

One sun ray peaks in as if it's trying to lift the mood. All noise stands still but the faint snoring of my cat. The hums carry down the dark blank hall. Once a home, a safe haven of thought now floods with the image of your face. Front door locked and bolted, every window stays closed. Incense work overtime in an attempt to cleanse my space.

It seems eyes watch my back every time I try to move. My bed hugs me back.

I scroll the screen in search of comfort, becoming frozen in a moment of old.

My room is now a museum.