

A glimpse of death

by Robert Hergenroder

It all had to begin somewhere; some moment of time and space which arose in perfection- and dissolved into the now. It was a beginning he couldn't quite remember, couldn't grasp onto- it simply sifted through his fingers, sand floating away with the wind.

That's not to say he didn't try. He had spent hours pouring over his notes, these scattered metaphors which had acculminated-yearning to be refined. Polished as you would a precious stone. No matter how hard he had tried, how much energy he had invested in recreating that one glimpse of perfection...

It would flee from view, hidden amongst a thick layer of unanswerable questions. A wall built up in a lyrical enterprise, blocking his origins- encapsulating him in darkness.

The tattered notebook still lay open to a blank sheet before him, one of the few left. He yearned so much to scribble his forms, denote expression for the rest of infinity- but it always seemed so... Offputting. Metaphors reduced to what they truly were, a story written not for the plot- but the escape of mind which came along.

Was he running from something?

Himself perhaps?

'Fuck...' the word was mumbled under his breath as his hand rose and pulled out another smoke.

A rich cloud to fill his lungs and to allow him a brief respite. At least untill, his lungs violently shook from coughs.

A hacking of phlem, spit harshly onto the embers of a dying fire. It sizzled in the flame, as smooth muscle choked and gagged- bringing him one step closer to his death.

That friend which always loomed over him, offering a ride into the unknown.

He squeezed his eyes shut, filtering out the slim moonlight of an open window. As the deep breaths filled his entire being, the air shifted- heavy with moisture against his skin. Pops and crackles slowed in the heat on his back, became interjected with a weezy

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breath not his own. Sickingly sweet, he could feel it on his neck-tickling his ears. A low wisper, drifting on the breeze- "You're looking rather raggard tonight." Encaptivating cadence, vocal rapture more alluring than the trumpets.

"We can fix that you know." A brief flash of bright light, colored in pastels assulted him. A vision of a field covered in wildflowers under a bright orange sun, arose and dissipated in a moment. "I come to offer you infinity again, something you have been searching for." Another flash, this time of a cool night desert- shadows which cast themselves into snarling beasts. "Together we can have freedom."

Eyes shot open, and he felt the shadow at his back dissolve.

But he was no longer in the comfort of his room...

