

1.

I'd found myself there upon the hill staring at the moon. It was the eve of Shavas. The anniversary of our forbidden inception, and the only offspring of mine I know to have taken to the Earth.

Her name was Ezra, the child of never. She was a ray of pure light.

She'd lived to witness only two lunarCycles on this **Earth**. The ill-timed nature of her birth had given life to her at the onset of the cold season. She'd lived for only two **months** before a chill had made a fever which robbed her gently I hope of her fragile newborn life. I like to think she lived in a time outside of pain. Though the truth is I'll never know.

Often when I look upon the Shavas moon, I see her face staring back at me. Today's sorrows however, are something far greater than the daughter I never saw take to life in this **universe**. I suppose perhaps, a ray of light will always shine too bright.

For now it will sit in infamy, at the pit of my stomach.

We were nothing new for the Valley.

I'm sure We had come before.

I'm sure the mistakes of our youth would take to fault again in the future. Perhaps this coming cold season, for all I knew, but my distraction at present was something far greater than the problems of this childlike Valley.

2.

I'd not known what to expect, but then how could any prepare themselves for such an occasion.

It's the unthinkable.

I saw it there before me.

Taking in a long deep  
breath, and finding myself  
suffocating.

I tried not to think, but my head started spinning. I held onto the wall for support, but still I collapsed. My hands were below me, and gravity was holding them to the floor. The morning light was crisp. That strangely tangible quality, that exists only at dawn. A chill passed through my body, and

I shook my head.

Despite the warm season,  
it felt cold.

I looked away, but I couldn't look away. I looked back and all I could allow myself to see were Her eyes. Those soft orbs, now so hollow. A great abscess had grown within them.

One that would remain with Her until the end of time. So too a void did trap my imagination, and I waded out into that abyss.

I sunk beneath it.

And I keep sinking.

My eyes saw Her body, they saw the scene, but they refused to see. For the sight was too painful. It was beyond the better scope of my imagination.

Her there, laid upon a bed of flowers.

3.

I'd watched Her collect them, since the thaw had chided the to life. It was strange to think her there lifeless upon them.

I'd mentioned to her in times past, on this passion for collecting them.

How could I know it would culminate in this?

I'd thought better of Her. She was preparing projects for the cold season. She'd started staining her windows. A process she kept secret as she'd refined it.

Though the result of the petals as they clung to the glass of her windows. It illuminated with a strange translucence. They were allowing the light to pass through but illuminating in vivid colors. I realized my eyes were fixated on her window from across the room. Looking into the unfinished work of her creation.

I couldn't allow myself to see the finish.

'It's about the texture and color,' I'd imagine myself saying and she would look back at me. As if I was digging deeper than I should. 'They just feel good to be in the presence of.'

I hadn't looked at the possibility that it was a reflection of their fading mortality to which she spoke. I imagined instead, that their colors had illuminated Her imagination. Her imagination was one thing that was certainly not lost.

I looked back upon the flowers. They were dampened now by the sight of Her upon them.

She lay there, beneath the soft tangible light of **morning**. The natural color had drained from Her face. Instead now she only picked up colors from the flowers she'd embedded on the window above her.

The life passed from Her through the cut veins of her body.

Her **killer** laying in the faible clasp of Her hand.

I'd known for some time, that She questioned Her existence.

I knew all to well, from Her eyes.

Beneath Her love for me,

Lay a world of infinite sadness.

I just never thought that she would take herself from me.

It hurt.

Like an apple lodged in my throat,  
waiting there to be digested,  
in a place it never could.

I saw Her, and chose again to only gaze upon Her eyes. For to fall into that body, that body that I'd long to fall upon. Would not it rain in the sorrow of my fears. Might not I lie along side Her. Taking refuge with Her sharp **ally**.

No for the moment it could be only Her spirit.

Fallen from the body  
to the world.

I gasped for air again asking, why she would leave me? Why she would do this to me? Why for the world, why? -but she would not respond, all her answers already given.

I knelt upon the floor beside Her, playing with the straw of her **bed**. I looked upon the flowers that had caught Her blood. It rest a tear upon the corner of my eye. But there, it just sat, waiting to fall.

I look upon Her empty eyes, and can feel only my own so full. They didn't slip down my face, but reluctantly sat there. I'd cried with Her once recently.

For some reason, I couldn't cry today.

Instead I fell into a vast emptiness, beyond a pasture of thought. Outside an orchard of trees, the likes to which I've never seen before. I fell there as I fell before myself. I think perhaps an hour past like this. Though I knew I would fall forever.

4.

I understand it was noticed that my presence was absent from the Valley. I was not one to leave my responsibility as a patchWorker, unless the circumstance were grave.

