

# Eclipse by Cameron Almeida

You might find me at the end of my days perched on the shoreline at sunset. Some rocky overlook where the wind can blow away smoke from fire. The last embers of my life burn like a fickle memory in a nearby hole I dug, small licks of heat dancing in air brined with salt of the earth. Knowledge that these coals will fade makes me wish to have gone out brilliantly, a blaze of glory instead of here, timing the spread of painkillers in my blood with the increasingly aggressive tide. Because that's what this is, a small beacon of light, a candle in a world that grows steadily darker, duller...numb. I don't need pills to know I lost the ability to feel, adventures that began with the noblest of intentions led me here, to even describe them further would be Ozymandian. Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair! A broken home, dead friends, the love of my life all dust now, ashes of a pipe dream whose seeds never stood a chance at fruition. Not in these winds.

The tide is rising now, inked waves tackling the land, only to retreat in frustration and try again. *Soon...* that's what I think as the horizon dims, *soon the only light left will be the fire*. To keep it burning if only a moment longer, to enjoy another breath; the notion of God's creation unravels at the thought of suicide, so I turned it into a coin flip. Just enough pills to overdose, but not enough to guarantee death, the factor determining whether I see morning boils down to simply the will to live, you either got it or you don't, and this is the only way I'll know.

Sitting on a beach, this is it, all the world's a stage and I fell through the trap door. Across the sea, the sun is rising on someone else's life, where the grass is greener, the light brighter. A dusky mist fights the smoke column for real estate, as my senses begin to dwindle. The sky dims with my vision, as the mist begins seeping into my brain. So soon, one way or another I'll be free, as the sunset has completely faded into the sea's embrace, and my heartbeat sifts into a low hum like a dying canary trapped by this ribcage. The fire has stopped, now hot coals remain to comfort each other, readying themselves to kiss oblivion.

I can't even think anymore, and it's as beautiful as ever, empty, misty, and black with specks of light glittering on waves like a false promise. This is peace, this is glory, what I've been striving for. My body has dissolved, ebbing and flowing with the tide as it wraps itself around my ankles. We shall see what the world has in store, but for now I drift away. A free man, a free... spirit.