

# Fading

*By Anonymous*

I don't know how long my to-do list is. I do, know, however, the things I want to do most. The things that I should want to do most. And the things that I shouldn't do.

The sun is shining, and it's cold outside. I can't breathe. My table is a mess, as always. My laundry is something else on the to-do list. It's not hard to do, either, but why is it so hard?

The overdue projects stare at me. My grades stare at me. They burn a hole in my memory, and I block them. I shove them into a box, and they disintegrate. They are ashes, ghosts, that will come again on some other day. I'll think about them later. I'll do it tomorrow.

I'll just think about the impending lessons that I should have prepared for. I'll splurge on naps and baths and ice cream. I can't watch movies though. That's too obvious.

I'll sit and feel the waves wash over me. They cascade, the harmonies finely wrought and spun, crashing through my head, like a sensory assault. Too much, too little, grays and violets whirl, my mind is blank.

The violence runs through my head, I grasp and catch at fragments. The crystal shards of dawn, the facets of the emeralds, the glass that crumbles into dust, the coals that melt into diamond.

Rambling, more rambling, black on whiteboards, the ink of my pen streaming out. There's nothing left to salvage, anyways.

My eyes hurt from staring at this screen, and my mind devours more. I want it like nothing else.

The eagle on the cliff stares, her eyes beady, assessing me. I look stern again. I look like I'm doing work.

That's enough for today. I'll do it tomorrow.