

# The Answer at the Bottom of the Stairs

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She knew she had missed a step, as her body rolled down the stairs. Panic set in as the world flew by her at lightening speed. Would she survive? As she landed with a thud, pain began to rush through her limbs and her body was now helpless. After many attempts she knew there was no way to get up, and was now a prisoner to her surroundings.

Hours went by, and her mind and body were now completely enveloped in cold air. Her mind was on overdrive: feeling unwanted and lonely was suddenly overpowering any pain she felt. Her life mantra had always been in finding something to live for, something that was good enough to die for. Those possibilities had left her a few years ago, and now she wished she had crawled into a small space to escape the power of emotions she had created.

She had been angry for years, and the antidote of writing had been to find her lost self. Life always came with a tributary of loneliness, but now had become a raging river with no depth. Isolation had been a personal choice, as she had soon wearied of any investigation of connection. Loneliness was purposely stimulated, as it was all she could bear, and it became a condition.

As the hours and minutes ticked by, there was no longer a physical pain, but her heart still hurt. She reminded herself that life had been about her choices, and no one else. Therefore, was anyone to blame? It had always been part of a mortal experience, and the answer had always been in her eyes.

People will always stay in your heart, but not in your life. Their silence was never understood. As her eyes closed, she realized that if she began to cry, the tears would never stop.

