

## **Void**

*Denise M. Coyle*

A steady hum echoes through a barren room  
void of carpeting.

Only steel chairs with dark tan leather lining  
and fake plants of forest green and natural brown  
sit amongst coffee tables of steel and artificial wood  
occupying the room.

The smooth texture of the table is broken by magazines  
scattered hap hazard across its top.

The neon lights flicker and threaten to give way to darkness  
yet their hum continues.

The slow tick of a wall clock high above  
beats in sync with the heart of the room's sole occupant  
The steady tick tick is the only life-like sound  
accompanying the not-so-steady breathing  
of a woman sitting in the corner  
staring lifelessly at the poster of a smiling child.

As the clock strikes 4 pm  
the large hand of the dial moves in place with a resounding thud  
shattering her trance  
forcing air into long exhausted lungs.

The lights flicker as her eyes glaze over.  
A tear slides ever so slowly down a once dry cheek.  
A tall man in a cold white coat  
steps through the door.

The staccato click of his shoes  
drown out all other invasive sounds.  
He approaches the near lifeless figure  
and extends his hand.

Worn out hands, that are dried and cracked and have seen many years  
hold within them a crisp white sheet unmarred.  
With a reluctant nod she accepts the parchment  
looking up into dark eyes rimmed with age and fatigue.

The eyes seem hollow and empty  
encased by bags of sleeplessness  
searching for answers in their depths of dark blue  
finding only deeply embedded lines etched at their sides.  
Watching with quiet restraint  
as he once more strides across the room  
the crisp white parchment slips to the floor  
where it remains... unscathed.