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Final Essay
Timeless Inevitability

Not a sound stirs, not a drip, nor a drop. The world is silent and cold and dark. Dark, except for two nearby street lamps radiating lifeless, fluorescent light, and following their shadows sits a house. Tucked behind bushes bent over with icicles. It's been months since lights have brightened the now barren floors and empty closets.

As the sun rises, the shadows retreat indoors. The dinging of railroad guards welcomes the new day, and day after day, morning after morning, the sun rises and warms the Earth, until gradually, almost as if an artist gently erases the snow and the cold, the first bud appears. Blossoms emerge, bursting with fragrance and color.

With the explosion of heat, smells and colors, the lawns thicken, barbecue smoke hangs in layers, and the sound of children laughing and running barefoot fills the air. And still the house sits there. Paint withers, another peel drifts off, rain from afternoon storms rolls through the gutters, splashing and spilling, flooding into the driveway. The sun begins to set.

Tangibly; air catches fire, as do the leaves, burning bright with oranges and reds and yellows; aging until ripe for their last journey in a flurry of wind – whirling and spinning, swooning and swaying, to rain upon children laughing and giggling all the way up to school. Bonfires die down to candles.

Until the first chill of cold snuffs out the last wisp of fire, and soon the warmth of light spills out through the frost encrusted windows. The moon rises over the drifts of snow, caked in glittering ice. Stars burn with celestial mystique, and beneath them, the house sits in darkness, and, with no ears to hear it, the wind moans without a sound.