Love-Dove Blood

It was expressive and boldness I longed for, maybe I felt cold in this otherwise burning world. Perhaps it was the rain that crashed down around me chilling to the core or maybe I was succumbing to the end. I could see little motes of aether that plagued the reliving dream, but even if it's falsehood was apparent I still felt the numbness of unsureness that I had felt that day; I mean just look at them.

I peered through the large bay windows with nothing stopping me but my own morales of which were already deflated as I could still see their blood on my skin, no amount of scrubbing could fix that.

The family ate as if the outside world existed only in their dreams. Two children, girls, adamantly spoke back and forth clearly bickering as a woman watched on amused. It wasnt long before the man, her husband, nodded and left the dinner.

I had to question why I was here and why did I suddenly feel so lowly as I watched on. Was this what it looked like to be normal? Had she found what I could not?

I hadn't even realized I had been standing there for so long and it wasn't till I had a set of blue eyes looking at me through the glass. I tried to move, but couldn't as I stood rooted to the spot and it wasn't long ofter the woman stood in boots with an umbrella a few feet from me and she called out, "Gabriella?"

I noticed the memory was fragmented as I felt the cold shift to warmth and the sound of running water stilling as the porcelain tub was filled. I watched the brunette turn back to me, her eyes watching me as I sat on the wooden stool unmoving, and my tremors shook me to my core.

"love-dove, what has happened to you..." was her question as she shifted to sit at my feet looking up at me her hands reaching to hold one of mine, stilling it's shaking. "I never thought I'd see you again, but I'd recognize that nose anywhere. Why did you come back?"

I looked beyond her to the dapper decor of the bathroom, then back as I whispered barely above the sound of her breaths, "it's done, I've gotten rid of them all, Mama is safe; I am safe". I looked away from her softening eyes and down at our joined hands.

"I can feel the blood, hear their screams, and the heat still leaves my lungs full of ash. I haven't slept in days, May." I squeezed my eyes closed, even if she didn't have much aether it was still hard to want to see even a spark.

May didn't move, speak, or breath before releasing one of her hands, it was moments later I felt the warm wash of water as she poured it across my head and shoulders. "I know I wasn't the best to you, I was apart of your torment love-dove. Put tonight off and seek the revenge you came here

for tomorrow. Tonight let me take care of you like I should have."

I felt tears leave my eyes as the women began to drag a wet sponge across my skin. For weeks I felt like I couldn't remove this burden from my body and in one movement she had me feeling lighter then air, I gripped her hand tightly in both mine.

I sought comfort from the person who created my doubt in love, yet it was what I needed most at the moment. "please, don't hurt me..."

"Never, not again. I'm sorry for falling for fear, I'm sorry my love-dove"

I listened to the sounds of the cicadas, the rain had fallen to soft drizzle leaving behind a mist across the city, and the sound of May's breathing. I found my fingers creasing the top sheet that I had pooled in my naked lap. And with sight I simply thought, and I felt. I felt the fire that licked my bones, the skin that felt lighter from the bath but still held scars and heat far over, and I felt my soul flicker in this memory.

The shifting of the bed stirred me as May was awoken by the scratching on my nails on the line or perhaps it was my thoughts that swirled the subtopic aether deep in the veins of the universe. I broke the silence, "what are you supposed to teach me, why are you here?"

The bed shifted as I felt breath on my shoulder. "Love-dove, you ask to many questions, just rest." Had all been for naught, was my demon truly gone, or was I running from the truth. These were all the things that plague my dreams, as I crawled through blood and magma even as I was awake, and deeper still my heartbeat was fake.

"Bright-Eyes, your stars fading still, always has been, and maybe the truth that you have always been your past and future in one. You wander as this husk of what everyone has done to you, you yourself withers your own breaths on what you expect of yourself. You will never escape who you are now till you learn to be what echo’s deep within you. "

Something changed as May's aether was brighter and nearly blinding. I no longer felt linen, heard cicadas and rain, I felt a cold light as the sound of prayers escalated around me. I could see and I could breathe in the prairie around me, the far-off buildings shadows in the distance as the star filled sky seemed forever large. Where a woman once was stood the crying sight of golden light holding a still babe in her hands, the shape reminiscent of Mama, and she laid the small corpse to the grass before us. I watched her sit back as another golden form reminiscent of Papa took shape holding the distraught woman as they seemed to give up under this star filled sky and it was in the baby's glassy eyes that I saw them.

"Do something! Mama! Do something, remember you saved me!" I screamed without abandon as the two made no move, even as others joined in a circle around us.

I couldn't breathe, I could feel the life fade from my heart with each beat, and I grit my teeth as I thought to myself, "this isn't happening, this isn't happening." When just the few moments of

breathe I had left I reached out and grasped the baby's hand, "You must live, how else will other’s star’s shine brighter, what other purpose is there!” I screamed again as I tilted my head back and cried out to the universe; and it answered as I reached towards the twinkling lights above, one stuck out as it fell.

As it touched my fingers, I felt true love beyond anything I had felt pass through me and sink into the baby’s form. As I felt my breath return and my sight diminish, I caught the last glimpse of the babe’s iris light a glow with a golden limbal ring and heard it cry out into the night. My last thought as I felt myself get pulled away into the void, “my Melody, my verse”.

In flashes of memories, I saw my life pass by in short, picturesque art pieces, but wasn’t long before my ears were filled with the sound of cicadas and the heavy rain, and my hands were drenched with blood, Knife still clutched within one as I stared into the lifeless set of blue.

I wiped my eyes with my arms as tears crashed to join the puddles at my feet. I knew now that some memories were meant to be forgotten and never found; this was the curse of remembering. I turned as the aether drew me deeper into the lifestream. My journey wasn’t complete, my demons still roamed, and I still had strength to wield.

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