

# Relative Indifference

*by* Kyle G

"I'm starting to feel pretty indifferent towards it," he stated, as if it were a sentence in the middle of a paragraph that he had forgotten to say out loud.

"Towards what?" she asked, unnecessarily.

"Life."

Her expression was motionless. She had known his answer before she asked the question; he had only known it after. She had seen this attitude grow slowly, yet far too quickly over the course of their marriage. The more indifferent he had become towards life, the more she had become towards him. She had moved out the night before.