In my place beneath her window, between two perilous voids, I hadn't thought yet to move. But eventually somebody came stumbling down along the back path.

It was an old friend, a person of our caste. He called my name, from outside the doorway. It crept through the wind with curious entrails fluttering alongside it.

I responded, but with only a frail murmur. A voice just loud enough to break the plane of the doorway. I was still existing a lifetime from speech.

'Are you busy?' He asked politely, which I know was inclining towards the inverse opposite of what truly lay beyond the threshold, of our two worlds.

-No, I said distant.

Feeling the cold shock in my voice. As if I were speaking softly through a tremendous hole in the ground.

He opened the door slowly, and all I could see was the new passage of light.

Apparently the morning light coming from Her window had faded in my sorrows.

I tried unsuccessfully to look upon my older brother.

'Oh,' I heard him say, as he took upon the scene.

'I have no strength.' I told him.

But upon digesting the view, he too was in shock. For a sight like this is not commonly seen in the Valley.

We are not so large a **community**.

And tragedy may befall us as one.

'I can imagine my brother.' He said to me after the brief pause. He turned back to the doorway. 'Shall I inform the Valley?' He asked kindly.

'I guess it's best for all to know.' I said though my voice felt hollow, as if it were being spoken beside me.

My eyes could still not stray from Hers,  
and she wasn't moving anywhere.

'They will know, either way.' He said, and I tried looking upon him. My eyes were fragile, in the shaded light.

'Many thanks my brother.' I said softly, for the first time feeling my own voice. 'I think not yet, am I ready to move.'

His eyes looked back towards the door, and I knew well he was ready to leave, before entering. 'I could never imagine how you feel.' He said and peacefully exited the room.

I knew it would not be long before people started making their way here. I knew it would perhaps be lunchtime, if I didn't return before then.

Though the truth is always hard to say.

## 5.

I looked upon her again, and the killer in her hand.

It was a blade of a most bizarre reflexive quality. A cold refined nature that was clearly not a **product** of the Valley.

It was crafted of a material like nothing I'd seen before. It's smoothness, not caste by the hands of man. For all things made by man are marred, and his humanity is writ in its impression and function.

This blade was made of neither iron nor stone, but something in between craft to an exceptional sharpness. It was small too. Just the point on the end of a long dull handle. Though made continuous of the same mysterious piece of **material**.

It could only have been summoned by our ancestors the stars.

I wondered for how long she'd had it?

I thought to take it from her hand, but that thought froze me. For with the blade in my hand, what place did it have to travel? Would I too, not be found bleeding to death when the Valley came to seek out what'd become of us?

I couldn't touch such an implement, not after it had already taken the life of my Natural love. I couldn't allow myself, that but still I saw it there lifeless in her lifeless hand.

I felt the tears again lingering about the edge of my face. Though, still no rain fell. The sky remained blue, despite however bitten by the ensuing storm.

The blade,  
had befallen her,  
and from its nature I knew,  
it had befallen only her.

I would only be left to imagine when it was bestowed upon her from the heavens. How much time had past between. To such circumstances, I could only be left to wonder, for they had been secrets that she'd kept eternally to herself.

6.

By the mid-day sun, people began arriving. It was of no surprise to me that the entire Valley would already know of her passing. There is not so great a space for people to get caught on the **outside**. Our tight concentric values bind us.

Only a few hermits live  
here and there,  
but they're mostly older people.

I'd walked out of the room and was standing beneath the tree outside her door. I could easily think of countless memories between us caught there, two beings being in one love. I tried not to absorb myself too much in those thoughts.

For the greater reflection of the love,  
seemed like an even greater reflection of sadness.

In this moment it all seemed like to much of a burden.

The glance and,  
darting eyes of the people was most unwelcome to me.

There weren't many people in the Valley that I welcomed to be close with. To the better part of this world, I was just this distant and aloof being, not made of the typical **citizen**.

Though, I was as human as any. I just didn't handle well the burden of attachment. I had kept myself close with only a few people in the Valley.

Primarily, my life had revolved around Her.

Like the Earth around the sun,  
the Moon around the earth,  
Her and myself about the Valley.

We were together in a **bond**.  
A bond I'd thought was meant to be eternal.

The eyes of these people were filled only with curiosity, which likewise filled me with disgust. They were sympathetic to my glance, but I could tell they had no words for me.

There are no words for **suicide** in the Valley. It was something that occurred rarely, and only to people of the most reclusive nature.

Though I suppose we were a reclusive duet.

I couldn't look into their eyes.

Lest I think of Hers. And Hers there lay, scarred in my brain. Their cold emptiness, like

a morning song I was debuting. A song whose melody I'd yet to fully understand.

So instead of lingering,

I'd thought better than to wallow in hush, and to wait for their **forged** apologies.

