

The pulchritudinous brunette was a recurring theme in the mind of Bowie.

Was it a reflection of his glowing eyes or was it a symptom of a dying light? Bowie didn't know. But all he knew was that he was getting sucked into a vortex of dark lights. He was like a diver sinking under waves where the Sun's never been.

I

The larks were singing in a circle in the sunny day and the breeze was blowing coolly. Bowie was lying naked with his back upwards in the bed musing about the canvas that lay beside him. He was working on a new oeuvre titled 'The Well-Lit Grace'.

The painting constructed by Bowie unveils an entrancing vision of a woman swathed in black, her figure ignited by the sultry glow of crimson lights. A halo, fractured and defiant, crowns her head, casting an erotic shadow that heightens the mystery of her almond-shaped eyes, smouldering with desire. Her breasts, luscious and tempting like ripe apples, beg to be touched. She stands in a seductive pose, evoking the fierce elegance of a phoenix—wings shattered yet straining with carnal ambition to ascend and conquer the heavens.

Bowie woke up, still naked, and sat quietly on the bed. He looked like a sunken ship that was beyond the saving grace.

As he was getting ready, Bowie suddenly felt a shivering chill down his spine that seemed to raise every pint of hair of his body. And in no time Bowie was drenched with cold sweats.

At the point, if an outsider looked at him, they would think he was delirious and was having another episode. But little would they know what consumed Bowie from within; which at the time was even unknown to him.

Bowie, squeezing his eyes shut, tried to chase away the darkness that crept in and cringed and crossed his arms across his chest.

There was a storm brewing in Bowie's heart and eyes – he stared at his half complete work and felt a shudder and the storms seemed to increase their intensity. The painting seemed to be a reflection of his inner desires – desires so strong that Bowie always hoped if he were Pygmalion.

All dolled up, Bowie gets ready to depart to his favourite dwelling. It's a dwelling near the sea-side where the sun always shines and the birds always coo and it's a place where you will find the serene emptiness you always desired for.

Just wanting to experience, again, this serenity, Bowie puts on the ground carefully his mat and lies down and thinking of his work, his dreams and his life.

And in no time, and with the larks singing and the sun shining serenely, a deep snoring was heard from Bowie.

He got up suddenly, as if it seemed the old gods were ascending the dark presence and which seemed to blind everything and Bowie was next.

Rubbing his eyes, still with the sleepy, he made out a silhouette in the mist that was falling now. Bowie wanted to call that spectre but couldn't and even he couldn't make a move from where he was sitting.

Suddenly, a cloud of ink rising from the tree canopy was beheld and the silhouette was gone – it seemed the wanderer got caught like an insect in amber.

Bowie tried to scream, but couldn't and he seemed to be swallowed by a whirlpool of quieting goeey substance, as to what Bowie felt it was that was holding him back.

No matter how hard Bowie tried, it was unfortunately all in vain.

Having enough of the place, Bowie got up and packed his things and made way for his haven.

Bowie shivered as he parked his car and got out of the Ford Fiesta. A sweater and jacket should have been plenty to ward off the chill, but it was so dark and suddenly so bitter that the stars seemed jagged. He shivered again; his breath frosty. He looked around, trying to get his bearings that fell down – but everything for uncanny reasons seemed tilted and out of place.

The house, the car, hell even the stars seemed to be blinking out, like somebody pulled the plug on his mind and surroundings. The alder trees rattled against each other in the wind like finger bones, and the chilliness was rising, and some humming was heard. With another shiver down his spine, he made way to the door, unlocked it and closed with a THUMP! And went to his room.

He stared at his painting, cringed and went to his bed to have his slumber.

A heavy sleeper Bowie was!

II

The mind is a complex realm. Anxious designs of the darkest kind have a special place in this seemingly forsaken gelatine mass. In its whim it can be of the greatest satisfaction of the kind and in the worst of times, it is just like a mass of pilings that seem to haunt the very definition of creation.

A pitifully forlorn place, if it doesn't exist and doesn't manifest, the realm manifests in the most brutal kind. A kind where an escape is unthinkable and if this unthinkable is attempted, it spires into more *junks* of spiralling drugs that restrains whoever tries to escape this stormy, cloudy aura born of the misty spell of the old gods.

