

## The Wait

I don't know when I got here. I only know that I am here. I try to remember again. No luck.

The walls are white and sterile, like those hospital waiting rooms, except I know that this isn't a hospital. Hospitals have doors and windows, sounds, babies crying, soft chatter, cries of pain, sobs. This place has none of that and the only sound is the one of breathing and a soft, muted, electronic beep. I don't know if this is a clock, or if it is my imagination, because many things could be. Like the three individuals sitting in front of me.

There is a young boy, and I know he can't be more than seven, with a faded grey T-shirt, and a gaze so innocent that it hurts. But behind those eyes, I can see a sort of wisdom and melancholy brewing, like dark clouds before a storm. I don't know what he could have done to end up here, but then, I don't even know what I am doing here.

Next to him, a fallen angel, because surely someone of her beauty, grace and gaze can only be an angel. I think that she would have been dressed in white with a golden halo were it not for all her scars. They covered her arms, her legs, her neck and three long scars covered her face. She must have gotten them when she fell to earth and fought her way out of the ground, or when she was attacked by the angry and vengeful world. Her eyes carry a tiredness that is one of living and fighting. Her eyes reflect battles fought against invincible demons that always came back in larger numbers. Her eyes tell the story of a hard working soul punished with life.

The last one was a person that I cannot identify. Their eyes shine with intelligence and vivid curiosity, and they are the only person that does not look out rightly unhappy or tired. They feel familiar in a way that I should be able to remember them. Their appearance resonates deeply in me, like if I was a harp and all my strings were struck at once. But I can't remember.

I can't. I. Can't. Remember. Remember. Remember! REMEMBER! What did I forget again? I have no way of knowing. Did I have a family, a pet, friends, or a child? I have forgotten everything.

This is a new kind of torture. Why is no one talking to me? I seem to be unable to talk. Help. What is this? Time seems to pass by. I know that I am waiting. For something. What is it? Tell me. Please. Please...

Wait. Wait. Wait. Is all I do. An eternity, or a couple of seconds, I don't know. I don't feel bored, no. I just feel so much pain. As the pain grows I can see the child cry, the angel wince and the familiar one look at me with solemn eyes.

I can feel the change in the air. It makes me feel uneasy but at the same time happy, because something is happening. I don't know what is happening, but that's alright. At least for now.

As if to reply to my silent question, the child starts speaking.

"Don't leave. They're waiting for you. They miss you. They want you to come back, but it's up to you to make the choice." His eyes shine with unshed tears. "It will break their hearts if you leave, and you don't want to hurt them. You don't want to hurt me."

The angel looks at me. "When I came into the world, I worked. After that, I worked harder than I ever had to. I had to work when I was dying, and still now I work. I'm tired, and you are the one who can free me. Or who can chain me and bind me to the ground. By choosing to leave, you enable me to leave with you. To rest. Please, make it stop." She stares at me, and her gaze hurts even more than the child's.

Finally, they speak. "I won't tell you to do anything. You could very well wait and the choice be made for you or you can let one of us break. Whatever happens, I accompany you wherever you go, whatever you choose. From me you will receive no hate nor resentment. Do not worry, I will always be with you."

I cannot decide, when everyone seems to want different things. But as they look at me expectantly, the choice to make becomes clear. I wish to do something with my existence, but with no memories, no purpose, how can I?

But if there is something I can do, it is for myself. The child is begging, but the angel is suffering. I want to be able to live with myself. If I let an innocent being suffer forever, I won't be able to bear the guilt. I have to make a choice, even if it will hurt someone else. I have to make a choice between living with myself and living for someone else.

Finally, between the child and the angel, I choose. The choice is hard, but I have a feeling that I will not regret it.

I look at her and nod. She smiles tiredly but I can still feel the joy and relief emanate from her. The child, on the other hand, starts crying. He curls into a ball and wails. Despite everything, I feel no pity. I know that my choice is the right one. The angel is immortal, and I am her only way out. The child is suddenly gone, and maybe he died of pain, but I can never know. I don't want to know. I see the door. THE door. I haven't seen it before but I feel as if I should know it. I stand in front of it, with the two behind me. It does not feel dangerous, but I know that something UNKNOWN lies behind it. And that scares me.

But I know that it is over. The wait is over. I don't know why or how, only that it is. The wait is over. The wait is over. The WAIT is over. The wait. Is over. The. Wait. Is over.

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Over.

I plunge into the void, and the beeping is now a flatline. It melts into the background. I have no attachments nor regrets; I've let go of that. The Heart and the Mind accompany me through the door. All is good.