

The White

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Silently it crawled in above you.
Not from the right.
Not from the left.
From above.
It is there above you.

Huge.
White.
Terrifying.
Unknown.
You wonder —

have you seen something like this before
in some video game?
Damn — this is big.
This is really big.
Life stops.

Everyone wants to take photos,
stand beneath it, pose.
Fingers freeze.
Phones go dark.
Screens die.

And yet —
what a selfie this could have been.
Damn, this is huge.
Enormous.
Slowly it spreads across the sky.

It covers everything.
Everything turns snow-white.
Everything above you.
Cold.
White.

Numbing.
Terrifying.
You have no idea
what the hell this is.
And a suffocating feeling

moves into you as a voice,
into them,
into everyone,
across the entire Earth.

Pandemic.
Plague.
Spanish flu.
AIDS.
Ebola.
Covid.

Cholera.
Smallpox.

Faces flinch.
You know Covid.
You've heard something about the others,
but your phone doesn't work
to look it up:
what the hell is this?

Pandemic.
Plague.
Spanish flu.
AIDS.
Ebola.
Covid.
Cholera.
Smallpox.

You hear it again.
A terrifyingly whispering
inner voice.

Pandemic.
Plague.
Spanish flu.
AIDS.
Ebola.
Covid.
Cholera.
Smallpox.
Everyone searches for the glance of their
neighbor.
Yes — we hear it too.
Pandemic.
Plague.
Spanish flu.
AIDS.
Ebola.
Covid.
Cholera.
Smallpox.

Again.
And again.
Everything is white.
Oppressive.
Cold.

Pandemic ...