

They say that the dead eternally gaze up to the stars, but stargazing means nothing once your eyes have rotted away. Passing rain soaks the desecrated earth as the body waits.

The mouth has gone dry. So dry. The withering taste of dust settles on the tongue and across the skin. The smell of autumn and earth seeps into the nostrils, almost causing suffocation. The body's inability to breathe, however, allows it to reach a whole new level – submersion.

The abyss absorbs the willing yet feeble body. There is no colour, no sound, no feeling. Everything just stops. Such oblivion, that nothingness state of being, and yet not being; silence encased in loss. Stones and roots form a kind of cocoon that is gradually being imprinted onto skin, then flesh, then bone. Cold seeps in, sucking life and will into the growing moss.

Nothing exists, not even the body. Yet, gradually, pressure begins to form. It builds and builds, so slowly that it is barely acknowledged to be changing. Soon, the pressure brings with it the sensation of being pulled downwards. The unseen force is acknowledged, the invitation accepted. Slipping further and further, released from petulant time.

Movement is sensed by the body; a slow rhythmic motion, like unseen waves, causes it to drift evermore, flowing deeper into that unknown space, devoid of all. As the strange current continues, it is like the body has lost its many moons and years. Almost by instinct, it craves to curl up and remain forever, but it is helpless in the clutches of the abyss.

There is hope in the darkness yet. The only light comes from a skeletal streetlamp, the single beam in the darkness, mechanical life spewed into it by an unseen hand. The soul lingers where shadows end.

Periodic shaking rattles the bones below, slowing the descent. Words that mean nothing to the body wrap it in unnatural magic and bring a sickly yellow glow. Suddenly, tides begin to turn, and there is a sensation of being dragged upward. A chanting, an irresistible pull forces the body back towards the surface.

A cool evening breeze acts as the harbinger of feeling as it stirs the hair and the eyelashes. It curves its way around the face and the knuckles, on any exposed part of the body. It is an embrace that calls forth an unwelcome reminder. The lamplight beckons the body homeward; the warmth of light creeping up and in.

All at once, soul and body entwine.

Choking and spluttering shatter the silence as lungs consume the night air. Bloody hands claw through the dirt as they struggle upwards on trembling legs. Lichen and dirt crumble as the being departs. The moon and the shifting shadows are the only witnesses to this abhorrent rebirth.