

It had been time too long to forget; but not time enough to forget death. She stood, if standing were her virtue, upon the brink of the same she had forevermore, and foreverless. It was her home.

Her heart spoke to her, in tears.

“Where have we run?” It cried. Not the hopeless, dramatic, heaving sobs of a being possessed by an emotion – she was too large for that. It was the weariness of one who has never learned to forget, and has only just remembered his folly; made all the worse by the fact that he can no longer learn this.

“We have,” Irrelevant responded. Her voice would have been described as quiet by an onlooker, but this description is completely useless as this would be like observing a mole conversing with its death – unfathomable and inscrutable. “It is not our duty to fall. It has been made impossible for us, and I cannot apologize for this. I cannot even admit that I would like to.”

Her soul sighed. Her soul was an old man, slender and tall; a formidable figure even in his age. Her heart was smaller, but somehow... more vast. She enveloped her soul, or aired him.

“Surely you do not hold this in any regard to which I am beholden,” it sniffed. There was nothing special about the sniff, it was just a sniff. “Before this conference you had decided to abide by this tenet: the unending conference itself. This wouldn’t see but the tail of this tale, ail? Neither.”

Irrelevant could not hear. She wouldn’t, she had closed the door of her mind. They stood as massive, almost leering towers of wood which could be moved by the slightest twitch of the thumb; if such was the device through which one desired to persist. A scrupulous derivation of naught, of course; but she wasn’t to know that.

“Who has known the most pain?” she asked of the eye.

“He who has born it before any other,” it replied, without thinking.

“Who has seen it through to the end?”

“None. But if you were to ask of its origin... of this I could inform you.”

“Who is left to remember? What mind remains great enough to house this word?”

“Its origin is confounded by visions of resurgence; not hedonism.”

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The sky was blue, the nature of the rose; the true meaning of every timepiece. This irked her, as all things which needlessly prodded her tended to. Every color was surely another disguised.

She rang the bell, and held her breath in long strokes. It opened, her breath; before the door. It stood, chained to the silence in its dead way; unmoving and unmastered, unfettered and moored. But I have told you this before. I cannot remember.

“Who has known the most pain?” It asked. A stone of a question.

“I,” she whispered.

She entered, and sat. The breeze of pink was in her hair, and the gentle tickling smell of mildew left unattended by the librarians. It spoke in unison, but not in words.

“Find,” murmured it. “Find, find, find, find, find, find,”

She had to leave. This did not belong to her. It was wrong to be here. She could not claim this color. Panting, she knelt down and fell to her knees. Remembrance was not terminated, unlike every other moniker.

She wrapped her mind in her own garment she had sewn thoroughly of mind. It tried to stop, but could not reach its meaning, like most things I have seen with nothing other than my end. The ending.

What was this meant to arouse? What was it intended to perpetrate? It could not have been this time for men; foisted upon its members. Here I sit, devoid of thought; meaning to mean. Mean eternally and irrevocably as well, in a well – of my choice, of course.

Had she understood? Had she found the key to this life, or her next? Its sequel? Its doom? Of course. Of course. It could not have escaped her. If any living knew of its time, it was her.

Devoid of life, even. No end came to her own description. It was infested with lies, feasted upon by irreparable nonexistence of her own division, but not devising. This was her main flaw, and she had known it since it had heard her ugly caw of animal bent. She saw the spiral, and it took her for its time; unveiled what it meant to; and fell loose upon her first wool. She could not remind this time. No one.

Principled in every sense of the word except those that he defined, Mr. Callinhav wore a stark expression of rank curiosity which spread forth from his top and infected many minds – non which he cared to see, however.

There was nowhere in the world for him. There was no hole in the shape of his soul. His chest was hollow like the dried trunk of an oak tree eaten from the inside out by parasites.

Suffering was his lot. The dice had been thrown, and they had landed directly in his eye. This was his typical fortune, as he could not repair this level of nothing.

When confronted with difficulty, ask: given infinite time, is this resolvable? The answer is always yes. Then ask: given finite time, is this resolvable? The answer is virtually always yes. Finally, ask: given the time I have been allotted, is this resolvable? The answer will depend, not on whether or not the answer is yes or no, but on your desperation to resolve the issue.

Mr. Man hadn't slept in many days. He had forgotten how. People forget how to do things very often in this universe. Actually, it is the universe which forgets, and the people must feed of its scraps of memory; they forget in turn. What a gargantuan task, to overcome the universe! Is there an argument which can or would or should be made regarding the relevant size, in all meanings of the word; of humans compared to the totality? It could be that we are equal or greater. At what stage of identity development does a human cease to be such? At the moment at which they simply recognize their status as such? It seems our transcendence of humanity is contingent upon our defining it – who is allowed to define this? Who is qualified, for Gods' sake?