

Negatives

"There's no such thing as death, really," she said.
"Just a lack of life."
Her limbs hung loosely.
Body defined by what wasn't there.
She dragged through the streets,
Accompanied by two lonely letters:
M.
S.
Which always seemed to buzz around her head.
A halo of desperation.
Leaving her few moments of peace.
To reminisce on better days.

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Illustration by Erica Aitken

