Plans. There is something bittersweet about plans. It comes to her then that all of her plans are prayers, not to her gods or the Force, not to the Lights or the Void, but to time, the great eraser and birther of them all. Every plan she has made has been but a tiny little prayer.

She wonders what the fault in her prayers was. She thinks she did not believe strongly enough or that she was meant to be in pain. She then thinks that is nonsense, because there is no such thing as fate, not with all the cracks in the world of smiles and tears. She thinks, perhaps there is no result to praying; it is not an action that *causes*, it is an idea that *sustains.* Something more like a paean of transcribed joy, like a morass of flesh and blood, like a taste on the tongue, like a wash of water on fingertips. Something both abstract, as a concept of machination, and a finite, feasible product.

She decides that there is no action to prayer, because it yields nothing. Plans are not mothers. There is no birth here.

There is no life, here, either, just the remains of it. Corpses and broken hearts. Silences too deep and wide and smooth to ever fill. Gaps in the universe. In the unfillable and encroaching space that is left, these is just her, and the woman she loves, who is not dead, *yet,* but who is already not alive.

“*Please*, Atty. Please, I’m *begging* you, please, *make it stop*. Make it stop. Do it, *please.”*

It is all her beloved chants, again and again, and she has ceased hearing the words. The shape of them, their sound, echoes in deaf ears. She cannot hear them—she is too full of their meaning, too much enraptured in being redefined to listen.

She is learning that plans are prayers, that her prayers are not enough, and that her love *is*. That love is watching someone die.

So she concedes, places the barrel to her heart’s head and pulls the trigger.