

There Used to Be a Boy

there used to be a boy named Luke. he had all kinds of friends, or so he believed! and was probably right. and he used to amuse them, because that was what he did; it was simply first nature. sometimes they enjoyed his amusement, and sometimes they didn't: that's life, that is. either way, he remained entirely content with life and sometimes he looked up and straight out the window at the sky, especially when he was sitting perfectly still in places with such windows.

during one such time, he felt a bit sick in his throat, and thought to himself, "oh, dear. i have cancer, and will die." but it went away, and he didn't have cancer and/or die, which was pleasing. all the same, he remained frightful after that every time he looked up and out of a window.

later he would discover that his throat hurt because he stretched his neck so much looking up.

and there was also a person named M, and there was also a person named D, and there was also a person named K, and there were lots of people with lots of names. he sometimes thought about their names, and he sometimes added them into his amusement routines.

life was good, and the sky was blue.

much much later, after a lot of clocks had counted infinite time, Luke's friends began to get bored, and he was also starting to get bored. it was very strange, like a big tiredness which he could not rise out of. he dreamed of floating out of his seat and fading through the window, and going up and up into the sky forever. but that would take too much effort.

and one day he lost the confidence to amuse his friends, because they were too tired to enjoy him. the entire world was too tired to enjoy him. this was because the entire world was soon to move on. it was sore, the world, because it could not stop stretching its neck to look at what it believed was the sky, but which would forever be behind glass. they were no longer able to look at the ground.

sitting perfectly still on a couch, he too began to look up. up...