

The paradox of emotion severs clear thoughts. It is with this abundance that one begins construction. To cease any light from entering or leaving.

For those that can never be replaced become extinct. And words that were whispered so softly become pulsating scars upon past memories.

She genuflected in front of the altar. Hands clasped in a prayer fashion. Bowing her head until her forehead lingered above her fingertips. With a deep drawn breath she began her prayer.

“I come to ask of you now. Tu servidora te busque.”

“My child.” The voice was soft yet deep. It resonated within the room echoing the sounds of wings in flight. He placed his hand onto her head.

“Rise and ask what you seek.”

She lifted her head. Her eyes brimmed with redness. Glistening from the tears that have not fallen as of yet. The full lips that were once red with life quivered with anxiety. Her once heart shaped face now gaunt with darkness and despair. While rising he noticed her ample fame was now thin and fragile. As if life itself was misting away.

“What has become of you?”

“I have fallen in love. I am riddled with pain from love. I ask that you remove this ghastly emotion for I do not want to suffer any longer.”

“Do not ask of this.”

She fell to her knees clasping at his hands. The tears flowed freely and the dam of her emotions broke once again. Her sobbing self-shook with each breath.

“I cannot endure anymore my Dark Lord. I have saved myself from this for so long. Then a life form from another realm entered my reality. I

tried the best I could to keep him at a distance but it was to no avail. His voice does not leave my ears. His form is branded within my mind. His words dagger through me constantly. His touch still lingers over my body. And he is gone. No longer belonging to me. Nor I to him. I know not why he refuses to speak with me. I know that I have fallen from his graces and yet he reaches out to me in the simplest of fashion and I hold hope there is more. But hope has not yet knocked upon me.”

“My child. What seems to be one thing may be another. If he loved you then, he loves you now. Did you cause him harm?”

“No.”

“Did you deceive him?”

“No.”

“Did you falsify?”

“No.”

He knelt beside her and stroke her hair. She refused to release her grasp on his hand. His favorite servant shuddered with each sob. He himself had never seen such a sight. But he must know if his task was to be completed.

“How did you fall from his graces?”

“I ran from him for I feared the intensity that overpowered me. My thoughts began to break. I saw myself less than what he saw in me.”

“And for this my child you would risk everything? You know not what you ask.”

“I cannot stop the pain.”

“Yet if I remove this from you and he returns? You can no longer love him. Then his pain would double and in time his regret of you would manifest itself into hatred.”

“And if he does not? Am I to be soulless? Godless? Loveless? Empty within this world and useless to others?”

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