

Abba

Nonfiction • Zoe Pournaras

The loneliest people are those who only know their language. Each person is a system of signs, a web of grammar, body language, thoughts, and eyes. Every cell in us is screaming to communicate—to connect. I actually believe we are even more complex than tongues. We are a beautiful arrangement of fears and passions. Who dares to learn you? To speak you? Who deems you worthy of knowing and understanding?