

Light Flies

Distantly, a future where a portal rests - an insight into memory. The walkway, like the opening of a wound, semitransparent, into the body of the past. Time is a shifting organic thing: incomprehensible yet still alive.

Bygone, the woman I loved, the sky a vivid blue that no longer sets, horizon death-forward, glimmer of an apparition.

I walk towards it, the feeling of eruptions, atom by atom. Protons catching fire against the material of each other. My surroundings melting downstream, the edges rounded with sun sparks. Consciousness liquidates in the light, a prism, every side a reflection. My thoughts form and disperse, like some water flow, coldness, a kind of death.

The sound of waves, simultaneously calm and violent, friction against my eardrum, unified with my discomfort. Outline of a body, shadowing the brightness. Your image sparks against the sky, undeniable. Oh, burning! Similar to the fire of the pilgrimage I made to get here. Here we are in our togetherness. Transfiguration, body by body, finding one another in our likeness. How we have been separated by time.

I remember the moment after our embrace; you would go to your house on the shore, myself traveling back through the woods.

"I cannot stay. I must go back now; you should as well." Your voice seems to be coming and leaving from everywhere, characterized by many points of departure, scattered like the songs of insects.

"I would like you to stay, just a moment." I search for your eyes, but you have already turned away, disappearing from my view. I wonder if this will be how I remember you, leaving.

"I don't want to go back to that memory. Please." somewhere far away, the voice of myself.

Home. Linen sheets suffocating my body, drenched in perspiration. The memory is amorphous, changing shape. I attempt to peer into the recesses of my mind, to recollect, recall what would occur. Nothing. The contours of the room instead focus amid the nightfall.

A luminescence above my bed, similar to the mouth of the portal, aglow. The gaping light, made of some liquid-substance, resulting in an emulsion. I feel dewdrops on my skin. As they land, white shocks emit from them, lasting only a moment.

"You are willing a change of reality," the voice of my beloved reverberated throughout the austere walls. My own mind, widening: a sharp pain enters me. I hold my head in my hands, reliving the fire.

You speak again, voice growing deeper, more sinister. "It's not good to change things that are beyond your understanding." The light continues to land, radiating. "Memory is an ephemeral thing. Only death is lasting. Missing someone is not the same as loving them."

I am waiting for the time of day when the light runs shadows out. Late afternoon, you arrive.

"How did you sleep?"

"I slept, I dreamt," I answer. I feel my heart become a fearful, violent bird, beating, thing of survival.

"And what did you dream of?" you say, smiling, unknowing.

"Nothing. I dreamt nothing."

I feel the space beneath me engulf what once was, like the waves. The walls are shimmering, melding into the floor and sky, the sun responds: announcing itself. Light with no source, deriving from everything.

"Did you know there's some infestation?" You say calmly. "There are these flies, attracted to light - deadly so. They love what is destined to kill them."

"Light flies," I repeat.

The next time I encounter you, gleaming, moon-spun. The shadows cover the trail to your house like a cosmic hand. We tread through the woodland, yet your pace quickens: you start to run.

"It's a mere playful game," you say, laughing. My heart rate grows rapid, turbulently a river. Body and voice afar; the dusk has claimed you as its own.

"Please," I call out, "Do not run so."

I seek out where you are, a clearing. The density of trees and foliage ends, the cliff razors downward.

"When I was a child, I thought I was immune to the lessons of gravity." You say.

Towards me: two imprints of yourself, one a mirror image, only blue, holographic. Both of you arrive, in my view, your ghostly self offering a hand.

"I would learn that no one is immune, not even the dead. Similarly, no one is immune to time, not yet, not now" You say, your voices ring together.

"Isn't this what you want?" The edges of you caressing me, splitting into blue wildfire. "Isn't this what you want? This is why you are here." I am chasing after you, time burning in its chariot, cyclical in nature. In my mind's eye, harmonizing bodies, more beautiful than they are.

"This never happened." You whisper. "This was never supposed to happen." I am a translator of fire. Light attaches itself to the host, traveling faster than the body. Ash where my form once was, the ground disturbed as if by some meteorite, the space torn from itself. The crater leads elsewhere; your mirror selves walk through.

Below, the waves sound, in search of the shoreline, naive that they erode the very thing they love within the epoch of their search.

