

Detachment of the Grave

What frightens the dead?

I don't know. I mean, I think something *might* frighten me. That part of me still seems to be part of my psyche? I don't know why. I don't have glands anymore.

...Well, I do. They just don't work. Which is good, because those glands also regulate hunger, *which I do not feel*. In case you were wondering.

Anyway: I have the capacity for fear. I guess I just haven't met anything or anyone that can trigger it yet. Yeah, saying that aloud makes me thoughtful, too.

Maybe *that's* what should be frightening me. The *possibility*.

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