

1.

5.50 am. She awoke before dawn and looks out the window. It feels like the middle of the night. Hell, why I am doing it to myself? Her thoughts shimmy to the other room where the bed is still warm and dreams are unfinished. She makes a double knot on her sneakers and steps into the dark outside. At least it doesn't rain today.

2.

Wet. Cold. Always. Even in the zenith of the white eye. Even in the zenith of the white eye's season. Rot. Decay. Unstoppable. Even in my sleep the stench snakes in, making horrors unbearable. Dead birds. Trash. Rainwater mixed with the spit. Papers with forgotten news of yesterdays. My treasures. It all comes to me. This is all mine and I am the master of it all.

3.

It's not that bad. The hardest part is to get up at this hour and it's already accomplished. The rest is easy, just run. *Never stop moving.* She heard it once and the phrase still echoes in her head all these years. It seems to ripple and multiply, bouncing off the walls of her skull, helping her to push herself even farther. There is no such thing as perfection. For her, nothing is ever enough.

4.

Crawl. Walk. Swim. Get carried by the ocean of gray mass of squealing warmth. No difference. I get around. Tunnels. Pipes. Underneath them all. Unseen by the white eye. Stay away. Away. Too bright. Just once seen, my skin still screams with pain. Pain. Yes. It tails on. Hand in hand with the stench of the sewers. My home.

5.

The first mile is always slow, as legs get familiar with the pavement and and the breathing adjusts to the phase. Vision blurs for a minute as her eyes fills with tears. She cracks a smile feeling her face being split in three by this moisture. Running tears. And yet, here she is, progressing though streets, moving in the middle of the road. Right in this minute the whole town is hers.

6.

Time. Lucid. Unimportant. Dragging and then racing and pounding in the stomach as I wait. I can eat rats of course, but even people, those lowlifes, don't eat their own until they are pushed to the last limit. Hundreds and hundreds, rats might fill me up for a day, but who will keep me warm then?

7.

She feels her slender body as one big muscle. Thin fabric clings close to her skin, hold it together, composing. She feels high with life as she advances from one dark alley to the other. Good town, she thinks. All these people, living their lives!

8.

All these people. Living their lives. Pointless. Wasteful. Shallow. Useless. Think they are better. They have a purpose. No. I do. Hunger. Make it disappear. Before someone sees me. Before the white eye awakes.

9.

As she turns homeward, the day that lays ahead fills her head.

Inhale. Add fruits in kids lunches.

Exhale. Bike to work.

Inhale. Call mom today.

Exhale. Donate those toys.

Inhale. Email the invoice.

Exhale. Finish reading that book.

Inhale.

Exhale.

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10.

Yes. Someone. Coming. I hear. There, there. Yes. Rush. Rush and wait. Cry. Call for help. A girl. She'll come. She'll come to save me. She'll come to fill me up.

11.

It sounds like someone is wailing! Who would thought?! In this town? At this hour? Can't see anyone. Perhaps behind those trees? No. The sound is closer. Someone's crying, run faster! Where is it coming from? That sewer! I am sure of it.

12.

“Hello? Hello? Are you hurt?”

13.

Reach. Grab. Thin ankles. Bag of bones. Smash head on the pavement. Lick the blood away. Yes. Leave no traces. Faster. Before the white eye rises. It's coming. Coming. Break bones. Light as bird's. Rip her. Drag her in. Yes. Unseen. Again. She is here now. Eat her. Eat her away. Yes. Feast. Nothing else. Nothing else matters. Until tomorrow. I am saved.

- Fatelessness by Ar

10/20/15