

The Man in a Skeleton

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Living in the body of a charred and colossal skeleton lies a man wanting to burst through the rib cages and escape. A man wanting to tear at the skin and crawl out like a birthing baby. A man trying to scream so loud that the eardrums can no longer ignore his cries. But with every scream and every scratch the skeleton heals itself and ignores that any of it happened. The only space surrounding the skeleton is a void unfathomably black. The man wants to struggle through the veins to travel up to the skull and mash at the eyes until they turn around and pay attention. But when he gets there, all the skeleton has to do is shake its skull and the man is back in his fleshy home at the neck. The man struggles to find a way out through the ears, but the skeleton throws him back in. The man crawls through the throat to leave out the mouth, but the skeleton swallows, and the man is sent flying back through the throat into the neck. Finally, the man penetrates the heart, and waits there until the skeleton is hurt. And as soon as the skeleton is scratched by the end of a scythe, the man bursts out and falls onto the ground. Behind the man, the skeleton slowly falls down like a castle being destroyed. And his bones fall and crumble into ash with dust rising above them, drifting away into a painfully cold wind. All the man has to see is his home being destroyed from his own fault, and the only place he was ever always welcomed fly away into the deep, dark sky. The man begins to cry, and the tears fall forever down into an endless nothing under his charred, ashy feet.