

Into the Silence

Iwan Lee

The clock ticked down—minutes, seconds, hours.
Every moment, it drew closer.

The knock.

It needed no permission.
Answered or not, it would come.
Not like a storm,
but like mist beneath the door:
silent, slow, inevitable.

He waited.
Machines ringing.
Clocks ticking.
His heart beating—
each sound a countdown,
time leaking out.

Was he not young?
Not meant to grow old,
to fall in love,
to carry children
beneath summer suns?

A window stood open.
Outside, a child laughed—
a sound so bright it hurt.
For a moment,
he pretended that laugh
was his future.

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Maybe death had always known his name.
Maybe it wasn't knocking—
maybe it had already entered.

Could he run?
Nowhere.
Could he fight?
With what—hope?

It wasn't a long story,
just a whisper of a life.

Still, the question lingered:
how to face something so vast,
so final,
so dark?

Knight with a hollow sword?
Or child, weeping in silence?

There was no choice to make.
It would come either way.
So he stood.
Turned the handle.
Opened the door.

There it was.
Not cruel.
Not kind.
Just waiting.

He nodded. No heroics. Just quiet acceptance.
One breath.
One step.
Not an ending—just a crossing.

And he stepped into the silence.