

INDIGO

He kneels in his garden, his valley of leaves and thrill and bark. Eggshells sing under his weight. The earth smells like him – glorious.

His fingers wither at the sun and blush at the air. He is outside, breathing at home. She winks at him through the window, playing piano, all wild inside.

Outside used to belong to him. But he is getting bigger, bolder; he wants someone. He wants someone for himself, whom he can wrap around the trees and the wind and the sunlight. To show what he's done... how he has built his world.

Eleanor. He smiles back at her. He thinks he likes her wild hope.

But there are so many – so many windows. All beating. Glass and racing and pelting butterfly ash like pulp into the wind.

He turns back to his dying plants. The sun is high enough to see his scarred back. The grass says he is taller, bare-backed and shining.

He squints his eyes, thinking of what people might say. Numbers and letters and singing and bark and bits and he laughs, thin teeth out. The wind hugs him. He pictures the girl touching his back. She feels soft and elegant. He is bitten with a sudden wave of might, and then it fades. The wind blows lightly on his cheek.

Far beneath his feet he feels the worms, the bacon, the moles, the dead light, the bluebottles.

His perfect feet. Strong with twisted bone and just the right amount of age.

Now he sees his plants grow, his rapunzel curling. His smile roars at the sun.