*Red Raven Refuge*

Forgetting the turmoil. No more upset or worry about others. I ran away. Far enough that I felt secluded, but close enough I could return home.

A hipster “espresso parlor” with tables and chairs in a sectioned off alleyway-like area outside. Taking the back door inside, a plethora of mix-matched furniture, local art, and a dinky stage for open-mic nights arrange in a high-ceilinged room. The place looks like a mess of materials from the 1970s—all found their way to this one building.

This strip of outside tables surrounded by brick buildings and a gate—I sense only this rectangle of land. Everything disappears. The crumbly pavement, walls of brick, snapshot of sky, and a rusty-green painted gate create a cube suspended in a white space. Nothing outside of this brick-shaped area exists to me anymore.

Sitting at a black, metal table with my laptop and Marlboro 27s; I escaped, even if it was only for a little while. Work, personal troubles, family issues, everything put off for myself. The anxiety and depression was left outside of the inter-dimensional cube.

Until I ash my cigarette…