

He was seen knocking on doors that concealed those who no longer materialized from the squalid shadows: patients who ceased to witness the phenomenon of sunlight and who were fused into a web of dust and grime that shaped the contours of their forgotten chambers. Patients who, once upon a time, had been catalogued in a case note that was afterward misplaced, thereby causing said patient to be misplaced; and, thus, doctor, when the ink on the case notes fades I, too, will fade away; and the patients vanished, and no one was aware of their loss or mourned their absence. And when the files were placed in the wrong folders, the patients switched identities; and when the notes were crumpled or discarded the patients were themselves crushed – and liberated – by death. Of the ones surviving this holocaust of forgetfulness were those with skin so pale and rid of pigmentation that the doctor had developed a special theory proposing that, in a former life, they'd belonged to an esoteric genus of albino bottom dwellers: pink pulpous androgyns unsexed by an absolute darkness and blinded when removed from that drear pitch: a bobbing, hovering school of gelatinous moonbeams with hazy albugo eyes that cut faint traces across the black waters of a perpetual night.