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By Holly Lisle

Tied in haze, in morass of wordless insecurity, bound to scattered story, people so thin I can see through them like tissue, hungry for a conflict that I cannot find cannot reach, dig out, unearth, scratch free from the place where it must be. My people face a new world, and for the life of me I cannot make it anything but paper tonight. I cannot see the place, cannot hear it, cannot smell it. I know that it is round, full, with the shape of succulents, suggesting that it will be drier than they expect, but where in this world, where in this scene, where in the shapes of this do I find the struggle? Where is their fight? Why do I care about them?

Right at the moment I don't. They could live or die; it doesn't matter a bit to me. They are on Cadwa. I am in the office, listening to people downstairs making too much noise, and I have too few words written and no hunger to write more.

Where is my story?

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