

Bones.

You can feel it in your bones. How they ache when you get up from your chair, or when you roll out of bed. When you take a deep breath and the sponges in your chest wheeze.

You can see it. In the yellow light, in front of the bathroom mirror. The lines carved out around your eyes. Around your mouth. The darkening of the thinning layer of skin draped around you.

Would you still like it now? My face?

I dragged a finger across my face. Stroking the dark circles underneath my eyes.

Would you remember?

The dress had been full of dust. It smelled like earth, and closed doors. I ran my fingers along the soft yet coarse fabric. You really liked this one. I know you did.

Would you remember?

I picked it up. Let it rise and fall in my hands. Before I draped it around me. My body. With the aching bones. Maybe it was too early to feel that. Maybe I wasn't supposed to. But they did ache. They ached as I lifted my arms to let the fabric fall.

I looked at myself in the mirror. It still fits. It hugged me. Tight.

I thought about your suit. How it would fit.

Would it hug you? Tight?

It would never grow too tight. I know that for a fact. You would shrink in it. It would stay the same. I will grow too big for the dress. But the dress will stay the same.

I ran my hands down my sides. I felt the fat on my hips.

Would it hug your bones? Tight?

The day had a sky full of clouds. The kind you liked. It was the grey ones. The ones that "Were hiding something". It could've been a good day.

The car was ready with smoke emitting from the backend. I didn't want to get in. I wanted to stay and look at the clouds. You couldn't see those clouds from the car. You can't fully appreciate them. There is too much noise. And a smell. And a door. When it closes, it takes you away. Away from the clouds. And when you must get out, the clouds are gone. And the last hope of anything more than bones with it.

Would it hug you? Tight?

The car was noisy. And it did smell. I tried to follow the clouds. But as I predicted, I lost them. Lost them way back. As soon as that door slammed shut. I took my eyes off the sky and put them on the road. They were on the road, but I couldn't see it. The trees around made things a weird mix. Green, grey and brown. Some of the worst colors in my opinion. Except for brown. But that would be the worst one. In your opinion.

How long would it take for your body to swallow up your eyes? And turn it all brown? You would've hated that.

The car kept making noise. I tried to block out the smell.

How long would this ride take? How long?

If it went on forever that meant we'd never get there. I could handle that. Sitting here, smelling, listening and not seeing forever. I would prefer that. But I know it wouldn't last forever. Just like a bullet, it had an end point. I think I would've preferred it if they had given me a gun, rather than a car. I would still be shot, far away. But maybe you would be at the receiving end.

The real you. Without a suit.

The noises died down now. But the smell still lingered. I closed my eyes as I prepared to be shot. I pulled the handle and the door opened. There were no clouds here. Nothing to hide. The sky was empty.

The parking lot was not, however. It was covered in people. People that looked more like the black pieces on a chess board. Some with hats. Some crying. Screaming. Some moved diagonally as they gave stern handshakes. All playing their part.

There was a woman. Draped in black and green. Her eyes were red. Sore and puffy. It made an ugly contrast with the dress. She didn't take her eyes off me. Those old, decerped eyes. Red. Full of blood that wasn't supposed to be there.

I took my own hand and lifted it up to my own eyes. My fingers slowly stroking on the flat surface where my bags would begin to grow.

Would you still like it? My face?

I took my eyes of the woman. She wasn't important. Even though I could feel those blood bags stab into my neck. No, in my back. In my dress.

I was the only chess piece here playing for the other team. In a color so bright it would probably make the blood bags explode. Maybe she wanted them too. To get them away and over with. Maybe that's why she couldn't take her eyes off me.

More bags followed me as I made my way across the gravel laid lot. I could feel them pierce through my skin. Skin that felt thin as paper. But compared to theirs it was like wearing iron armor.

And I was. As I walked through that lot. They couldn't pierce it.

The chess pieces were in their right place. Sitting in rows. I had no place. So, I sat on the floor. With the bags still hooked on me. But I couldn't feel them anymore. All I could see was right in front of me. There was a box.

Now, I knew the suit wouldn't.

But would the box shrink with you?

As I felt the rough fibers from the carpet on my thighs, the box became a spectacle. Everyone got up. It was like being in the car again. Maybe I was being shot. I didn't want to move. Didn't want to see the reality of that box.

Why are there no clouds in the crunch? If this is where I am supposed to touch heaven?

I felt my cheeks getting wet as I closed my eyes again. Heard the noises. Inhaling the smell. My bones. My fucking bones. They were aching again. No, they were on fire. And my lungs. They were burning as well.

I tried to sit up, and as I did, I caught on fire. It burned its way through me. Onto the carpet, moving all the way to the box. They were about to close it, but you can't touch things that are on fire.

My neck was wet now as well. All the way down to my dress.

The suit was quite tight. But it wasn't hugging you. It was just too small.

I didn't dare touch you. Because you had burned out. On the wrong end of the gun. No bags. Just circles. Blue as the sky's you used to hate. I wouldn't light that on fire.

So, I lit up the path. As the box was carried and dragged. I thought I could hear your suit rip. Maybe it had let go. At least that's what the chess pieces did. They let you go in the ground.

And I stood alone and on fire. Soaking the top of my dress with tears. Regretting the lack of touch. For each shovel full of dirt, the fire died down. It was drowned out. It wasn't only you that was being buried. I didn't touch you, but I did leave it with you. And you took it. Without question. Because there were no more questions left to ask.

It was dead. Gone. Burning from 12 to 22. And now it was over.

How could you? You know I'm never getting it back. You knew. And you still know it.

As the last shovel twisted, my hand went up to my eyes. Wet. Puffy. And full of blood. The tears wouldn't stop coming. And my eyes wouldn't stop growing.

And they never would. They would never stop.

Would you still like it now?

My face?