

# Between Night and Power

## Corporate Noir

The night presses heavily on the office, against the windows, the walls, against everything that still breathes. Only the desk lamp burns, a tight circle of light in the middle of darkness. Beyond it, night begins immediately, cold and patient. The skyline outside seems distant, almost unreal.

She sits at the desk, head turned onto her arms, eyes closed. Not sleeping, only exhausted. She has waited. Long enough to fall asleep while waiting.

Before her lie the papers. The bill for the abortion. Next to it, an envelope. Inside, the check he had secretly placed on her desk earlier that day. No words. No explanation. Just an amount, neatly written, as if it could close something that should never have begun.

They had arranged to meet that evening. One last time. He didn't know when he could slip away from the family gathering. She had nodded, as if it were normal. As if any of this were normal.

Now he stands behind her.

Quietly entering.

He watches her for a while, sitting there, slumped, made small in the lamp's light. Almost peaceful. Almost innocent. A state that affects him more than he expected. Or less. He no longer knows.

No sound. No movement. Only his presence, filling the room.

Everything has already been said, before a word is spoken. In glances, in evasions, in the slow shifting of boundaries that no one notices until it's too late.

The lamp casts his shadow across the floor, long and distorted, until it reaches her feet.

She knows he is there. Without turning. Without opening her eyes. His silence is louder than any conversation they've ever had.

Outside, the city flickers. Life continues. In here, everything stands still.

Her breathing changes almost imperceptibly. As if part of her already understands what is about to be said. That it is over. Not just what was between them, but also what she believed she had found there.

The envelope lies still before her. The bill beside it. Two proofs of decisions that can no longer be undone.

He takes no step closer.

He waits.

Not for an answer. Not for a conversation.

But for the moment she opens her eyes and realizes that everything that happened between power and night was never more than a mistake, felt now only by her.

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Explore the accompanying photograph for this piece, along with many more striking, evocative, and artistically distinctive images from this and other series, in the web album at [www.BioMechMaidens.com](http://www.BioMechMaidens.com).

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