



Morning Dew

by Airan Wright

It's been a while since the sun rose.

I think back to the start of it. The turn.

Sometimes the start is kilometers before you know you are running the race. Easy to keep going; hard to turn around in the moment. Nobody wants to concede. I have to believe they did not know what they were doing. If they had, surely they would've stopped?

A species dependent on water...air...soil...

The last of them lay dying, eyes clouding over from asphyxia as an unbreathable atmosphere set upon them like a warm blanket. I wonder if, in that moment, they finally realized what they had done.

That was ages ago. Reclamation takes time. It's been a while since the sun rose.