

An Interview with Death, Reported by Life

“Why?”

I stared into your eyes. Dark, soulless, devoid. You stared back into mine. A sparkle emerged between us, a sparkle dimmed by the tune moving through the angels’ throats. I see the sorrow painted on their faces. You paid the sorrow no mind, I wish I could do the same.

I saw your skin sink in, hollowing the many bones from the many touched by you—touched by a final breath, shaky gasp, a harrowing sob. I watched in awe as the feathers from the angels around you fell onto the dead flowers painting your feet. I watched as the flowers around me illuminated the pores of my sun-kissed skin.

“Why?”

The same question left your decaying tongue. All I could do was stare and wonder myself. Why is it that you have not been touched by me? Why have I not been touched by you? The Moirai danced around us, petals falling from their gowns as they circled around you, petals blooming when they circled around me.

By the time I left, you took my place. I didn’t get to ask you everything I wished, the time where we intersect is too short to finally understand you. I don’t know what I wish for more—to be you, or for you to be me. What is your purpose, and what is mine? Do you know? Or will we never understand or know.

“Why?” Left my tongue again, but your response was duller than your eyes.

“You know why.”