

The object the future chose for me

It arrived with no warning, slipping under my door
Like an apology from a world, I don't know
A small thing weightless, almost embarrassed
To exist before its time
I turned it over in my hands
Searching for the version of me who sent it
The paper smelled of distance
Of days not yet lived
Decisions hovering, delicate and unmade
A date was printed dimly
A tomorrow i am not yet brave enough to face
I felt the future watching
Waiting with quiet anticipation
Was this a warning or a blessing?
Or simply proof that i continue?
It slowly lost its coldness, taking on the heat of my palm
As if remembering the hand that would hold it next
I counted the ghosts of who I used to be
The ones that might've needed this more
Still, it chose me
My present self is a work in progress
I placed it on the table
Like a promise i wasn't ready to take
And for the first time
The future felt close enough to touch