

"Go on ahead," she said. "Love will meet you there. Be steadfast, swift, safe and self-assured." "So long," She said, and set it all adrift. I swear, bad luck and longing are a lonely pair whose hollow little white lies light the room. Skin muscle and bone all die on their own. Enter beating heart to send blood to the source as veins steady the course. It's an Obsequiarch leading a march of cold, cowardly cells. "Tell nobody else about the story arc." Sigh...say goodnight...be nearby .

Beyond the bed, I leapt, fled and found myself untethered. Attempts to resuscitate were met with a deafening tone. Wait. Recalibrate. Wait. Nothing. Wait. Stop. It's the only way. Hollow little white lies lined the room. "It's too soon."

Oh, the horror...

At night-time stars align and the tide rolls out to sea. I'm barely alive. At night-time I'm colour-blind, so I don't know where I've been or how I survived. The night-time drank me dry. Now I'm drowning but I've never felt so alive. It's night-time all the time at the bottom where the dead lay but I am alive. It'll come for you. Oh, the horror when it comes for you.