

# The Angle

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## Fading Sun

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### Cover Page Footnote

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Jen Enright

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## Fading Sun

"I never dreamed I'd feel this fire beneath my skin. . ." Elton John/Bernie Taupin, "The Last Song"

\*Borrowed light, tossed to and fro, that's all we are.  
Blood, cells, fluid, air, what a fundamentally simple composition.  
Funny how that simplicity turns tragic and cryptic in the blink of an eye.  
What happens when you don't even recognize your own reflection anymore?  
The borrowed light dims until the only light remaining is a haunted, hollow gray spark.  
The spark may flicker and restore the borrowed light, but when the sun finally retreats, so does your shadow.  
That shadow has converted itself into your only being, into your body.  
When the sun sets, your shadow fades, leaving you with a breathing, moaning, shitting, failing, crippling, dehumanizing half-life shadow.  
Destined to slowly and painfully destroy you from the inside out, until you've aged a hundred years and your lungs can no longer sustain your aching frame.

\*"Borrowed Light" by Kathleen Wakefield