Behold the New Day That Allows the Rabbit Hole to Disappear

by Linda Seccaspina

Five AM

She looked through the window that was still covered with morning dew. The pink sky had not quite risen and was still peeking at her below the trees. The leaves hung on the old maple outside her window, still weighted down from last night's rain.

Was this the promise of a new day?
    Yes, she sighed.

    Hopefully, once the sun had risen the virgin hours would not be filled with shades of sorrow. She had missed a lot of yesterday, and hundreds of days gone by. Pain and worry had constantly held her hand throughout her life and refused to let go. Yesterday had passed over her disguised as a thick dark menacing slow moving cloud.

But what had happened when the clock had struck eight?
    It was all still a blur.

    She remembered that she and her mind had found the edge of darkness and once again she had fallen down the rabbit hole. Her body was now ravaged with wear and her mind filled to capacity with white noise she could no longer take.

For hours and hours she swirled, and swirled some more. She was trying to be there for everyone, yet no one realized how much pain they were causing her. Some of them had thrown invisible darts of anger all day and she had endured each one, because she cared.

How much more was she supposed to take?
Couldn't she finally be granted some peace?

When she finally came to rest at the bottom of the rabbit hole she could barely breathe. Fighting for hours she tried to find her soul that had been stolen so long ago, along with her mind. Her body began to absorb the blackness slowly. It was a blackness so evil that it tried to cover her like a slow suffocation.

Was there a choice?
Had there ever been any choices?

Finally when the moon disappeared she slowly opened her eyes. Her body and heart still hurt a thousand times over. She knew she was forever trapped in the rabbit hole and tears flowed freely as she finally realized-- she could never go home again.