

# The Bedlam of Essence

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During the day she was in control of the house, but when the dark began to seep in others took over. At the beginning of her penance she was fine, but soon each sliver of darkness or bump in the night began to consume her. At first she pretended not to notice the leering eyes, but quickly understood she had no control.

Instead of some assurance each time a noise bounced through the night air, she wondered if there was a remedy to a situation that was growing larger by the day. Now each shudder the house made greedily swallowed up a little more of her spirit. The tomb-like silence which first allowed her to have much needed peace and space began to close around her. Worried they might take everything, she hid her secrets and treasures that once had been important to her. Now it was just her freedom that mattered and they could have what little she had in the drawers.

She began to grow cold and withdrew from the outside world. Her hair no longer gleamed in the light that stopped existing. Her eyes became lifeless and as dark as the interior of the dying house. Life finally escaped on its last legs and ran for its salvation out the open door. She at first lost an arm, and then a leg to walls that seemed to suck her in each day. Finally, she had nothing left to sacrifice and instead of being everywhere in the house, she was really nowhere anymore.

When the house was sold the new owners walked in on what they believed was a former life stopped cold. There on the table remained a half-filled teacup and a well-read magazine lying open from years

gone by. A Royal Doulton dish set lay half packed on the floor and static still ran through the comforter lying on a now dusty bed.

The phone began to ring off the hook, and each time the 1-888 numbers were answered there was deafening silence on the other end. It was almost like someone had missed life and once they finally recaptured lost time they could never get their inner soul back.

