

A few floorboards were thrown into a disorderly pile. They must have fit together at one time, not in our past, but in a past askew to ours. We came to know each other through abstruse coincidences, like flashes in the sky, and happened to have reconvened here in this physical place. The planks belong to a history of material things, of industry, calloused hands, steel melting, grease stains on denim, and of bellowing smoke blotting out the sun. But you and I belong to a different type of history, one of dense fog.

A few floorboards were thrown about and they happen to fall in an orderly manner, each fitting perfectly together with evenly staggered joints. They create a pattern of cascading bar graphs, each board and its variable length representing concurrent data matrices describing the rise and fall of mortgages, divorce rates, cancer victims, gas prices, births, and starvation statistics. Or as a whole, it is an illustration of what happens when a butterfly flaps her wings and herds thunder across a dusty plain, clouds gather, rain falls, trees grow, and sometimes when one hundred and nine planks are thrown into the air, they land in perfect alignment constituting the shape of a floor.

Trickling in from the little glass window is the cheery sun, the glorious rays dance upon the plaster walls, the oak floors, and the skin of our faces. The delicate warmth, as it holds us, reminds us of melting into the comfort of dreams, embraced in each other's arms. We are candle wax, the past is cashmere.

"You and I are growing tired of each other, aren't we? We've been at it for some time. I'm afraid I can anticipate what you will say, and, therefore, I am choosing to not converse at all. Just standing here with you in silence, like old friends, except lacking the sentiment. And I can tell by the way your muscles move across your face and the way you return the glance that you are thinking the same thing."

"It seems as if you are avoiding certain topics of conversation and, frankly, it is beginning to make me feel uncomfortable. It seems as if you have (although there is not a clear delineation between where I end and you begin-molecularly we are no different than smoke, than dust, no different than this room, than everything) grown used to spending time with me and no longer find it worthwhile to speak to me. But I wish to know you completely. And I can see you reading my expression and projecting your wishes upon my brow and cheekbones. My eyes are honest; you need only look there if you were really seeking insight to the workings of my mind. But my attempts to right your misinterpretations weaken my spirit, leaving me to feel grimly alone yet with you."

Mirroring each other completely, hosting the same thought, we turn to notice the opposing and brooding door. It draws us closer, compelling us to pass through to the other side. Simply the act of turning the switch to retract the deadbolt is all that stands between us and the seething, dripping place; where, beyond the last palm, the sticky land crumbles and sinks into the abyss. Like conjoined twins, our synchronized eyes roll back, and we proceed towards the door. The air between us sucks inwards, lifting the atoms from the boards, from the walls, the rays of light, everything is pulled into the vortex and the blinding singularity pushes it out of existence.