

An Empty Room

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The flakes of dust were circling the air of an attic that a boy called home, on Downing Street, in Piqua, Ohio. The dust particles were more or less the party-goers in a cycle that never ended, which all revolved around cigarettes and wine bottles and conversations. Flakes of skin, cat hairs, cigarette ash, crumbs of food and sediments that can't be named by this author; drifting easily like the hours after Saturday Mass in the air. The inhabitant of the room was up in the sky, not so much in Heaven as on a Boeing 747 heading westward to lose track of reality in all senses and understanding of the phrase. The inhabitant had packed everything he held materially to his body, except for the flakes. All of which were left to move patiently within the breezes of the open windows, as they were daydreaming of hearing the iPod which soundtracks their every lives.