

# REM-Embering my LED

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One rests by the comforting glow of silk cloaked amber;  
dreams of the orange sun draped just beyond.  
Eyelids ridged, rippled;  
promises.

Someone desperately dials a number.

Hastily at first then patiently and finally with angry disparity.

The screen flashes;

white then red then a yellow warning and finally — black out.

Shadows on the edge, amber just beyond.

Iris draped tight.

