

*At Arm's Length*

Leaving the common area behind and shutting the door on the din I bumble along  
the  
stairs and wall. Stopping to whistle and gain the size of the empty cinema. It  
sounds  
wide and dark and desolate. Begun without a finish.  
I think I found some Sandpaper. Between the ears: a pin drops, dust rises, and my  
hands  
explore a filthy wall. This must be where the projectionist would stand if this room  
wasn't idle.  
From the Beyond creeps a hollow growl.  
Metallic, it drags over to me. I inspect its underbelly and its tail. Like crankshafts  
and  
tinker toys I calm it. I grunt while moving its thorax.  
In its sleep this thing dreams of cicadas and the snapping claws of angry crabs.  
This infestation is 1,000 strong. I'd cover my ears... not for the sound but for the  
fear  
of eggs being laid in my skull.