

I saw. Like the fleeting nature of a dream you had dozing off after initially waking, I saw them. They projected themselves into my field of vision, they infiltrated it. Hazy little things with every grain of detail visible which dissipated at the edges. They had the quality of smoke. For however long, they continued one after another. Me, decorating my first diary with a postal stamp, an unperceivable face oiling my tender scalp, a half-obsured piece of paper that resembled an exam...

*Blink.*

The record was scratched.

Darkness. I had opened my eyes, had I not? No, I was sure I had. I could not observe those patterns one experiences when their eyelids shut, no green mandalas swirling perpetually. In fact, where *were* my eyelids? I could not sense my senses. They were not there.

Above me was an abyss. Below me was an abyss. Around me was an abyss. I was in an abyss. I was the abyss. It was indescribable, I saw it, but take me back to the ground and not a word would leave my mouth in regards to it.

I stayed there.

I attempted to count. From one to hundred, nothing changed. Then again, hundred to two-hundred, not a blink. By two-hundred I had reached the epiphany, even up until infinity, nothing would happen. All happenings had been left on Earth. This was stationary, time was stationary, I was stationary, and my mind would become stationary.

It had snatched my visualization, parts of my intangible existence were being engulfed by it, like black ink slowly seeping, seeping and spreading on a sheet of the brightest paper.

Perpetually, I expected something. Perhaps a star to blink itself into existence. A flash of a fleeting figure. A pallid, bony, hand to reach out for me from nowhere. None of my aforementioned expectations were met.

If I could vocalize, I would have screamed. If my eyes could be felt on my face I would crease them furiously in an attempt to make something appear. If my breaths inside my

ribcage were present, I would have focussed on simply those to stay tangible, to stay existing.

A part of me could have appreciated the efficiency of it all.

But my parts were approaching their heat death, were they not?

My soul was disintegrating into nothingness.

Becoming one with it.

Me and it.

It.

Forever.