

P.E. Jones

## Life

On a warm, dry night, she'd had it.

Spending more time each day pretending to be happy, listening, caring, smiling because that's expected, laughing to hide the quiver in her voice, just trying to hold it together. "Whatever 'it' is."

Her car is a temporary haven, temporary reprieve, temporary escape.

The almost empty freeway. Lights illuminate and dissipate, again, again, again. She drove nowhere in particular, sitting in absolute silence, avoiding the electronic sound of anyone's voice, focused on her despair.

Then, *Click*.

She hit the reset button on her own life.

Yanking her steering wheel hard, forcing her 67 miles per hour speed to send her car soaring.

Weightless and a genuine smile creeping across her face, deep breath in

Then, *Shatter*.

The roof kissed the blacktop like a speeding freight train kisses the sea after driving off a cliff.

Cradled by heated, twisted metal entering and exiting her body, she felt the burning of the pits of hell.

Then, *Shudder*.

No pain, no fires, no car. Just blissful nothingness, emptiness, silence that had so often eluded her.

Deep breath through impossible lungs. What did I do?

No heaven she had studied looked like the emptiness she existed in.

Another smile crept across an impossible face. Where am I?

Then, *Oppression*.

“Not a heaven.”

A voice, no a force, brought her to impossible knees. Who are you?

“You remain here until you decide or death takes you.”

She imploded, exploded, crumbled, was unmade.

Then, *Release*.

She stood on impossible legs. Now what?

To live, she needed a body, so she created it.

To live, she needed a place, so she created it.

To live, she needed entertainment, so she created it.

Silence on her time, fun on her time, no responsibilities, no fear, pain, love, hate. Only her in her created, impossible world while she waits. But for what?

Then, *Interruption*.

Her mother. Talking. Softly. Gently.

The machines. Beeping. Constantly. Calmly.

Her mother. Screaming.

The machines. Slowing.

Her mother.

“Your choice?”

“What choice?”

Her mother. Weeping.

The machines. Silence.

“Your choice?”

“What are you asking me?”

Her mother. Crumbling.

Her body. Disappearing.

Her mind. Dissolving.

Her life. Ending.

“Wait. I choose...”

Then, *Beeeeeeeeeeppppp*.