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Where You Are

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WHERE YOU ARE

The room is small and square, filled with dry air and bright light. There are no windows. The sealed outline of the door shows through the white paint, newly applied. The light is so bright you are blinded, and do not see me, braced against the wall beside the outline of the door. You stare blindly at the walls and ceiling, sniff the air, finger the minute cracks in the concrete floor. You try to climb the walls, and fall. You run your hands along the smooth surface of the walls. You find the outline of the door. I understand the initial terror, and move away when you come near. I have been here for years. I have grown accustomed to the light and the faint sound of water falling behind the walls. When you hear it you stop and listen. Then you put your hands to your ears. I understand. There is no need for me to speak. Soon, your sight will return and you will know where you are. It would do no good for me to try to tell you. Soon the room will be yours alone.