

In The Far Corner

The small hour.

It creeps up on me in the blink of an eye, while I lie here motionless save the batting of my eyelids, as I focus on the restlessness of my mind.

My body tires but my brain is wide awake. It's been this way time after time.

I close them again in an effort to induce sleep but something triggers them open again once more.

At first, it was just black. Now I see more—more than I ever thought I could.

As the outline of the room comes into focus, I look towards the windowed wall. Blinds cover the glass but let light in through the edges, aiding in my attempt to see.

I stare at this wall for some time, then turn back to prone to try again.

Closed...

Open...

Closed...

Open.

It's not having the desired effect.

Have a look around. What else is there to do?

Where initially there was only unrecognizable black, I now see the outline of the room. I scan left to right, then right to left, and then it catches my eye.

Just there, where the windowed wall meets its perpendicular twin, and touches the ceiling line, is where it lives. Just up there, in the far corner from where I lay, it sits in wait and has nothing but time.

The darkest splotch of black—blackier than anything else in this room—reveals itself, just as I've come to expect.

It's in a place where the light never seems to reach, and I can't help but wonder if it's looking right back.

I focus on it for a brief second, then close my eyes once more. When I open them again, it seems to have moved, or expanded its reach. One more time and it appears to ooze up the wall and cover a part of the ceiling, while at the same time, crawls down to the floor. With every batting of my eyelids it seems to be growing, taking over more and more, and putting me on my guard.

I wonder what it sees when it looks down on me. Am I afraid of its nature, or just plainly intrigued? Am I unremarkable—just another outline in the dark, or am I something that must be consumed?

When I look upon it and fix my gaze through, do I see nothing but the darkest of black, or does it reflect what I see of myself?

Is it showing me my place in the grand design, or where I will eventually go?

Nothingness...

The void...

The absence of light and sound.

My future.

Do I try to understand its language, so I can listen for myself? Or will it forever leave me question to what its purpose might be?

As I wrap myself up in deciphering its essence, I drop off the conscious plane. No closer today than I was the day before, but I will reacquaint with my friend in no time at all.

I know where to find it.

It's right there, in the far corner.

Where it's always been.

Where it'll always be.

Text copyright ©2014 Vincent P. Guaglione

All Rights Reserved