

ABAM.INFO

PRESENTS

RELIC

A short story by

LEE ISSEROW

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Sitting, waiting, wanting,
For an answer to his question,
Joseph Myers watches
From his window as the sun doeth rise.
And he speaks not in the open,
As his words not need be spoken,
But the thoughts they are evoking,
Are of those he knows long lost.
He sits, the soul survivor,
Of thirteen from the same mother,
With a myriad different fathers,
They never knew for long.
Separated by a war,
Though what they fought hard for,
Does not seem important,
Now the fighters are all gone.

But Joseph, he survives,
Although he longs to die.
A relic from another time,
When friends long gone still walked the earth.

He recalls long lost love gone,
Remembers big band songs,
But questions if those memories
Are just half-remembered dreams.

Holding faces without names,
Claiming them all as old friends,
He cannot comprehend
What it was to see them die.
But the faces will not leave,
Sentient, he does perceive,
And they talk to him,
As if they were alive.
Thus a fraction of his mind still sparks,
A fraction nonetheless still works,
And where it falls to fail,
He fills the gap with lies.

Time goes past,
And lives, they pass,
But Joe, he lasts.
A relic from another time,
When friends long gone still walked the earth.

He's had no visitors for years.
His children passed, but he shed no tears.
Perhaps he never could cry,
And thus he never has.
Their faces haunt him daily,
Without names or voice, and maybe,
They assemble to remind him
Of all his darkest deeds.
Praying every day for death,
He still eludes its wrath,
And wonders if the reaper
Will ever come for him.

So he sits and waits asunder,
With his heart heavy and wonders,
Asking just how long eternity can last.
Time spins on,
All others gone,
But Joe lives on.
A relic from another time,
When friends long gone still walked the earth.

He knows their deaths
Were at his hands,
An agreement made
In darkest times,
Barter life by taking life,
And siphoning their years.
But now it seems for naught,
As he's old, and somewhat fraught,
The only living man
In a world that just decays.
He sits at windowsill,
And begs and begs until,
A figure long forgotten
Approaches as sun sets.
Leaping from his chair,
Aching bones no more a care,
He opens wide the door,
In hope of one last visitor.

“*Joseph*”, it declares,
“*Still alive!*”, it sneers,
“*Not for long...*” it jeers,

*“A relic from another time,
When friends you culled still walked the earth.”*

Then from somewhere deep inside,
Names and faces, they collide,
And the memories come
Flooding back in spades.
As he tries to beg forgiveness,
His utterings are worthless,
For a tightening in his
Chest becomes too much.
The faces watch in silence,
As he collapses in their eye lines,
Before too long he has no breath
To apologize for wrongs.
Joseph Myers passes on,
As all those he knew had done,
And ne'er again
Will he ask for answers.

While his body, it does stay,
His consciousness is free.
A relic from another time,
As dead as those who once walked the earth.

ABOUT ABAM.INFO

ABAM, or 'A Book A Month', is a terrible experiment to see how long a former screenwriter can produce a original novella every month (along with companion audiobook) before he goes insane.

Alternating between dramatic and comedic prose, the books will be released on Amazon for Kindle and in print on the first Monday of every month, and on other ebook platforms some months later.

If you've enjoyed this book in any capacity, do please review it on Amazon – I read them all and will no doubt veer towards writing more of what you like.

Please visit the links below for more information and forthcoming releases.

<http://www.amazon.com/author/leeisserow>

<http://ABAM.info>

Thank you kindly for being an observer to my mental deterioration.

COMING SOON FROM **ABAM**:

'@'

SYNOPSIS

At twenty-one Cassie is in a dead end job and has just been dumped, whilst her friends are succeeding at school or their careers, and compared to her, are generally winning life.

On a whim, she hands the reigns of her decisions over to Twitter, and at first her followers seem to be making her life better.

However, as the instructions continue, they become increasingly strange, and she finds herself held at ransom, forced to commit crimes for an unknown party who seems to be stalking her at every turn.

With the lives of her family and friends at risk, she has no choice to play along. But this isn't the first time this has happened to someone like her.

And if she doesn't find out who's pulling her strings, she won't be the last.

'@' is available for pre-order from
ABAM.Info and **Amazon**
and is released on January 4th 2016.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Lee Isserow is an award-winning screenwriter and filmmaker, with over fifteen years spent trawling the back streets and dark alleys of the 'entertainment' industry.

He's pretty sure he has some traits of autism, because he's been constantly working and obscenely prolific for the entire duration, writing over a hundred screenplays, many of which he's adapting into forthcoming BAMs, because very few people are willing to turn them into movies. For now.

He lives in Liverpool, England because he accidentally bought a house there. He's not quite sure how that happened – but assumes part of that is because he used to drink a lot.

If you'd like to watch the pretty things he makes, you may find them at Leelsserow.com.

You may also interact, call him names, and read his awful jokes and observations on Twitter:

[@Lee_Isserow](https://twitter.com/Lee_Isserow).