

25¢ till 2am

GUY RAYNER

January, twenty degrees outside, and here I am, doing laundry, five miles from home, alone. I can still see my trail leading home in the snow outside, thoughts crossing my mind as to why I hadn't done this sooner, all while the sound of the washer buzzes in the back of my head. I have work in the morning, check my watch, "2 AM." I sink my head into my hands, "so tired," all I can say to myself. "Ding Ding!" I don't wanna socialize tonight, just kept my head in my hands, closed my eyes, guess I passed out.

It was cold outside that day; I'd say about twenty degrees. I have work tomorrow, and yet all my clothes are dirty. I checked the clock, "12 AM." I should be able to make it to the laundromat, still that's five miles away. My head throbbing, bad déjà vu. Grab my bag filled with clothes, my wallet, and my jacket, don't forget to lock the door, It's cold outside.

The wind from the outside hit me, got jolted up from it, can't hear the washer anymore, turned around. Finally saw the guy who walked in earlier, eyes wide, it was me, standing above my clothes. Shove my head back in my hands, snap out of it, you're seeing things, you're just tired. Can't relax, did I just see myself? I'm scared to look back at it, I'm freaking out, what the hell is happening?

Finally pulled my head out of my hands, slowly turn around, no one. Where did he go? Where did I go? The buzzing moved to the front, check the washer, clothes are still going, just like my head. Must be really tired, was probably just seeing things, was I? Calmed my mind, best I could at least. Hear my heart beating, helps calm my nerves. The beats get louder, faster, why am I not calming down? Flashes of light through my head, vision tunnels, that's not my heart beating.

The outside cold, my jacket isn't doing shit, sheets of snow cover my tracks behind me, Or did they? All I want is to get this over with, why didn't I just take off work? déjà vu, why won't it go away? I'll be there soon. I see the lights, "midnight mat," finally I can get this over with. déjà vu hits harder the closer I get, maybe it'll go away once I'm inside, "Ding Ding!"

The beating gets louder, closer, sweat pouring, or is that tears? Can't see anything, is that thing still here? Am I still here? Fall to the floor, it's cold, I wanna go home. The beating, it's so loud, the washer is screaming, why won't it stop! "Beep Beep Beep" clothes are done, quiet. The beating, the throbbing, the flashing, all gone. Still can't see, vision returns slowly, I'm alone. Look around, alone. it's January, twenty degrees outside, and here I am, on the floor, crying. "Ding Ding!" I don't wanna socialize.