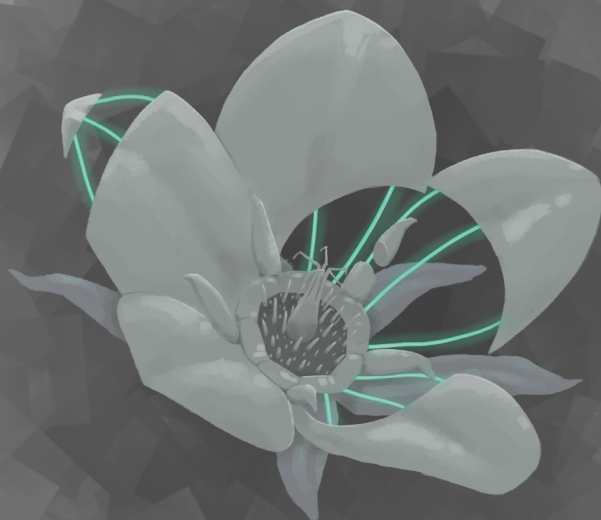


*The Woman was too present.* She was too much herself,  
too human, too embodied within her vessel as it spiraled  
out of control, too stuck in her mind as it twisted in on itself.

Readers, you must understand that she was  
in so many ways whole still!



I think that The Woman would say, however, that she  
was too whole. I think she would say that she was too  
full, too much, too alive. I think she would say that almost three  
hundred years of a life that was lived as hers was too  
much life. I think she would laugh that hoarse, dry laugh  
that always sounded like tears were on the way and say  
that thirty years was probably too much for her.

*But me, friends? What will become of me?*

Idumea

Progress x Fireheart x Drewniak

Progress x Fireheart x Drewniak

Idumea

x

A Post-Self Story