

Wish of A Dying Poet

*How far have you run away my love?
We used to swing from heartstrings to watch the stars,
Now I reside where there is no moth or flame.*

*Your hickory kisses flowed like the greatest of rivers,
Sweeping me within its rapids,
Now, not even a slurry of your adoration streams in this fissured creek bed.*

*Can it be that the times have gone?
Where the junipers provoked their evergreen glow on our pale skins,
And the moon light danced —*

A flagrant wind blew impatiently against the loose pane of glass hanging poorly in the window frame. It gave off a deathly rattle, imitating the sound of shambled bones. The wind cried as if it were begging for forgiveness, wailing low and distant to anyone willing to lend an ear. Drafts of its impurity blew in uninvited, scattering a multitude of aged papers about the room. The papers settled in cluttered heaps across the stale wood floor, each flipped and turned in its own holy way. The Poet stood ever so slowly from the rusted metal stool he sat. The papers laid scattered about like the feathers of some dove, leaving its remembrance in the name of creation. He shuffled across the room as a decrepit figure, moving with an alien hunch, gathering those damned dove feathers. With the utmost delicacy, he enjoined the frailed pages back into one another, being careful not to smear any ink or fray any corners. The feebleness of his fingers likened them to stone, and they scraped their paleness across the ground, loosely gripping the bunch of papers.

The wind still wailed insidiously, echoing as a ghost looking for its lost figure. Shallow croaks of the floor boards joined the wind in a lamented song, belching a weary bravado to the emptiness in which the room encapsulated. The Poet erected himself, dragging a lazy spine upright. He felt the individual bones of his vertebrae point sharply into the skin of his back, stretching it in the morose gesture of atrophy. Baby steps guided him back to his workplace, putting papers onto wood, and then ink onto paper.

– in the sanctity of our love making.

Am I lost?

Discarded to the purgatory of solitude?

Abandoned of love?

A tarnished spirit?

The devil lies in pastures of my innocence,

Ripping daisies from their stems,

Spewing the blackest of lies conceived,

But I believe them...

In your absence I believe the sky is falling,

And the tears of weeping entities fall within my sorrow,

Dampening the tattered memory of our love.

The wind brings your voice,

Crisp and sweet as it passes,

Giving a feeling of you being near.

My dying wish–

Aches ran vehemently through the marrow of his fingers, the pain swam within the canals of his veins as a serpent, spreading an acute agony. A light ringing bounced inside the cavity of his skull, giving a strong feeling of delirium. A concoction of fiendish ailments consumed The Poet, his aura, his soul. He palmed the contents of his face as it drooped, laying heavy in his hand like a thickened brick of clay.

The wind slowed, and then stopped, like it was watching him, examining his suffering in some wicked way. Then it blew on, rattling the loose pane of glass to no end.

The sickness was progressing exponentially, coming in vexing waves like high tide, washing his vigor away. Now sat a shell of a man, distantly reminiscent of youthful days, awaiting the grave in an untimely manner.

The Poet attempted to stand, but faltered, nearly collapsing to the ground. He caught himself by the edge of the desk and ever so slowly brought himself to his feet. It was very cold within the confines of the room, the air sat heavy about itself, rigid and stationary with a hint of frost. Light entered through the windows adorned in a gray hue, dreary looking, contrived from a dreary day. The Poet scraped the dry husks of his feet across the floor, trying to reach the bed that seemed to be miles across the room. His heart moaned inside his chest, beating in a mournful cadence, sad for his life, sad for his love.

Past the bedpost, past the shadows of light, past decadence, past the echoes of her laughter, he crawled deep into the paralysis of his bed. The linens of the blanket tickled the goosebumps on his skin, wrapping around the frailness of his body. The Poet laid dormant in the shallow depression of the bed, watching contorted shadows reach across the floor, frozen in time by the encroaching sunlight.

Sleep crept in slowly, making his eyelids heavy, drifting his consciousness into the void. The walls, the floorboards, the window, the shadows, the desk, the papers, the sickly emptiness, all fell away to never have existed.

...

He couldn't remember when, or even how for that matter, but he found himself at a river. The water streamed with a light hush, rippling into a million different reflections of the sky in its own kaleidoscope array. Golden autumn leaves clung to the surface of the river, they flowed as copper stars of the earth, going to a place never before seen by man. There was a slight chill in the air, giving a beautiful haze to the area. Surrounding trees stood naked in their barren state, nude branches reached out indiscriminately towards the sky, as to pray to some ancient deity undiscovered. Everything around was in the state of a fall season, orange and yellow dotted the landscape beyond, displaying a sight words could not begin to describe.

The Poet sat by the bank of the river, watching billows of condensation roll from his lips. Leaves began to crunch behind him; at first they were silent, too far out to be something noticeable, but then they grew louder, crunching harder as they neared. He turned back, looking intently for the creature lurking beyond. The crunches continued to progress, inching closer to his being, seeming to close on an inevitable encounter. The moments seemed to be eternal in his anxious anticipation, and his mind only raced with unease.

The bushes rustled slightly, almost eerily, then...

“BOO!”

He jumped from his place, startled out of his mind, trying to catch the breath that fled eagerly from his chest.

“Oh my gosh! You should have seen the look on your face!”

Her laugh radiated from her mouth into the air with the sweetest feeling, he couldn't help but to smile a little bit. He grinned softly as she approached, still chuckling. He began to laugh as well, thinking of how foolish he would have looked. The women sat down next to him and they laughed together for some time, snickering into that autumn day as if they didn't have a care in the world. She wiped tears of laughter from her eyes and kissed him on the cheek; nothing compared to that feeling, warm and soft, the closest thing to home anyone could ever dream. They sat watching the river stream on, it shimmered so beautifully against the sunlight. She laid her head on his shoulder, and he put his arm around her, squeezing her tight, bringing her close. It felt as if they could have sat on that river bank forever, watching the water run until there was no more. He felt whole with her in his arms, like nothing in the world mattered but them in that place. The two sat for a long time within their lovely silence, watching time pass just as the river did. The sun changed its position in the sky and shone crimson across the river they sat before.

She sat up from his shoulder and grabbed his hand. Her fingers were frigid, cold to the touch, but he did not care. She interlocked hers with his, delicately caressing the in-betweens of his fingers. With her other hand she embraced his face, thumbing the dry grooves of his cheeks, holding him in the most tender way. She looked deeply into his eyes, hers shimmering as polished emeralds, staring reverently into his soul, reading his life and past lives in that single moment.

“ I love you.”

How sweet were those words. They echoed inside his head like it were a canyon, repeating endlessly for his sole delight.

He smiled softly, matching her gaze.

Before The Poet could open his mouth, before his lips could tell her the same, before he could embrace her one last time,

He awoke.