

Broken Hands

I wouldn't sleep through the night even if I could. I wouldn't want to miss any of the show because I love the spectacle of the carousel ride far too deeply. Round and round it turns, the lights pulsating rhythmically as a visual heartbeat of the music being played—a soundtrack to translate the emotion of every passing second. The children shout with excitement, laugh overjoyed, or hold on for dear life unable to overcome their apprehension; others hop off of their mechanical horses and explore the carousel on foot even while it spins—this is the human experience.

- Sean Aeon

