

## *A Silent Confession*

I left it open again. The fridge across the kitchen from where I'm now sitting;  
shining its  
cold blue light on my face. I wonder why I do that? Maybe it's the hum of the  
electrical  
parts attempting to save itself and its contents from spoiling. Cold escaping,  
unable to  
hold onto its purpose beyond a fleeting pointless attempt. Blissfully unaware of  
its  
futility.  
I wish it was that easy to spiral and never notice.  
When I stare into its center I remember what I did. I think I will see them  
again. But then  
I remember it's just his head.