

The Last Seven
Anna Shaul

Seven minutes.

Seven minutes of pure stillness, the neurons of the body firing less and less until the brain is no longer all-knowing.

Seven minutes of paralysis; the only piece clinging on to reality is my inner persona.

Is it comforting to have these seven minutes of reflection or is it terrifying, I don't know.

When my eyes no longer see, I feel nothing, touch nothing, sense nothing.

Only the mystery of a mind at
the end of its time.

What was it all for:

the years of study,

the lost sleep,

the laughter that bubbles until the stomach cramps,

the sheer pain of loss and absence.

What was the point, if our minds, so complex and constantly collecting more data than we can ever digest, if we're going to get seven minutes of quiet and reflection before the neurons never fire again, before the brain never thinks again.

Maybe I will see light or maybe darkness, my worst fear or my greatest desires.

Those seven minutes though, before my mind turns off for good, will be the ones I listen to the most.