

Once upon a time a snail came with the Autumn rains.

From where it came, no one knows, and for how long it stayed is known only to the eyes of light in the ceiling. Still, it must have come from somewhere pleasant, where it grasped and felt wet, marshy soil and not a dry, cold altar, where the wind blowed and the air wasn't dead and hot, where soothing darkness rather than harsh light surrounded it.

And it left this place, for some reason or another. It happened upon a strange, bright, harsh world, and it curled within. For a moment it was back home: darkness surrounded it, wind enveloped it, water flowed on the landscape of its senses.

And then a boot crushed it.

Its body returned to its home, but now without a life to feel comfort and satisfaction in this reunion. Some of the waters stayed, green and thick, enveloped in a lightless white. Its shell, now fragments, were picked, caressed by unfathomably alien wrinkles veiling another type of whiteness.

Light, paper, bone. It cannot be said that death came unannounced, its heraldic banner so vividly displayed. Yet, it was a pointless affair nonetheless.

Guilt works in such strange ways.