

Hollowed

Writer

Nicholas Morin

Publisher

ScribeSlice 2013

All my life, all my everything was reduced to such simplicity. Here I stay forever more, a vessel deprived of its soul. I lay lost within the harsh Earth's embrace.

When was I last alive? Time has been a cruel kind of company in the course of my existence. I often wonder if this is the state Hell reveals itself to be when it bears itself as your only fate.

Had I prepared myself for nothing more than this? Was my life not filled with virtue enough to please the higher powers? These questions have no place anymore I suppose, for my life's span has been set in stone above my head already.

The trials of life did prove too great for my weary being. Perhaps my solution was my curse in the end. Perhaps I had damned myself to such a torment.

There were so few times while I walked up on the surface that I kept my head held high. Now to be punished, I rest my head lower than I ever had before.

I can still feel the grip and suffocating force of the noose around my neck. The accursed reminder of my folly. Yet still the greatest pains are brought more by the memories that burn quite violently within my head. I am the last to realize what I had.

Time will go on turning the Earth as it always has. I may, or I may not, cease to exist once all of my body has been returned and shared again in newer worth. What will come next will be beyond my imagine.

I regret everything.

© Nicholas Morin 2013



ScribeSlice