

Id Is

by Angie

Ah, my long existence has become interesting since these humans began living in my stone world. I am now awake. Some of them have fallen to me and I have harvested their ids.

They have taught me much about them. Hate, fear, madness, joy, despair. Yes, even love. They are rich in life, which I can only sample, never experience. I wait and gather, before they expire and leave me nothing but rags and bone, occasionally bits of metal. I need them not.

I can now sense them moving here and there, catch stray thoughts.

Is it enough? Id is.