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# Velocity

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Footer Logo

## Velocity

*Kristin Rothell*

There's a single moment  
when it feels like you're flying.

When everything slows down,  
and inhibitions evaporate  
like the restrictions of life  
no longer matter,  
like your soul has been unchained  
and nothing else is real—  
but the wind drying out your eyes  
because closing them,  
even for a moment,  
would break you.  
And the rain slicing through  
your skin like it's glass  
could cut you into ribbons  
and you couldn't bring yourself to care—  
because in that moment,  
in that single moment,  
it feels like you're flying.

Then reality comes crashing back down  
and the wind in your eyes  
burns like smoke.  
The rain on your skin envelops you  
like a smoldering flame.  
You're no longer flying,  
you're in free fall with no parachute.  
The strings have been cut,  
your safety net is dust on the wind,  
your only saving grace  
is the surety that eventually you'll land.  
But the re-entry is not

like waking up from a pleasant dream—  
it's jarring, broken, incomplete,  
and utterly terrifying.  
Your body struggles to right itself,  
your mind is lost in the clouds,  
your lungs no longer suck in precious,  
life-giving air,  
but gallons of water that drown out  
the screams that ache to be set free.

There's a single moment  
when it feels like you're flying.

A split second  
when it feels like you're falling.

When in truth your heart's blood  
is pouring out of you  
in viscous rivulets of garnet hue  
that darken the linoleum  
with flower petals of delicate crimson.  
The flying was the high before the pain,  
the falling the bottoming out  
of your blood pressure,  
the drowning the panic that  
infused your body as it realized  
Death was on its way—  
and no amount of intervention  
was going to save you now.

Maybe flying was peaceful,  
falling a thrill,  
drowning a terror,  
but death has always been  
the ultimate destination...

hasn't it?