

Mort

by David Hamilton

Mort. Just-awakened-Mort lay on his right-side, dread-seized. Mort's hand glided across the bed behind his body. Mort's hand-mind suffered electrifying-absence-emptiness; no wife. Frightened-Mort-eyes plumbed the room seeking meaning, context and reassurance. Mort's-mind asked: "Ist sie todt"? The closed bedroom door in his line-of-sight beckoned and threatened. Mort swung his legs off the bed, unsure whether he dreamed or remembered. Unsteadily standing, staggering to the door hesitantly grasping the handle he wrenched the door and his reality ajar. Todt.

