

Entire

by Rachel Escott, 2007

Voices fade and there is silence. If she opens her eyes she sees faces whose names she should know, but doesn't. So she doesn't.

All that linked her to the world that other people inhabit has dissolved; bridges burned, causeways submerged. Behind her eyelids lie the sun-filled sky and brine scent of her childhood. She is happy, being alone.

Years ago a man came visiting in a boat; but now she is cut off, entirely.

The End

Entire

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