

## *Mirage*

The quiet street light behind her powders her silhouette with a soft incandescence, and I carefully trace her outline in a single glance: she is the shape of happiness. She instinctively floats away from me so I can see more of her—gaze upon her—My Love, my weightless raindrop of simplicity within the ever-churning oceans of convolution. When I reach for her, like an illusionist, she instantly appears by my side once again. The magnetic energy that courses through us both, pulling one another near, is more alive than both of us combined.

- Sean Aeon

