

A Drive

by Robert Hergenroder

His eyes crawled the road ahead of him- seeing naught but desolation. Abandoned and rotting buildings with windows shattered- gaping holes with sharp glass teeth leading into blackness stared back at him as he slowly drove along the winding road. Society in all its former glory had been taken back by nature in this place; vines left free to climb up dirty brick, trees cracking the concrete with their roots, a layer of dirt caking everything he saw. Any inhabitants were long gone, left when whatever resource had been fully raped from the ground. The wind began to pick up, carrying fallen leaves to an unknown destination. Red and orange decay just drifting. It caught his eye for a moment; and he wished to have freedom as the leaves did- to travel wherever the wind decided to take him. To loose the seemingly meaningless tasks he had no choice but to partake in.

All he knew is that he was going to meet someone here. Someone who would lead him to his next destination- to inform him of his next task. He had long passed the point of being tired; so long he had traveled his path, fighting the harshness of reality and searching for a refuge. There never seemed to be escape. He had lived for eons, his existence predating mankind- traversing back to the birth of the stars. Long before any physical form, he was here- watching and learning, ultimately trying to prove himself. He had done these great and terrible deeds- created life, worlds and galaxies; and he was never sedated.

