

## The Storage Unit

I stand in front of the unit, facing the only thing that feels like home, yet I am homeless. Items that belong to a former self, I see a life that is no more.

Boxes full of memories and experiences that no longer have reverence here. Respect replaced with respite, providing me only a brief breath of life.

The box sits alone, hidden behind items that tell me otherwise. They beg me to choose them over it, fearing their own expiration date to expire sooner than expected.

I push past this nonsense and demand the rest I deserve, seeking salvation in the smallest, strongest box in the room. I know its loneliness and I apologize for the neglect.

Forever a tool created for the end, it gave my life one without acting in its interest, killing by just existing. I need its strength just one last time, one last promised end.

Not now my mind whispers, trying to tell me otherwise. Then when, I demand the end! I scream in pain, not in vain.

Your discourse shows no remorse for man with a hole for a soul. Where I once saw friendly faces, I only see empty spaces.

You tell me this world is no longer mine to keep, but theirs to share, and I hate you for that. You rationalize cooperation for inconceivable endless selfishness.

I don't remember it being this heavy, but the end comes with an extra weight of all those you leave behind. The object itself holds practically no physical weight, but I can barely lift it.

Drill Sergeant is behind me remind me, Position, Aiming, Breath Control, Trigger Squeeze, this is the way of humanity. Be the end we taught you to be, the beginning of nothing.

"God", I want this but I can't give it to myself, the most elusive gift that will never be presented to me by me. I set my release back in its case but not back in the unit, for the day is young.

I will continue to exist for the benefit of other until I can no more. My compromise to myself is to never hide you away again, never scare away from my end. They will do what I can't.

For I know them and I know that if I can't bring it, the selfishness of another human will bring me what I can't. You brought end without even presenting yourself, you can bring end regardless of what I do. I just need them to know that you exist again and they will give me the justice I know they believe in. The monsters of death and morality, I will present you to them and let them be the judge of my intentions. I know they will bring my end, because they are human and it is what they do. I did not put myself here, you did.