

## *Reboot*

The morning had withheld the sunlight leaving only the gray to open its doors when the man turned aside to his wife facing him, her cantu scented curls waving in his face. The sunlight compliments her already perfect face even though the gray brings gloom to others but not him. The sounds of breakfast cooking brews an ambience that acts a lense on her beauty while her eyes secures her innocence. The appreciation of sunlight comes natural for those who don't have it but alternatives are the only option with no availability. As a result he finds the sunlight captured in her beauty while her eyes take the picture.

"Want some eggs," she asks, her words softly layered.

"With syrup please," he replies as his words stick to his mouth.

Her response echoes through the whole house, her laughter bounces off the walls. Her eyes close when she laughs and he wonders what she sees. The sight she sees contains an expression of her love with him at the center of her photograph. In the meanwhile a whole dictionary was consumed in the process of describing what she feels towards what she sees.

The day passes them by in a swirl of heartfelt emotions. A haze of old music lingers in the house as she takes two steps back while he takes two steps forward.

She asks, "Where did the day go?"

"With you in my arms," he responds.

“Ha-Ha-Ha,” she says sarcastically.

Her laugh gets softer and softer as he feels the heat escape her body. Her eyes flash red not with pain but with a warning. “Low Battery! Charge Now!” but a recharge isn’t possible, at least not in an electrical sense. With this he holds her memory tightly, tighter than the grip of death itself. He carries her soul in his heart as he steps to the cellar. Her brown hair now twisted by curls rooted in the insecurities of others. The door creaks open delivering a gust of contempt for death and sense of resurrection. Human size tubes litter the wall. The same face stares back at him at least a dozen times, providing twelve instances of relief. A transaction is made with his heart and mind and one of the tubes opens. He feels elated but the air still chills around him, and an aura steps out followed by a hand reaching for him.

The morning withholds the sunlight leaving only the gray to open its doors when the man turns aside to his wife facing him, her strawberry scented hair waving in his face.