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Haa'havehane

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Háa'hávėháne LaNada Peppers

Reveries of reveries surrendered to her lips as she whispered crackle-kissed zephyr in my ear. I smelled the solitude on her breath. It was clear she had indulged on loneliness, feeding until she was on the brink of bursting, her stomach pregnant with subzero seclusion. She continued to reminisce pausing only to lick her fingertips. Around her, snowflakes danced in her hair as memoirs of the bygone fervor in the sunny spell of summer shrouded her in a symphony of sorrow. Never before have I met a creature such as she. One that reveled within the chilly quietness of winter never withering, never passing into springtime.