REM-Embering my LED

by Jamal H. Iqbal

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.

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