

*Much like a photograph, a story can capture the snapshot of life's twists and turns by one defining moment. We have no idea which road our lives will take us on, we can only travel it and see where it will lead us.*

## **I Heard You: A Collection of Life's Truths**

by Debra Colby

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The background of the cover is a silhouette of a person sitting on a park bench under a large tree. The scene is set against a sunset sky with golden light and dark clouds. The person is facing away from the viewer, looking towards the horizon. The tree is on the right side of the frame, and the bench is in the center foreground.

# I Heard You

*A Collection of Life's Truths*

DEBRA COLBY

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This Ain't Shakepeare...But It Sure Is Real  
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## **The Void of Nothingness**

Joe clicks the remote to shut off the infernal noise of the television. The constant blare of reality shows, insipid comedy shows and unending commercials put him on edge. Nothing fits his mood. He's fallen into a quiet despair at the uselessness of living. He doesn't understand the point of it. Why try and find the elusive shred of happiness that is so highly touted? Why, when it will eventually come crashing around you?

He's spent his entire life believing that once happiness is acquired, all will be right with the world. But it's a gimmick. There is no happiness. Once you start believing in it, that's when you're fucked; that's when it gets snatched right out of your hands. Happiness is a myth. It can't be obtained. That's what everyone should believe in. Fuck all those happy endings that are written about so eloquently in books and movies.

The only happiness is finding the perfect "nothingness." To not feel, to not hurt, to simply float in a peaceful sea of quiet. That's true happiness.

He wanders through his house, the noise of the ticking clock, humming refrigerator and furnace clicking on and off begins to unnerve him even more. There was a time when he never heard any of those

things. They were drowned out by the sounds of his three children running and laughing through the house. His wife scolding them, his own laughter at their high spirits and Janine's good-natured sigh at the futility of trying to settle down three kids.

That's the last time he felt happy. Like the world was perfect. But, in a flash it was gone. Just like that. The recklessness of a drunk driver took his happiness away and his world became just as dead as his family.

As he opens doors and peers into empty rooms, he begins to curse at having been left behind. He should've been driving, he was supposed to have been. Janine had asked him to come with them, but he had begged off, because he'd wanted the house to himself for an hour or so.

And now, he does have the house to himself. He's gotten his wish, he's completely alone. And he no longer wants to be. He wants his family back.

He's questioned God as to why He didn't take him as well. Why is God making him suffer this way? He curses the Almighty, calling Him every name in the book. And still, he stands here in this empty house.

Today though, Joe has decided to take matters into his own hands. He goes to the bathroom and opens the medicine cabinet. The pill bottles are lined up, an entire shelf of them. He places each bottle on the counter and

begins opening them. He fills his hand with the colorful pills and tosses them down his throat, washing them down with large gulps of water.

If God won't take him so he can be with his family, then he'll do it himself. He'll find the void of no feeling. The place of no pain, no hurt, no heartache. He will be nothing.

## **It's a Sin**

We're told it's a sin...  
For those who believe...it is.  
For others, not so much.

The others believe in something more  
They want to know what else there is  
Who else they can be.

That there has to be more than the heartache  
The human suffering.

They yearn for  
The absolute feeling of being free.

For them, it would be so easy...  
Slip into the soft fibers  
Feel them tighten slowly  
As everything becomes weightless  
And they move onto someplace  
Unknown.

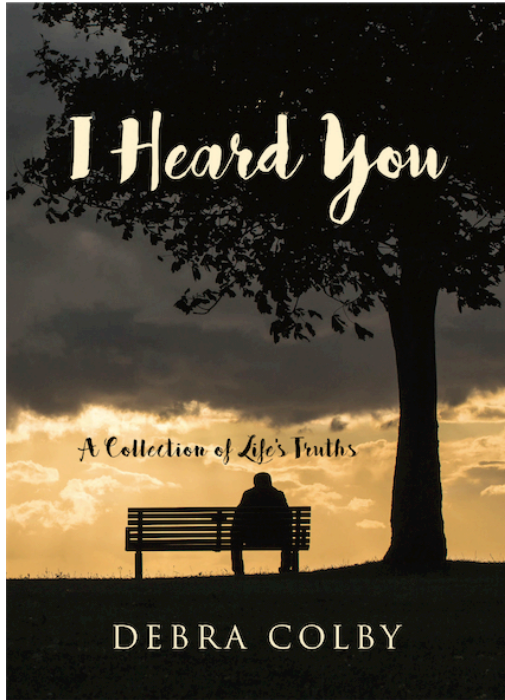
A place that nobody returns from  
A place where solid bodies are left behind  
And the soul and mind can experience

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Peace.

Unburdened by the earthly shackles  
That hold them hostage  
Of bars that contain their imaginations.

They move onto a place where utopia is nothing at all  
Which makes it everything.



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