



SO FEW OF THEM BELIEVE  
IN US, AND THAT IS OUR  
GREATEST STRENGTH.



HOW COULD THEY? THEIR  
LIVES ARE DEDICATED  
TO SCRAPING BY...TO  
MINIMIZING DISCOMFORT.  
TO MINIMIZING EFFORT.

THEY HAVE NEVER  
EVEN CONSIDERED  
THE POSSIBILITY OF  
PERFECTION, NEVER  
MIND STROVE  
TOWARDS IT.



THEY DO NOT PERCEIVE  
THE ABSOLUTE HORROR OF  
REMAINING AS THEY ARE...



LOPSIDED MISMATCHED  
SEPARATED FROM THE  
DIVINITY OF SYMMETRY.



WE HAVE YET TO ATTAIN  
IT OURSELVES, OF  
COURSE. BUT WE, AT  
LEAST, ARE DEDICATED



AND YET WE  
LOVE THEM  
ALL THE SAME,  
OUR SLOVENLY  
COUSINS.



FOR EACH OF THEM  
CARRY A GRANULE  
OF PERFECTION  
WITHIN THEM.



IT MIGHT BE SOMETHING AS SMALL  
AS THE WELL-SHAPED DIGIT OF A  
FINGER, OR A PARTICULARLY BEAUTIFUL  
STRING OF CAPILLARIES THREADING  
THROUGH THE SUBCLAVIAN ARTERY...



PERHAPS  
AN EAR?

NO. ALAS,  
BLEMISHED BY  
A FRECKLE.



A PITY I COULD  
HAVE USED A  
NEW LEFT EAR.

THE ONE I HAVE, I FEAR  
CLASHES WITH MY EYES...



MY BEAUTIFUL,  
PROPHET'S EYES.



"WHAT IS THE NEST  
TO THE BIRD?"

"IT ISN'T SEPARATE  
FROM THE WHOLE."

"NOT A PART  
OF THE WORLD  
AROUND HER."

"HER CHICKS COULD NOT SURVIVE  
WITHOUT THE NEST...SO IT'S BUILT  
INTO HER TO CREATE IT."



IT'S PART OF  
HER MAKEUP. SHE  
KNOWS TO CREATE  
IT, WITHOUT EVER  
BEING TOLD.

IF SHE'D  
NEVER SEEN  
A NEST BEFORE,  
SHE'D STILL  
KNOW HOW  
TO DO IT.



THE NEST IS  
A PART OF A BIRD,  
THOUGH IT IS NOT  
ATTACHED.

ALL  
THAT IS ME,  
THAT IS NOT  
ATTACHED...

THAT'S  
WHAT I SHALL  
RECLAIM BEFORE HE  
CATCHES UP TO ME.



OR STAY.

STAY  
HERE.