

## Reflection

He stared at her. She stared back. That's all the trapped girl could do, after all. She wanted to be let out, tell the world she was free, that she exists. That she was *alive*. But that was a want she was never going to have.

Hours and hours he would stare at her in longing, close to touch, but never enough. Reaching his hand out, his fingers were met with cold ones. Same in appearance, but different in feeling.

He wanted her.

He wanted her so badly.

Wanted her in his life. His heart. His very existence.

His love never changed, unlike her body.

Day by day, parts of the girl's body start to disappear.

Her hair. Her ear. Her finger. Her hand. Her arm. Her foot. Her leg.

Food provides the body with energy and nutrients, becoming one with the consumer.

Day by day, food enters the body of the man.

Filament. Cartilage. Keratin. Tissue. Bone. Flesh. Muscle.

The nutrients entering his body couldn't have been delicious to anyone but him. She was a Five-star Michelin dish, tailored perfectly to his tastes.

Weirdly enough, it left a strange feeling in the man's chest whenever he ate a meal. Tears would streak his face as he chewed. His hands would tremble, threatening to drop the utensils in his hands. The constriction in his chest forced him to breathe more times than he could lift his fork for another bite.

This feeling was not sadness. He was happy. He had the girl he has always wanted. This is happiness...

Right?

The man would visit the girl twice a day. Once at noon for his meal, the second at night for reflection.

Reflection (noun).

1. The throwing back by a body or surface of light, heat, or sound without absorbing it.
2. Serious thought or consideration.

He would stand and stare at her through the golden framed cage. His gaze always brimmed with love, yet he was always met with her dull eyes, filled with hopelessness and tragedy.

“You are destroying me. Please stop,” she would beg.

He loved her voice. ‘So melodic’ he thought, mind transfixed on the holy notes swirling in his head. The man wished to be with the beauty forever. His dream: to bring her out into the world for all to see and accept. The world that was so unaccepting of him. Of her.

But dreams are merely impossible imaginations conjured up by the brain to cope with the harsh reality of the world. Dreams will stay in the dark, where they belong. The only thing that would face the light of the outside world were the cruel monsters depicted to live in the shadows of fairy tales. The glares, cruel words, and disdainful judgment were all that was given to him. To her.

The man was afraid, more so than the girl, of the people outside. Those humans who face the sun with beaming smiles, yet hide daggers in their words, awaiting for the chance to execute their own kind. It terrified him so much that he kept the girl and himself inside, hidden away from the judgment of others. Safe.

Melodic vocals brought the man's attention back to the wonderful girl in front of him.

“You need to stop breaking me like this,” she gestured to her missing limbs, “for I will cease to exist...and so will you.”

The man understood, but he couldn't bring himself to stop. He couldn't live without her. She became an inseparable part of him. A part that the outside world refuses to accept. How was he supposed to live without her? It pained him to separate himself from her, so he had no other choice but to stay by her side.

He reached out to her, but with no fingers remaining, only the stump of his arm was able to touch the golden framed mirror. Tears streamed down the girl's face with a smile, a face identical to the man on the other side of the mirror. He was too far gone. **She** was too far gone. Retracting her hand, she left the room monetarily, only to come back with a chair and rope. Tying a noose around her neck, she stood on the chair facing the mirror. She stared back at her own reflection. The reflection she saw. The reflection that others couldn't accept. A girl. No longer was there a male, but a female. After a simple step, there was only a dead body.