

Perhaps to Die

by Nillc

Inside I have the sun flooding the wheat fields. The wind beneath clipped wings. The dew upon green leaves.

No one in the world knows that I am dying.

I fell without a sound. The apocalypse was inside me. As I fell, I produced a silence louder than the screams that formed the counterpoint to my flight. I could hear insults drifting through the air, and eyes all around me.

The impact was terrible. The ground was hard, but less hard than the air itself, which seemed to have turned solid to slow down my fall and make it longer, more painful. But nothing can stand against the laws of time and gravity. And now here I am, agonizing, destined for an inglorious end, perhaps even worse than the one that would have awaited me anyway.

Who knows whether, when I was in the sun, in the wind and in the dew, when I was not yet what I later became, I ever imagined even for a single instant that I would meet such an inglorious fate. Who knows whether I was even aware of myself then, whether I possessed within me the very concept of destiny, or whether only now, as I die, I am realizing that I once existed.

And then I saw him.

He had fallen before me, yet only then did I notice his presence. I tried to ignore the fading of the world around us and focused on him. He was made of long walks through meadows; he smelled of something like a mother's love. Perhaps we shared the same sun, that very sun which now hastened his death.

I felt immense sorrow realizing that, after all, I was not the one with the saddest fate. His agony would end more quickly than mine, but not with less pain.

And so I realized that I loved him.

I loved him because we were part of the same nature, to which the chaos around us was utterly indifferent. I loved him because we were dying together, and he, like me, was nothing but a victim of events. There was no longer my suffering, nor his suffering. There was only our suffering.

I wished I could have him with me for just a single instant, to brush against him, to pour into his tears all the lives contained within me, all the desires crushed beneath the tire of an ungrateful existence.

Someone heard me.

Around us, silent and unspeakable catastrophes unfold. Something very heavy falls from the sky not far from him and hastens his agony. At the same time his dissolving body stretches toward me, cold and dense, infinitely sweet.

I understand that he too had me as his final wish, and that neither of us cares about ending our existence on sun-scorched asphalt, in the midst of days of judgment too insignificant for anyone to bother noticing.

And as our molecules bind together, as they form a primordial broth that will later be swept away, everything ceases. The armies in battle withdraw and vanish beyond the horizon. The eyes that had watched us until now sink back into their own darkness.

We are alone.

He and I.

And now we no longer care about the world or its ending. We are the protagonists. Everything else is nothing but the dazzling scenery for our final embrace of bread and milk, love and death.

“Redi, for chrissake, run to the gazebo, there’s a mess over there! Those two idiot girls threw a sandwich and an ice cream at each other... Go clean it up! ... How should I know, maybe they were arguing! And honestly, who the hell has breakfast with an ice cream and a sandwich? People are crazy!”