

Motionless Existence: The days? account

8 AM: green

Alarm buzzes and a lazy arm reaches out and grapples the clock to the floor, failing even to shut it off. He steps out of bed onto icy tile, and moves toward the bathroom. Everything in his apartment was so cold. White T-Shirt wrinkled from sleep, he leaves it on and covers it with a white dress shirt, tucked into lifeless black pants. He eats a bowl of corn flakes out of a ceramic bowl in silence and clambers into his silver Taurus.

This was the only time of day that really seemed to exist. He slipped slyly onto the coastal highway every morning. The hills were always littered with emerald shrubs. Trees dotted with oranges and reds lined pastoral heavens hidden in the shade of the underpass as he tore past groves and vineyards. The sun was godly and excited the pigment in his skin, pumping life and vitamin d into his blood, which began to heat up with the thermal donation from our closest star. Windows down- always down- allowing the wild wind to whip through his course red-orange hair, parting it randomly in every direction. Never the same way twice. It swam around his cranium; a welcome, roaring silence- the hot breath of the earth whispering life?s secrets into his ears, and he wondered what it was that kept him driving all the way to work each day? He wondered how the weather was in Hawaii and watched a plane fly by overhead, pondering where it was going and why he wasn?t on it.

Pull into the same faded asphalt parking space, approach the dull-brown building, and disappear from the shelter of the sun. Wave to the guard, show your name tag. The red ?up? button stood out against its silver frame and beige carpeted walls; hypnotic, glowing, solid. To the 29th floor, down the same white hallways, to his familiar, hollow, nutshell cubicle.

10:03 AM: grey-blue

every employee must complete the morning report. Fuck Mondays. **PRODUCTIVITY:** (scribbles) typical. **EMPLOYEE RELATIONSHIPS:** (writes) Typical. The stack of papers in the ?in? box is daunting, so he simply drifts into space staring into the intricate mesh of his grey-blue cubicle- green eyes unblinking. Up close, it was captivating; interweaved with strands of orange, brown, purple, and lavender, ever so delicately- like staring into the black beneath the blue of an endless ocean. Infinite, it seemed, but comfortably so, with enough variation and depth to keep his attention longer than reality.

The phone rang and he regained consciousness, let it stop ringing, and set off to relieve himself?

10:16 AM: red

..though he did not even need to go to the rest room. It was a poor excuse to leave the confines of the office chair. A good excuse to pass by a window, pausing to watch the trees bend in a wind. Two doves quarrelled on a branch, and

he moved on reluctantly. Wave to the people you have met once, greet the people that work under you, charm the people that work over you. Compliment the women, though they never even smile? was he so undesirable?

He rolled up his sleeves, trying to converse silently with his own eyes in the mirror, cursing himself for his patience and cowardice. The liquid in his brain seemed to constantly spiral in the same direction, giving the same course to his trains-of-thought- always question the choices that led him here and not elsewhere. Glancing down as he shook his hands dry, he noticed burgundy flecks on the porcelain sink. A soft pink swirled down the drain intermingling with the white foam of water and soap. His wrist had been cut on the walk- or before it. It was cut now. He stared for a moment as it dripped down his arm, a black bead that rolled toward his elbow leaving its mark behind it. Traveling a course of its own, it dripped slowly down his elbow, pooled, and soaked into the wrist of his shirt. The pain was not unbearable, or even unpleasant- it was good to feel. He watched the perimeter of the stain creep across his cuff before unfolding it and returning to another few hours of number crunching and electricity.

1:16 PM: pink

LUNCH WAS DELIVERED: turkey and swiss, left untouched.

5:23 PM: sunset

The same drive as in the morning, but backward. It was fun because everyday was the same, but each was different- it was always a different asshole that cut him off in a different over-priced sports car before returning home to ?relax? and prepare for repetition. repetition. Follow this guy home today, just to prove his self worth? Don?t fuck with me today? Fuck it. The same exit signs zoomed by overhead, but today the sky looked different- a different setting over the same horizon, as if it were the first sunset for the last time. He missed the bridge exit and kept on driving without thinking about where he was going. Thought escaped him as he drove. Street lights dragged yellow across his car rhythmically as he passed them by, watching the lines crawl across the dash board before disappearing out the rear window. They never quite touched his solemn corpse, probably deliberately so.

7:13PM: white

The restaurant was uncomfortable, or should have been, but he failed to notice that everyone was staring in horror and disgust at his sleeve. After all, it is tough to eat a slab of flesh while staring at the bloodied garments of a total stranger- somehow they managed.

He drank a glass of water. The steak got cold and hard while it sat as he watched the flame of the candle dance until it burned out. The wax dripped onto his outstretched palm and he watched it mix with crusted blood, heating and rewetting it before dripping onto the tablecloth. He had left his mark here, at least. They would know he had been there even if they didn?t know who had been

there. He paid the tab and made the pilgrimage to his apartment.

It was the only way to break repetition as he knew, just like everybody else, that he didn't have the balls to quit his job and start over. It wasn't the pay, hell no it wasn't. He didn't have a family to support. Money saved, he could have left at any moment for Bermuda or Tim-buck-two or fucking Antarctica, where loneliness is welcomed with open arms by frigid beasts without burden. What kept him there? Obligation? Obligation. But to what, he knew not. He couldn't even work up to talking to a girl- there was no way he could begin again. He put Ray Charles on- "that lucky ol' sun ain't got nuthin' to do but roll around in heaven all day," it sang through the darkness. He lit a fire in his living room. He had a glass of red wine (which was left half empty) and walked slowly to his bedroom closet. His form was erased in front of his own eyes as he slid the mirrored door open and grabbed the shoebox from the top shelf. He then went back to the living room in a red robe and planted himself, ritualistically, in his favorite chair in front of the fire- this time, without the glass of bourbon. He opened the box, remarkably calm- so calm it unnerved him and caused his absolution to waiver, though only momentarily- and removed the contents. Placing the barrel in his mouth, his eyes locked with a spider on the ceiling. It danced slowly, carefree across the room before finding refuge in a crack in the wall. Ah, to just disappear without consequence? A tear streaked through his unshaved face and he chuckled to himself a little before the trigger was pulled. There was a flash of blinding white, and then- nothing.