

# extinguished

*by* Daniel Passamaneck

The silence grew louder as it grew longer. Her eyes probed for weakness and found it everywhere.

"What do you want me to say?," he eventually stammered. "I'm sorry' obviously won't do."

"Try 'goodbye,'" she spat at his feet.

His gaze rose, sought hers, found only flint. He feared to strike a spark.

