

Wrath

I looked around the room at the chairs. Once they held people from many places and backgrounds, now they sit empty and useless around the wooden table.

Twilight casts shadows through the frosted windows, everything gives off a blue-grey sheen and becomes distorted.

I try to close my eyes and shut the image out, but it's burned in my vision. I rip my eyes open once I can see their faces. I tried to forget them but they still haunt me.

Why am I here, in *this* place, of all places. These chairs. Those who sat in them.

Is this some sort of joke? No. A punishment for what I did? Maybe.

I can't stand up. My legs are too weak. I'm to... comfortable? That word almost fits. Even moving my head from this position feels wrong. It's better to stay like this. How long have I been here? It's been... a while. Hasn't it?

I can't keep looking at the chairs. Old. Well used. Impressions in the fabric and leather as if *they* just got up. I can almost see their shadows in the chairs.

"I would do it again! You all knew why we did it. You knew what would happen!"

I need to stop looking here but I can't turn away.

There's dust on the floors. How long ago was it we were here?

My hands are going numb. Pins and needles. That zizzing in my fingers.

I can't see out the windows, I remember when I could. The buildings are as clear as their faces. Etched into my hindbrain. I see them more clearly now than I did... Before, back then.

The hallway over there leads to other rooms and offices. To *their* offices. To *my* office. Did I lock the door? I can't remember. I'll kick it in either way.

My desk. Back to the door, facing the city. So I could watch it burn.

Where is the door to my office? Wait. Where. Where am... When did I get back in *this* room. Did I even leave? Was I dreaming? I don't want to be here.

Fires. Across the entire horizon. Bright points of light from far away finally reaching my eyes.

"I know what I did. Why are you making me remember! Don't you think I knew what would happen to me?"

"Nothing to say then? It's alright. I know what's happening. I don't need to hear it from you.

"I know you're there.

"I know where I am."

The room grows dark and I close my eyes.

I looked around the room at the chairs....