

*The sun is hidden
Behind the clouds
The sun goes down
I see it fall*

The sun shines proudly and hard upon the small town of nowhere. In a room on the second floor of a bright yellow house, an alarm clock sounds for 20 minutes until a hand from under the blankets reaches out to silence it. Another 20 minutes pass till the blankets give ways for a human to rise. Feet heavy as Earth itself hit the ground and slowly but surely drag their way to the bathroom.

In the mirror, a faceless face of a known stranger tries to understand what's it looking at. Silence reigns as teeth are brushed poorly. Every stroke taking the force to lift a building. The whispers of a past conversation dancing in the back of the room. Another 20 minutes pass as he stares at a wall. A deep breath brings him back to life and he gets dressed, selecting the clothes scattered on the ground.

Even saying the word breakfast is tiring, so he grabs a cup of coffee and sits alone in the living room, staring at nothing. Snippets of his life make a parade in his mind, trying to remember the good things in life. Slowly, slowly, they rot, they die. Sadness takes control infecting the happy memories. Finding new things that he didn't notice at the moment, but he's not sure they're true. Dreams are dissected and scanned one by one, massacring any spark of hope.

He gets up and heads outside trying to leave all this mess behind, but always taking with him a little of it, for the ride. As soon as he closes the door he wishes to go back inside. A red sun hitting him square in the face, burning his skin, letting his weakness show, mocking him. He starts to walk. The buildings, all the same one after the other and the habitants follow the same pattern. Strangers walking their pets, riding their cars, waiting for a ride. all with the same destination: nowhere. All the thoughts and aspiration mix with the air, making your lungs feel heavy when you inhale. You take in all the failed dreams, all the wasted lives, all the fake smiles. And you exhale. But you retain the sickness.

*I write your name
At the grocery store
I want to see
What it's like to be you*

At the store, the smell of repetition and impatience wraps your brain and numbs your senses. He walks past the greeter, who says "welcome" with a fake smile. At least he gets paid to pretend to be happy. Sheep run from aisle to aisle getting what they don't need. Trying to fill their lives with something, staying alive just to breathe more. He drifts through the living dead, surfing the sea of indifference. Sodas, cake and candles. He walks to the register and is greeted by a young girl. Her smile is so genuine, so warm. Wonder how many times she has cried. He pulls out God from his wallet and tells her to keep the change, every little cent used to count, not

anymore.

Now outside, the sun is blue. And the aura shifts to pretend it's new. Just a filter to make it look good, a little makeup to hide the bruise. Every breath like a sharp knife, ice-cold, freezing the insides. The mind speeding, going so fast that it stops, blank. The faces take form. The eyes open. How many tears can you hold? How many beatings can you take? People outside, a real-life movie, act like you're happy although you're falling. Outstanding actors, they never break character. And if they ever do, they're reminded. We don't have time for feelings.

He walks to the park, to have a little rest. Although he knows where is all the stress. Your mind is a prison you can't escape. You give it the tools to provoke the pain.

Hope, running, chasing a ball. The kids in the park having a good time. Sometimes ignorance is good to have. Some like the truth more, although it's hard to endure. Some like the lie so much, they make it the truth. Being a realist, being a pessimist, being an optimist, being ignorant.

The sight makes him sick, but it lets him pretend he's part of it. Life only seems real when you look at it through a screen.

An old couple, walking through the field. Wearing years of wisdom and precious memories. Now just waiting to die. So dull, so sad. Leaving for extra years because even death forgot about you. Run deep into the forest, run fast run far. The more you run the more God wants you back. The grey sky opens and starts to cry. Everyone leaves, running for cover. He stays where he is, letting the rain rinse his thoughts, letting the coldness hug his body, trying to feel something for once. And the mind, just for jest, starts playing memories.

I'm lying down

It's raining now

When things are gone

You can't have them back

The scent of an angel, so long gone. Yet the mind can replicate the smell so well, you can feel it's there. A voice so soft, but loud and clear. Commanding, demanding, understanding, calming. Moves your feet, makes you swing, lures you in, lets you dream. A soul so pure, wholesome and true. So perfect, In fact, that makes you expect the worse. Nobody is worthy of such company, no one should have it. This selfish feeling, to imprison beauty, kindness, love. To cuff it to a mere human, the worst of all. It's a sin. But you can't let go. But you can't give in. And so, inevitably, she breaks the cage. And your heart shatters, you feel alive because you cry and suffer. You yell, twitch, scream, kick, punch, crawl, run, drop... And you die. But you stay, and so you live an illegal life in a world you don't recognise anymore. Your mind becomes a strange place, you're everyone's enemy, including yourself. All gone, but it's there, and it's not... Because she left.

He gets up fast, trying to hide the weakness but the rain covers his tears, so he lets it go. He grabs the bags and walks back home, but there's no such thing as home anymore. All the

buildings he passes crumble behind him, every face melts away, every step tires him out more and more. Everything stops making sense. Why here, why now? Life has no purpose, where am I going? Why try? And he keeps walking, like a slave, to nowhere, anywhere.

I close my eyes

It's late at night

I hope I won't

Have that dream again

Back at home he leaves the bags on the table and goes to the bathroom. He takes the wet clothes off and enters the shower. The cold water hits his face like a punch. He barely washes, just lets the water run down his body. Because he knows no matter how many times he showers, the filth won't go away. the sense of dirtiness will remain there, grime covering his body inside out.

He leaves the showers and dries himself with a towel in front of the mirror. His body, perfectly fine is perceived as an abomination, a trick of the mind. Every curb, every turn, an insult to the eye. Only according to him. And so he hides it when by accident he looks at himself, dead in the eye. The eyes of a child who has seen the world as it is. A mouth that forgot how to smile. His expression nonexistent, repelling every emotion. And once he realises he's been staring at it for more than an hour he starts to work.

He opens the bag and takes out the wet box, pulls out a decent cake that he lays on the table. He pulls out the sodas and takes one as he goes to the other side of the living room, to play some music on the computer. He dances awkwardly around the room, remembering his friends and how they used to be so close, how they enjoyed doing dumb shit all day, how they danced to their favourite songs and how none of them really knew how to dance. But they didn't care, they had each other, they were having fun. He remembers and laughs at all the silly jokes they told, all the little things that made them laugh, all the inside jokes they had.

He approaches the table and takes out the candles, one by one he gets them on the cake while he dances to the music. He lits them all and sits down on the table. He thinks of the sun, and how much they went through. The beautiful eyes with that mesmerising stare, Those curvy lips full of lust but also innocence, The freckles across the face, The gorgeous hair that looked like a work of art. So unreal, so maddening, and it was his... For a moment. The soft voice bringing him to life with three words. The same soft voice killing him with one. And he hopes it was for the best.

The flames dance on top of the cake, seducing him. His friends, family, all part of his life, and at the same time they aren't. Being so close and so distant, living together for years and not really knowing each other. Slowly being forgotten, holding on a thin rope of past memories.

He lets the candles melt on the cake, the music fades, the mind rises, the floor moves, the walls talk, the air freezes, the lights go out.

In front of the mirror, the bathtub full, the eyes of a child, reaching the end.

Song: No, the moon by Teen Suicide.