

The Void

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I remember it hurt when I died. An ungodly, agonizing pain before it all stopped, and I could no longer feel the air pumping through my lungs or the blood pulsing through my veins. I thought I wanted this, I thought it would be better than the boring simplicity of life's meaningless repetitive hours. Unfortunately I was wrong because now all I do is exist in a dark void. I can not see, feel, or hear anything. At least in life I could listen to my favorite songs, watch the birds glide in the breathtakingly blue sky, and feel the warmth of a blanket fresh from the dryer on a cold winter's day.