The abyss is something we all want dwell on when on the wanton of spirits and in this wanton of spirits the complex storm called mind get rampant on creating patterns of the cruellest clue and kind to capture the portrait of the seemingly unknown dark presence.

When this dark presence consumes and creates a katabatic effect on the *well-being* on the bodily composition it thus renders us impossible to find our way back home.

We cannot see what's coming even when it's coming into light; The mother is a seer with a second sight that defines the meaning behind the violent rite. It follows you into the dark – even which the owl cannot comprehend. The patterns of the darkest kind are attired with the brightest of the glittery gold but upon a mere touch or a peek dissolves the hardest of the designs.

You want to guide your love through the night, but you cannot see what's coming; when the presence follows you into the dark.

The presence grows strong with each passing minute, nay, second – leaving no time to embark on rumination. You carve your secrets from your bruised heart but who is there to listen other than the very *dark presence*? You want to burn the shadows, you strike a spark, you leave your mark on the shadow, it screams, screams horribly enough to deafen the whole universe, it frets, frets harder than the fish out of water and squirms.

Then in the stormy dark, miles apart, makes a promise to come alive, raging heart. The darkness prologues the pain and stormy dreams – only to emerge as a nightmare **Wide Awake**. Blinding lights, burning eyes, it just does not care about the *well-being* of the host(s). You may lose your way, sputter and feel the pain and the splinters, but it doesn't care, doesn't care at all.

You try to fight the presence like a searchlight searching for convicts escaped; but what happens when the storm manifests into the searchlight itself and wreaks havoc in the very sinews of its being?

It flows like waves, taking the souls of the thousand deaths it consumed. Totally trapped in a soundproof chamber where even the brightest dreams cannot penetrate. The accretion disk will kill you a million times, and still flow with the same never yielding tide and swimming and swimming to endless destinations.

No one hears your tears at night, as the storm howls; for the tears are a clever manifestation of the storm, that renders you without home for nobody trusts you – even if you were a superhero, you get vanished. When you need them the most, they are lost like ghosts.

Tears and tears streaming but naught a shoulder to lay on or a pair of eyes to guide you; but only to misjudge and misguide and thus forsaken. The dark presence makes the host the utmost of the forlorn place and attires the entire building of screams stating 'I want attention' a clever manifestation of its – to render the host crippled, make it downtrodden and thus decay and perish.

The tide eventually flows apart but the remnants are still there, are they not?

For you need only a loving touch, a loving kiss, a loving pair of hands to hold you; but so clever the patterns are that they render into a labyrinth of misguided hopes where it forces you to get lost and lost so deep never to see the sun rising in the sky and makes your heart screams 'There is no such

thing as sunlight' for ever impregnable the stormy mist becomes which even the fullest strain of warm hope cannot surpass.

You drift far away, lost at sea and the shore is gone. It is nowhere to be seen and is like a diver sinking under waves where the suns never been. A place so forsaken even by the gentlest of the kinds, what can be expected apart from chaos and disruption and madness?

For bloodshot eyes and haywire brains are only inhabitant of places like these. Ghouls of all kind haunt these and eventually becomes a part, an intimate part of the ghouls and dances to their tunes. And thus, gets rendered blind in the eyes of the seemingly infallible mortals who then leave the forlorn, ghoulish attired entity to its own scheming and eventually the inevitable.

Shadows creep even into the greenest of the ocean and rampages it.

It is not a dream anymore, it's not even the lighthouse anymore that promised you eternal guidance. It is a place only habited by the million deaths. Piece by Piece.

You want to write your requiem, but what if there's nobody to recite? So despondent and sequestered you become where even the seemingly 'kindest' souls leave you. For their nought a soul no gather what are you are made of and what upgrades you receive.

You only wade and wade and wade and wade and wade until the cold hand of the inevitable takes pity on you and provides a respite from the haunting spectres; but what use it's now of the respite? For the spectre, so bold and so noble, gnaws at you constantly, everyday for it too takes a pity on you – a pity where it can fill its thirst and replace their skin with yours – thick and sturdy.

But such thickness warrants no safety, for they are brittle and cannot soothe the eternal damnation that one has been commanded, albeit from spectres we cannot see and comprehend.

Wade, wade, wade, wade, wade...