

I lay in the warm, sweet despair of the bedsheets. I wanted life to stop, for time to freeze in its march, for me to be left with only myself. Yet time moved on in its monotonous march towards the end of history, its arms clamoring forward constantly, never resting. I had forgotten all about my grand quest, my “noble” goal to turn the hope of another into dark, damp, nihilism. All my mind generated now were stupid, useless thoughts, almost formless in the inky void of the mind's eye. After maybe an hour of lying in the comforting softness of the bed, a touch from the outside universe awakened me from this conscious slumber.