

## Black box

She looks around for some way to escape, but this room has no door. It has no windows, light, or warmth, and she feels no cold. She is numb to the ice biting at her soft toes. She is unaware of the absence of soft rays of light. It's bland. The world tastes like bleached white bread and her heart beat stays in rhythm with the pounding of her bloodied fists on the wall. She started out angry, throwing curses along with her body to try and break the wall. Losing resolve as she noticed that she couldn't make a dent, her worn and weary flesh hit the floor, and a peculiar tired feeling kicked her in the chest. She was certain she could fall apart at the briefest strain, so she lay there.

Emotional exhaustion hurts like the months after breaking your leg. You cannot even walk, but all you want to do is run. You are immobilized by the weakness of your own body. It is especially horrible because your physical form is supposed to be on your team, but in breaking, it committed an unspeakable treason. My mind sprawled out across the floor of her cage; meanwhile my body poorly imitated the person my psyche still wished she were. She dreamed of the feeling that comes with speculation of a bright blue sky and running into open arms, but had forgotten what it meant.

Eventually you give up, and at some point you become more comfortable inside of that black box. You allow melancholy and streaks of despair to keep you chained up inside your storm of desperation. You become frightened of what could exist outside of this prison, and sometimes doubt anything does at all. Your heart slowed down as you ceased pounding on the walls. It almost ceased as you sunk into the ground. You ask the empty black air for a reason to keep going forward. Though you expect no reply you still wish that someone heard.

A body sits in a bathtub as a mother screams in anguished terror. The ambulance arrives and she sees no hope in the flashing lights. The glassy eyed look and the red tinged water, the faint heartbeat in her crumpled daughter; they replay in her mind for eternity. On the drive to the hospital she heard the mindless comforts of people without voices, but she was not listening. She tried to count the times she had failed as a mother. The doctor walked her in to a room for a mother to say her final goodbye. She whispered, "Just wake up." while a tear fell from her eye. Death and life are just words, and have little meaning on their own. We give them feeling and depth with our actions and our thoughts. Life is as meaningless as you make it, and your death is as meaningful as the look on your parents face when they first saw you. Everything can change in an instant, and you can't stay self-imprisoned forever. You can die or you can live, and those two options hold infinite potential. So do you.

I know what it is like and I know how you feel.

I know where you are but I'm not here to find you.

If you agree with what you've read, don't forget.

You don't wake up if you're dead.