

The room is empty
The pale blue sky's reflection living in every inch
The perfect place for quite
The almost peaceful kind of silence
The kind you'd hope to wrap your childhood sleep in
The bittersweet melancholy of that childhood lingers
The essence of sweet you can almost remember
Words inscribed on the walls, the bed, the journals sleeping all around

It tears through the room
Echoing in the walls
The sound of the door opening and slamming
As Sam's presence becomes the room
A different kind of empty
The kind we often forget
She falls
It's almost like a dance
How her stings cut
But there is nothing gradual or graceful about it
The tears hit her before the ground does
She immediately regrets it
Even in solitude she is afraid of who'll judge her for what she does in her own walls
She wipes her eyes on her wrist
Ink smudging her face
She washes her arms of any memory of dreaming

She takes a deep breath

Stands

The air inflates her

A balloon filling up and up and up and then letting go

Just before it pops

She doesn't even need to think

Like instinct

A match lights in her

She rips through the dresser and pulls out the lighter

Snatching the nearest book from its slumber

She sits down on the bed just like kindergarten

One flick

Two flick

The flame breaths

She stares at it

How beautiful

How warm

She tears a page

Burns

Tosses it in the bin

Another

Burns

Tosses

Another

Another

Another

She throws the whole book in

A dancing fire is born

It falls over

Terror becomes the room

Terror becomes Sam