

The death of the author.

The death of me.

I wonder if it will be a painful death?

I wonder if I will make eye contact with some passerby, who will look at me and say:

Oh, I know you! I see you! I read and I remember the summers of my childhood home in the suburbs next to the capital where we laughed over an open book and pollen allergies!

But instead, your description is foreign; the sunshine you describe instills vertigo; you describe a place I call house, once-home, because now the closets smell like lemons.

The shoes have been placed in neat rows by the entrance.

Your laughter echoes from a swingset you have constructed in the backyard, and I laugh along because after all laughter is happy but the laughter is yours.

In my eyes, there was a child on the verge of growing up, looking to the skies at the five hundred million little bells, laughing, yes. And crying. And wondering when they would become only stars.

I suppose he is gone now.