

There's Life Underground

by j. h. woodyatt

I'm not dreaming anymore.

I stopped having dreams after a couple weeks. Soon, I'll be like everyone else here. Voices in my head that never leave.

The sun boils out of the ocean. People arise from their beds— beds of razors— clinging to the light that drives away their fear. The terror.

I'm their most awful nightmare.

I daren't dream of life underground or a place in the stars. I cannot fall in love— the heavens are insecure. The world is aflame. There's murder in the air.

It's just another day.

