THE FALLING WOMAN

Susan Hawthorne

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Vision 3

Vibration 89

Voice 173

The Fall 267

She cries out. I dance.

She waves her arms about, falls. Her pupils dilate, teeth bite into the tongue. I am dancing. Her face is the blue of cyanide. I rampage. Her muscles contract. She convulses. Saliva mixed with blood dribbles from her mouth. She has lost consciousness.

The sun rose, stretching its petals across the horizon.

Estella fell. She fell into blackness. An electrical explosion took her out of consciousness to the edge of annihilation.

The sun was high now. Everything etched sharply. Her mind reached out into the almost blinding sunlight, crossed the bridge spanning night, and headed into the void.