

sobs he couldn't decipher? The same helplessness enveloped him now as when he was left alone with his baby nephew during family gatherings.

At least he was here. Sitting with it, the truth of his unhappiness. Wasn't that something? Yes, he had yet to look it in the eye fully. But he was close, sitting only inches away - he could feel out the edges of that tangled mass of emotion and unspoken words. He closed his eyes and decided then. There really was only one option if he wanted to leave

the closet with this organ. He would embrace the pain, take in this knot of dark, damp mess. This dirty, ugly thing. This that made him human. Grit his teeth through it. Savour it. Dig his nails into his palms, cry, scream, groan, laugh.

The closet was empty when he finally emerged. The slouch of his shoulders didn't suggest a clear victory, but there was a lucidity in his eyes.

He walked out hurt, haggard, human.

