## **EXCERPT**

## SLOW: CRUSH



TRAVELS IN AT DREAMS

ah but the strange beauty, the reproach frozen in their eyes. backlit dreadlocks in the dark, why, I ask, are they all young, armored uniforms, helmets, headphones, glowing lights, some with halos, some smooth hard droid masks with human eyes, anger, melancholy, a detached yet questioning gaze, innocence, malice, contempt, some almost joyful but restrained, expectant, resigned. scared, so many moods and looks, a lifetime of emotions

in a day, bright colors or

sepia or black-and-white, fake

and real—how does it all end

























TEXT-TO-IMAGE BY DALL-E 2
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