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THE SILENCE was perfect. The muted sounds were perfect.

That shout in the dark was perfect. Because it woke her up. But not necessarily in a good way.

She told herself right then and there that she would remember this moment down the road. That she would appreciate it for what it was.

She was exactly where she was supposed to be. ♦

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SHE FOUND herself looking forward to those tiny pockets of time where she could safely drift away.

They made the day bearable. They made the day complete.

She could avoid the unbearable, but of course she couldn't do that forever. Sigh. Bummer. ♦

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

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IF ONLY banging her head against a table, or a wall, would give her the clarity she needed. She was still stuck, still in a loop.

The house was quiet. The lights were out. Even the dogs were at peace.

It was time to give up. ♦

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