Heaven

In heaven, everyone speaks the same language.
In heaven, everyone thinks in the numerology of music, and can apprehend each drop of water in a rain cloud.
In heaven, everyone has lost their names, and pronouns scatter from angels' heels, like light in a dusty hallway. Heaven is the loneliest place, like a sea or cyan-blue sky.
There are no mirrors, or books, or diaries. There is no hunger, no spit, or tears of laughter. In heaven, memory is forgotten, like every reason that anyone might have had for wanting to be there.