

Shallow Seas

Everybody loves the lightkeeper, for he watches over the lighthouse of God, he watches over the last remaining light that illuminates the entire city, the only white light that is left shining bright here in the darkness eternal. He is loved by all, hated by no one, for he is the lightkeeper, watching from above as he keeps the light intact; some days he is happy to do his calling, while other days he wants to give up, either way he remains in the lighthouse despite his wavering resolute, for the people below give him the power to move forward; they are his anchor, he relies on them as much as they rely on him, for he is the lightkeeper, and he shall fulfill that calling for them.

Eventually, the lightkeeper would fall in love, he would form a bond with a man in desperate help, whose wounds bleed in deep that many people would rather avoid it; an injured man who wanders in the dark for indefinite time. He is found by the lighthouse porch, rest by the wall near the front door entrance, crouching in hunger and tiredness combined; the lightkeeper found him and brought him in like the kind man he is, giving the stranger warmth and comfort with enough food, water, and shelter to sustain the lonely wanderer in coldness and starvation. The stranger will then live with the lightkeeper for a few days, and those few days turn to weeks, and those weeks turn to months, and eventually... a year. The two became very close to one another that they declared that they are in love, or at least... one of them thought they were; the lightkeeper simply just wants to help the poor man to restore his scars to light again, with no other feelings than that; the wanderer, who is apparently a sailor, looks up to the lightkeeper like an angel, unlike the other residents who just sees the lightkeeper as a simple miracle worker, the sailor sees him as a savior – HIS savior, who wants to be with him for every cent of the day he could muster. That simple misunderstanding eventually leads to a poorly-fabricated lie that the lightkeeper has built upon himself; he has to keep the act that he is in love with the poor sailor, even though in actuality... there is nothing; there is nothing he ever felt when being with him, in contrast to the sailor whose blood runs through a cascade of emotions: his love, pain, and bitterness... all of these are basically fuel for him; they burn and crackle like outstanding wildfire, burn until there is nothing left on side and the sailor succumbs to the cold again, willing to bleed just to feel alive... which is what the lightkeeper wouldn't want out of him.

Despite that, despite his shallow feelings, the lightkeeper will not let the sailor go out of guilty apathy, he'll let the man stay for as long as he could muster, letting him share the warmth of his light and the feeling of old homes; he won't ever let anybody experience the dark again. The two would try to reconcile, the lightkeeper trying to bandage his wounds while the sailor attempting to stop scarring himself out of misery, but more of his wounds fester as the lightkeeper grows more tired and desperate, and the sailor becoming more erratic and hopeless; more of his wounds patched up but even the sailor is getting sick of it, sometimes ripping the bandages off to continue bleeding until he is dried and pale; the lightkeeper will have none of it though as he keeps on covering the sailor's scars, even crying to please beg that the he would just give himself mercy, have mercy that he will get better soon, and that he just have to cling onto the light much longer.

But even with that child-like ideal of hope and patience, the lightkeeper would eventually reach his limit, just how long will the light last until it flickers and fades into dimness until it reboots back up again, except there is no rebooting when it comes to these two, so young and blind to what love is that they'll eventually have to clear up the smoke and wipe the mirrors clean; the lightkeeper must reveal the truth eventually, that his love for the sailor only reaches by the coast and nothing more. He cannot sail along with him, let alone submerge with him, into the depths and murkiness of what would happen if their bond deepens... the lightkeeper wants that so much, for someone he could bond with and share his own scars with that other man, his shadow, his home, real home, and he should've found him by now, the sailor in front of him should have been that person he is desiring for, and yet... the lightkeeper wouldn't show them; his scars, his shadow, his home, he doesn't have the stomach to show all of those things to the sailor even though the sailor is showing his to the lightkeeper. It's so unfair, even the lightkeeper thought so too that he would cry himself to sleep to forget about it tomorrow.

"It doesn't even feel like love at all..." the lightkeeper thought, who silently kneels in front of the light that he is watching on the lighthouses summit, hoping it would give him insight on what to do next. The light flickers, he didn't notice it.

More days come by and the lightkeeper grew tired, he can't even keep up with the sailor's windy emotions that he just let himself blow into his tempest. But the sailor too, grew tired, tired of the lightkeeper's easiness and calm that he presents; he let himself bleed for his savior but all he does is to hide it away again, covering his scars in plaster over and over again everytime the sailor tries to show him his real self, so why did is the lightkeeper want them to hide it away? Why is he so scared? He can't understand.

Eventually the sailor breaks and just throw the lightkeeper's bandages away, letting him bleed without anything to let them heal and recover; *"He'll finally see it, he'll finally accept me."* The sailor thought, willing to let his wounds fester out in the open without care. The lightkeeper, though, is furious; once he saw the sailor's cuts and scratches he immediately went to find the bandages to try and stop the bleeding, but there were none, the sailor threw them out after all as he smiled in his hurt, which in turn, made the lightkeeper snap...

He didn't see it coming

The sailor received a heavy blow on his face with the lightkeeper's own hand, leaving a mark on the sailor's face, blue and faded. The sailor still smiled however as the lightkeeper tugs his shirt by the neck, obviously seething as he sees his lover in pain, but the sailor said:

"Why are you so mad? It's okay, I don't mind."

That gives the lightkeeper the gateway to end this, the door is open and it's time for him to go. Only two words are uttered by him, filled with anger and exhaustion

"Get out"

Few days more nothing seems to have changed in the pitch black city, many people still hold high hopes for the lightkeeper as he regularly performs his duties well as the city's personal miracle worker; the light he keeps watching over glows in a beautiful white, one of many last ones that remain in the great dark. The lightkeeper remains loved by all, hated by no one, and it has always been his life ever since.

There are reports however, about a rebellion starting over at the city; a single crazed man who would yell nonsense about the lightkeeper, calling him names and lies that baffles even the simplest of residents, naming the lightkeeper as a false savior or a demon in disguise, telling that he made his wounds grow worse because of it. Many of them ignore the man's words however, and remain acquainted with the lightkeeper, for he can do no wrong, as what harm shall he do for he is kind to all and many, willing to help despite his minimal of efforts.

Despite that, it was just nothing eventful has happened around the city, and everything remains the same.

Alone in his room, with the light shining behind him, the lightkeeper silently wept despite the lacking of tears and weight, mourning for the loss of someone he once thought precious, now left behind as he went on without anything left again, just him and the lighthouse, under the safety of his home.

The lightkeeper leans by the glass, as he watch the people down below with many fleeting thoughts, up on his precious lighthouse and the warmth within it.

The light fades, he didn't notice it.

Nobody notice it.