I walked down the old tributary from Her room. Along the basin of the Valley. Behind me the mountain stretched up towards the heavens. Below me, the river flowed into that great nether region beyond the shores of our trees.

My mind started to drift within that dark eerie forest, but I know it was just thinking away from Her.

I walked along the basin of the Valley, unto the Orchard of trees. Therein lies a small notch off the coast of the falling sun. It is a strangely emptied and regrown piece of forest sits there and I suppose it is the closest thing we have to a **cemetery**.

I had little desire to venture close to the dead. My world had seen enough death for an entire lifetime.

As I thought away, I invariably thought again.

And so did they fall back upon  
the gravity of the situation.

I realized ever more, there was a lifetime that I stood before me. For my old life was dying alongside Her. An ever growing part of me knew that until she was buried, that ere I would again see the light of a new day.

I found myself walking out of the basin and past the Orchard to the place where our love had blossomed.

There.

Mountainside from that strange patch of trees arose a small little roll in the earth. The Valley ran off beside it now, though once it used to be a strange notch behind the still thick forest. The **lumberjack's** axe had not yet cut this patch, though its destiny was for the blade.

There indeed used to sit a shallow on that roll, where from whence my tree grew.

7.

I remember humbly standing before it, when became its turn in line for capture.

His big dark eyes, a grown man of the Valley, looking over me with strange understanding.

'For once having been a child.' He'd explained, but I cared only that he spared my tree. He put down his large axe and helped me to carve my name into it, with his blade.

'That was all you ever had to do, kid.' He said to me, as he ran his fingers through my hair, and I remember well the touch. It stuck in my memory, like a thorn on one of Her flowers. I was too young at this point to understand the Valley, and its many nuances.

I know well, I was still trapped in the adventure of youth.

For in the Valley, we all have the right to ascertain. It has always been just a question of desire and greed. Though, I wasn't really interested in politics of the Valley, not in this moment.

I just found myself standing before it...

## 8.

The sun was still arching its back to the heavens, and time could not move fast for me. I looked upon my tree, whose branches had grown majestically over the course of this life. Its wisdom, I thought, far surpassing my own.

‘How do you trees, take your course?’

I heard my self-saying, ‘so peaceful, so patient.’

I’d wanted so much to be optimistic but my stomach got the better of me.

‘So helpless,

So trapped. I know well where my thoughts are going with this.’ I said and looked away.

I didn’t like where it was going.

I frumped upon the ground, and sat with my back to the old **oak**. It supported me, and the ground was soft. I looked back on the Valley, and it seemed so small.

I thought about falling again,

And then I fell...

Down from such great heights.

I was a piece of paper falling from the heavens, down upon the night of the great paperStorm. I was trapped in that sea of white, **showering** in the Valley. The air was crisp as always, meeting equally with the freshness of the paper. In those rare dry occasions.

I tumble between sheets. I am a sheet myself, and I can pass along the others. They are silent and fall in their own company. I don’t know that they can exist, as I know myself to exist, as we fall, and tumble, and fight against the updraft.

I wonder if they can speak. I wonder if they can think, and feel like me, but they are just pieces of paper, I tell my own **loose-leaf** self. And they act as inanimately such, just paper,

Paper waiting for me to write on it.

Paper, waiting for Her to draw on it.

Paper ready for the Valley to create again in the cold season.

I toss about, free, and alive, but falling, ever falling, and wondering to what end, I’ll arrive.

## 9.

I awoke beside my tree, and Her eyes were staring into me. The cold stillness, piercing through me. A dram of her poison set planted in my soul.

I jilted a little and tried looking away, but they were chasing me. Always there, staring through me. A hollow void that was vapidly growing out of control. I shook my head vigorously, but knew there was little I could do. She would be with me for quite some time I imagined.

I  
stood  
up.

Shaking the demons from my being, and began walking along the mountainside tributary, towards the River.

I knew time was approaching for me to make an entrance at the Crossings. But still, I found myself

helpless to the thought of their eyes, the entire Valley, looking upon me, with that bleak curiosity.

My head was upon this thought, when I heard the sound of a branch breaking behind me.

I turned and saw Lilly there, though she didn't say anything. She hadn't made an acknowledgment that I'd seen her. She was looking up, slowly. Her eyes having been caught off guard by the twig.

I noticed her not noticing and turned away.

Though as she said my name, its inflection, sounded like she'd noticed, after all and I felt instantly foolish.

For Lilly was one of the few people outside of Her that I would have considered a **friend**. And though she'd distanced herself in the last few cycles. I hadn't blame her, she was not unlike the Valley, and I still knew well her eyes to be soft.

'I thought you might be around here.' She said, and I turned, though my legs insisted to keep walking.

