etymology of flight: a venn diagram

she	they	he
	only	
I look in rearview at the hills behind me. Bouquets of orchids emerge from patches of exposed bone:	mirrors separate this	reflect the stars sewn into my belt. Galaxies and grin as I approach; here, in
farewell procession a reminder of my homeland. My body, dark emerald in pursuit of relief.	astral vessel	abyss, I can finally take up space without fear. An oracle, upon witnessing my cosmic whispers to the dark: *Watch him dance* *slip* *between planets, no longer* *a box of blinking wolves —*