

The orb of light swayed a little and then fell. It's motion through air producing a spectrum of colors, the fall culminating in the shattering of silence. Then a throaty moan rented the air, it mixed with the dancing gusts of wind, producing music, which was the only eulogy possible. Birds were singing hymns of sorrow, perched on fragile branches, watching the solemn scene. She tilted her head to face the skies, her eyes gleaming with sorrow. Then a swift stroke of lightning ripped the heavens apart. Nothing moved. Her bosom was heaving violently, heavy with the weight of her own misery and that of her love. Her white satin bodice stained with blood. The blood which once flowed in the veins of a beautiful dream, a dream whose bewitching eyes held the hopes and joys of a caged princess. A princess held captive by her loneliness. Loneliness, which stemmed out of trite artificiality, cheerless humor and beguiling affection, presented to her in the garb of opulence.

She had left it all behind to follow that dream. The dream which promised a world as innocent, pure and fecund as she was. Now she looked at that dream all bruised and bloodied. His eyes struggling to remain open, his pupils dilating. He knew that with the final drop of eyelids, his heart would stop. Without the sight of that fount of life, his existence would vanish, just as the flowers stifle and die without the life-giving and warm rays of the sun. The petals of his being drifting away with the wind, too weak to defy.

She could hear fragile words of endearment breaking from his parched lips ; feel the warmth emanating from his dying eyes; his hand clutching her fingers, losing strength. His eyes straining to catch glimpse of her form through the mist enclosing his mind. He wanted to end his earthly existence with her image resting in the seat of his soul. He wanted to say – “Don't worry . I will be here, with you, forever. I will be here whenever you need solace. You wouldn't see me, but will always feel my warm touch on your cheek. I will wait till you live your years in peace. And when you break free from the bondage of your body, you will see me smiling, waiting with arms wide open. That moment will shower the life on earth with warm blessings of love. Your face fills my heart with joy and compassion. Look it's overflowing. Don't cry, my love!”

She could see his eyes alight with an intensity equaling that of a lamp about to go out. She could only hear half-chokes and noises of forced breathing. The foliage rustled with enigmatic gusts of wind, the bright flowers swaying with it acknowledging the pain. They were alone amongst these witnesses; it was their moment, and theirs alone. Small rivulets of salty water were streaming down her cheek. They were all filling up that orb of brilliance. Refracted light from this tear danced on his forehead like little fairies. It fell. He could see it growing bigger and brighter, until all he could see was light. Then silence.

The tear broke its flight, and spread out that final message of love on his forehead, bidding adieu for his final voyage to the unknown destination. Peace reigned.....

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