I didn't say anything.

She lingered in speech, 'So how are you doing?'

I still didn't say anything, though I think she knew from my helpless eyes. That it wasn't as if I was trying to be malicious. I just didn't have any words.

'I went by your tree, but you weren't there.' She continued. 'I think I just missed you, for I could smell the presence you'd left there.'

Her eyes lightened and I found myself speaking. 'You've always had very keen smell Lilly.' I said, though the sound of my voice seemed to again speak from someplace outside of myself.

She impressed a kindly smile, but I could tell that she was forcing its existence.

The thought of this made me sad because Lilly had a naturally radiant smile. One that I could have only imagined to have seen on Her face.

For my Love only smiled in sporadic moments, and I think half were spent in the night. The rest were rare gifts for me, I suppose. For she was never one to **falsify** her reality.

Lilly on the other hand, I imagine, was much more a product of the Valley. Her 'Eternal Grace' was as ever beaming from her soul. Though deeply within myself, I knew she felt something lacking in her life. It was only human I suppose to feel such shortcomings.

As if on cue, Lilly smiled again, though my silence of thoughts had been awkward for her.

'Did they ask you to find me?' I asked, delicately, and indicated that I'd like to keep walking. She took stride beside me, and we walked in the direction of the mountain, toward the hill of the darkNight.

'Some people asked, though I would have come regardless,' she said my name gently, 'you've been a kind friend to me in the past when, I've needed it. I can be here for you.'

'Thank you.' I said, softly. 'But this is something that I will have to deal with, with time alone.'

She made a gesture with her face, though it was unclear on the periphery of my vision. She stopped me with her arm, and I feel the touch move through me.

'I just want you to know.' She said, and I could tell from her eyes that she was trying overtly to be serious, looking over shoulders. It was a strange indication, that seemed to say, me and the Valley, want you to know, 'that your not alone.'

Then she **hugged** me.

It was a warm embrace, and I could feel the life of her body radiate.

It passed a nervous chill through my spine, though to the cause, I was not sure.



I closed my eyes in this gentle embrace and was confronted with Her lifeless eyes staring back at me. I bit softly on my lower lip. I was holding onto a moment that didn't exist. 'Thank you Lilly.' I said quietly, and again Her cold eyes pierced through me.

'You are not alone.' She said, and then released me. I could see the formation of a tear, that foggy pain of glass beside her eye. 'I have to get back to my work.' She said.

'I understand.' I replied, and watched her as she walked away from me.

## 10.

I

climbed

upon the hill

of the darkNight. Making my way towards the closer of the great **pillars**. There are two enormous stones on this hill, and more than one person has tried to wrestle unsuccessfully with them. They are formidable entities whose grandeur could only be bestowed by the heavens ire.

For beneath each,

We're taught is bested a man.

These two people, lured out by the call of some distant **siren**. Upon a shadows lark, they walked into the night. There upon the hill of the darkMoon, their curiosity did destroy them.

Taken from the Valley.

Taken from this life.

Taken upon the next.

With only the loud thump of falling and the unmistakable presence of their feet.  
There to this day they lay, in a grave upon this strange hill.

I look at these approaching shrines, and can think only of death. There are so many reminders of mortality in this Valley.

It sits in every shadow, along the crest of the forest, beneath the flowing water, and the rising **steeple** of the Mountain. It is entombed, everywhere in this humble Valley, and we are here constantly struggling against it. No sister of mercy is this Earth, and sometimes we all fear she would calmly swallow any whole who tested her.

It's hard to have these constant reminders of death.

I imagine it's all this simplicity of death, that makes us humble before our great skies, the ancestors, and that creator who remains so elusive. It enables us a reason to struggle, to continue, for we know we are all that is left. If we give up our struggle, then perhaps there is no future for anyone on this planet.

Beside that massive stone, I thought about a man, who was given his death and his grave at the same time. 'How is this mercy?' I asked the stone, but to me it gave no reply.

'How could you reply,' I reasoned, 'you are but stone.'

Then as I looked upon it, with an intense yearning, a word rified through my minds eye. It seemed to say,

'memory.'

'To me?' I asked.

'To remember?' And I remember well thinking, why? 'Within all these memories lies only pain.' I told the stone. 'If I think of all those who came before me, preformed the right of the forebaring and walked into the night.

'We're taught, *they don't exist anymore.*'

'In as many day's she won't exist anymore either.' I said, pressing my hands into the immovable. 'I will be alone, as I am in this moment. I will always remember Her, I know this. But will the Valley?'

She will linger in a few places and otherwise be forgotten, and the focus of our struggles will be transferred to the newer generation.

Taught upon Her follies.

For there resides, as they will have proven,  
nothing in sadness,  
except death.