

The Quiet Unknown

Falling.

We are falling.

Off the cliff we thought was safe.

I am numb to the rush.

Bee's wide open eyes,

Her mouth parted in a silent scream.

All that I see

As we fall.

My breath is gone.

We are no longer falling

But floating.

In a dark where my eyes failed

To see.

*So I opened my mind instead
to a world of thick white mist*

*That tastes like sweet honey
And the flowers that gave to it.*

It swirls through us as though

We are nonexistent

But I feel it.

Like light cotton

And silky feathers

Underneath my has-been skin.

We meet a wall.

*Bee disappears through it with
Grace and Swan-like ease.*

But I am afraid

Of what the other

Side will show

To me

And me alone.

*I cannot pass and
The mist closes in,*

Thickening.

I am ice.

An achy cold

And straight and still as steel.

It's like

Trying to find a hand

In the darkness

Knowing no one is there.

But then there is

A small candle

Of hope

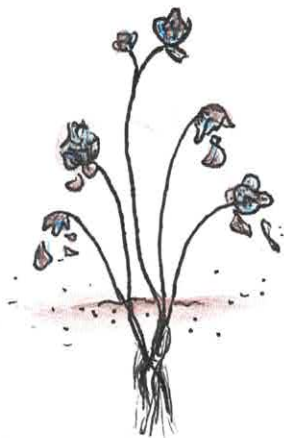
That someone will find me

And light the way.

With that the mist clears



And I fall through.
Death.
Life.
I wonder.
I wonder why we fear
Our final cross,
I wonder why some fear
To live.
The candle guides me
And I wonder where I'll
Go, waiting for dust
To become gold.
We are in between.
A hundred words.
To describe.
Is not.
Enough.
My bare feet feel wet grass.
I wear a dress of silky white poppies.
In my hand I hold a banquet of roses.
Ahead Bee has
a gown of orange carnation petals.
She clutches a single one,
close to her heart.
Before her is a grave.
A dark haired boy rests his head on it,
hanging a lifeless arm loosely over the words
'Callan Baldassarre'.
I see him look at Bee,
Dared hope in his pale blue eyes.
He stands.
Bee moves towards
Him.
"I have been here for many years.
I no longer wish
For life
But a trade.
I've lost all my hope long
Ago.
Watched it wilt and
Die along with me,
For wasted it on the drug of
Coming back to the therebefore
In which I no longer
Belong,"
Bee thinks for only a moment



"And you want death?"
"More than anything.
I want to be with those I love,
To rest
And see for myself why I have lived,"
Bee's flower begins to wilt.
"I'm dying, aren't I?"
I stand in the background
Frozen and unable to do anything but
Watch.
"Yes. That is why you
Are here,"
The boy called Callan takes a flower---
a lily--
and holds it out to Bee.
Without hesitation Bee takes her
Own.
Callan now holds the carnation gratefully.
"Thank you, Bee"
He disappears in a gust of wind and lilies.
A dumfound silence
A Bright appears,
Blinding.
A great white lion
With intelligent yet
Horribly sad blue eyes
Sits before it's inferior.
"You have shown great Courage and
Great Faith"
His voice,
supple thunder in
A quiet yet ever-changing rain.
"You knew and
Are of knowing that
You cannot join me without
Your Hope."
"Your Soul is bright and Brave.
There is no need for a time
Of Judgement
If you'd like,"
And from His breath a
Single carnation materializes
For Bee to reach out.
Hope in her hand she
slowly wraps her
Arms around
The great lion's mane.



I am only soul; I cannot cry
Bee looks back and smiles at me.
"Don't worry about me."
Her eyes, alight in a way
I have never seen
In all the years I've
Known her.
"I can see this new world now.
It is all the things I've lost
The air is safe and strong
Unable to be broken.
I only will await
Your arrival,"
And with that they are gone too,
In the place of the lion
A dogwood tree,
The grave now reading
'Bee'
Just Bee
Covered in the little orange feathers
Of carnations.
I lay my roses down on the
Soft earth and because
She was never
Buried
I bury the
Roses instead.
I am surprised when a thorn
Pricks me and I see
Blood.
I am still Human.
I fall back,
I open my eyes.
The smell of old pages
New bindings
Sound of echoing footsteps across the
Silent floors.
A world of books,
A library.
I am holding one
With my shell of a hand
'The giving tree'
I sink to the floor,
Quiet tears unwarningly
Slip down one
By one, two by
Two



*As the ugly pain of loss
tears at
my heart, For
Scrawled across a corner is
A blue-eyed lion
Pale white against the
Background and
An orange flower resting in his
Strong thick
Mane.*



*See small hope as
Strength
Sacrifice as
Love
And do not fear what we all truly fear;
The Quiet Unknown*