

The Last Thing

by Christian Bell

1

The last thing I remember is popping out of the water, stumbling to the shore. I think I heard a viola playing before I passed out.

2

The last thing you said to me was, let's do this more often. Let's, I said. Then you died. Now I'm alone, the big liar.

3

The last thing you wanted was for me to grow wings, fly away from your trap. I told you, you can build more walls and maze me in, but I'll win. Then I did.

4

The last thing. No—instead, you grabbed my wrists, said, no last of anything. The wind that night was Antarctica. Your hair black silk, comfort under my chin.

5

The last thing I feel like doing is listening to this lecture. Secular recovery, price realization, decelerating revenue trends. Why me, why now. Wake me when I'm prosperous.

6

The last thing I wanted was to be caught in the middle. You're danger but also sweet music, harp-like hair, oboe voice. Someday, let's not allegro but instead adagio.

7

The last thing I said was, let's go outside. Into the dark evening, flesh humid, air like thick carpet. For a few seconds, before sirens and drunks fractured the calm, the world was dead, ours.

8

The last thing I remember is falling below the water, lungs filling with liquid. Yes, there's a bright light. Yes, then you see people long since gone. Yes, it's beyond what you can imagine.

