

Endurance



We have kept this for far too long. A game of hide and seek between adults, but can we call ourselves that? Are we not childish to play around like this? Should we have not come to a decision by now?

I remain here as always. Life like a silky seesaw: I am asleep and I am awoken, it makes no difference. These walls neither bind me nor free me, it's just time flowing by, no friction.

I persist in this wait. Our last meeting was a splash of red in the whiteness of this room. All the angles were bent out of shape, and still they remain twisted.

I open the window and let the sun shine on your motionless body. Even the glare will not wake you from your sleep. I touch your rotten flesh and wonder what I have done to deserve this scorn? How much longer will I have to endure this, my love?