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Asphyxia

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He shattered the glass on the antique mirror with his fist, now bloody and throbbing as he admired the shards lodged in his knuckles; it was a mild distraction from the impending pain. His wife was lying in a thin white nightgown on the cold ceramic floor with increasing rigidity. There was nobody in her family to call at this hour. He had no one of his own to call. She was the only person he had and now her eyes were fixated on him reminding him that they would not bat playfully at him again. Those same eyes mocked his perpetual existence; they were going to haunt his every waking moment. So he stitched them shut before sweeping up the fragments of glass and remaining pills, and going to bed. He'd embalm her in the morning.

ASPHYXIAChet'la Sebree