

39 seconds

by mazaher

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*I don't know where *this* 221B comes from.*

It is not how I believe things went. Or rather, how I hope they went.

But it insisted to be written.

Now with companion 221B, For it is death to souls to become water.

But both can stand independently.

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I died in 39 seconds.

Little more than half a minute.

If it sounds like a comfortingly short time, be warned that how death in 39 seconds feels from the inside hangs on two considerations: the level of pain and that of awareness.

I was lucky enough: I was conscious for 32 of the 39 seconds, but cranial trauma and complete spinal cord injury at C2 meant that I could barely feel pain as my body bled to death, arteries severed by splintered bones.

I couldn't see.

I couldn't breathe either, but at that point it didn't seem a problem.

My heart sent no message as it sputtered and stopped.

What I felt, in those 32 seconds after the glorious vacuum of the fall, was an explosion of words from my cracked skull, like a swarming of bees on a cool April morning.

I didn't mind. It was beautiful. My bees were finally free.

I had wielded words like my rapier when I fenced, like my notes when I played, like the bullets from John's gun when I shot calligraphy at the walls.

Now I was left with no words at all.

Only a wordless wish.

In the rush of sound which filled my ears, I wanted to hear a footstep.

I waited for that footstep.

It came.

I was blessed.

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