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For Only A Moment

Starlit D.S. Taie

You sit in the cold, on wooden steps not yet warmed from your body, and stare out across a plain of dead grass, frozen stiff from ice that glows slightly in the blue twilight. Your breath clouds, but you don't notice, as it's stolen away by a gentle breeze, prickling at your skin and piercing the thin clothes you wear. There's a street lamp somewhere behind you, its light mostly blocked from the houses all lined up on the side of the street, but a thin rectangle of light stretches itself out between your house and the one next to you, fading into the blue light which, itself, has begun to fade into black.

You focus on the cold at first, before it disappears with everything around it.

There seems to be nothing on your mind really. A passing thought doesn't flicker on in your mind, there's no conversation being mulled over or any moments from earlier being viewed. It's stagnant. It's quiet. And it's warm up there, alone as you are.

It's something you don't quite look forward to, but are hard pressed to give up. There are things you could be doing now. So many things, so many duties to attend to, yet you just can't find yourself doing them. You need the silence though it doesn't need you- it darts away at your slightest movement, and in its sudden absence it is replaced. By all the little things you dread. By the moments you sit and ponder something else. By the days that keep passing, that don't seem to stop.

Though the silence is coming back now. And so is the stagnancy, the quiet, and the warmth.



Mountain Coals Starlit D.S. Taie