

His Nightmares

by Lorenzo Sewanan

He sat at his desk and watched the setting sun turn the grass from green to orange yellow to evening shadow. Motionless seconds turned to hours to days all lost in his thoughtfulness. He sits at his desk in such darkness that he can longer see or write on the papers in front of him or even keep his mind open. Only the stacks of paper keep his head up.

In his eyes, fires burn. Blue, the hottest of all flames, flows outward. He is himself the source of the burn, the arsonist, but he cannot douse or fight fire. So, it slowly consumes the house, his wife of smiling white teeth and black skin, his daughters of no significant age, and himself. Before long, nothing is left except a pile of green worth nothing.

