

Coma.

The light filtered through the glass. Morning. Autumn. He took notice. Cold waves and cold thoughts. No warm body, no heat, no 'I love you'. Pale light through pale gray clouds. Past memory: empty house. The hallway mirror reflecting back his image; the only evidence he exists at all. Present: Bathroom mirror. Eyes bloodshot. Future projection: pen in hand or a razorblade.

Eyes close. Hands wrap around one another. A hum comes from the pipes.

Distant...distant my friend...distant.

The mercury rises while the sky falls. The hallway is empty, clogged with light. His whisper waits to be buried with the embers of the night air. Tomorrow is so far away...the night swallows him whole if he looks out from his chair.

Teeth chatter. Legs go numb. The mind stays still. In limbo.

The enamel comes off. The silence unbearable. It has been a long time since he woke from sleep with nothing to show for it. One less thought to deal with. One less thing to increase the pulse. All things. All things must die. All things. To be born again under an oak tree is far removed...or to be taken with innocence from the reeds. He meets his end now, and every day after...at the speed of light.