

The life cycle

By JKL

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He pulled the trigger, and it felt ephemeral.

He could see his dead body, but the more he saw it, the more indifferent he became to that putrid envelope that was gradually fading away. Disintegrating, while his whole being melted into black.

When the darkness - at last - took over his universe, he contemplated the emptiness. And he felt happy, for the first time in a long time.

No more overtime and no more cuts in his salary. His wife's screams and his coworkers' scowls were a thing of the past. They no longer echoed in his brain.

As fate would have it, the peace he had sought so much in life could only be found after his death.

Report, he smiled. Or, at least, he thought he did.

Wrapped in such thoughts, he cared little or nothing if he had to spend a million years submerged in the deepest of silences. He was one with the abyss... But, to his misfortune, that union would not hesitate for long.

From one moment to the next, the poor devil was sucked by an inexplicable force. That, for no apparent reason, dragged him far, far away from the eternal void. Guiding him towards a mysterious light, whose origin seemed to go back to the beginning of time.

At first, the man tried to resist. Clinging to nothingness with the memory of his former limbs. When the wretch realized that his body had completely abandoned him, he wanted to cry. But his eyes were a thing of another time.

Defeated; he was forced to abandon any kind of resistance. Resigning himself to be dragged into that enigmatic light. That little by little was consuming everything around him. Transforming the surroundings of his non-existence into what can only be described as an endless tunnel of fire.

As the darkness dissipated. Out of the incandescence, voices from another time began to emerge. The suicidal man, he could not understand

what they were saying. Nor did he remember ever hearing them before. But there was something about them that was strangely comforting to him.

As time went by, in his delirium, the wretch thought he heard things like: Calm down; take a deep breath; you're doing fine; you have nothing to worry about.

As the words became more legible. Gradually, the man began to relax. The tunnel became narrower and narrower. The darkness was finally evaporating.

When the poor man began to distinguish the totality of the sentences. The darkness was completely gone. The light was nowhere and, at the same time, everywhere.

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When he woke up, he realized that the hospital lamp was pointed directly at his eyes.

With difficulty, he looked away. His eyes hurt. His head was spinning round and round. His whole being felt like a useless piece of shit, but he could still, by and large, make out what was cooking in the big picture.

Around them, a man dressed as a doctor was reviewing what appeared to be a medical file. A couple of nurses were whispering to each other unconcernedly. Everything seemed relatively normal until the unfortunate man noticed the bulge growing out of his navel...

And his eyes were fixed on the giddy face of his new father. On the cloying glances of the nurses. At the stilted smile of his new mother.

When his feeble ears heard the doctor's routine congratulations to his new parents. The reborn frowned....

And she began to cry.