

Sunday, November 18, 2007

She Stirred The Dragon

As I walked inside, the feeling of the past's painful reemergence grew inside me. It had been seven years since I had seen her, yet the memory burned in me as the damage she had done presented itself as the scar tissue it had remained. I waited in the lobby glancing nervously around. Trying to remain calm was useless. I felt as if I was under attack and that I had to manifest greatness I had never contained simply to stand there and be me. A strange feeling of standing outside of myself overcame me as I lost presence of time. Then I saw her. Looking at her standing there was like staring at her from across the chasm of Time itself. I could not reach her, touch her, or even speak to her; yet my eyes remained locked to her back. It was her without a doubt. She stood there sorting out a customer's purchase; calm and smooth. I had no idea how long I stared at her while the feeling inside me shot through my body. The same sick feeling I had when I was with her so long ago. But now, hate made my stomach churn. She who had hurt me so deeply was alive and well. "Sir, can I help you?", a clerk next to me asked. "Oh, yes..Um sorry. I'm here to have lunch with a friend of mine.", I managed. After giving her the name to call and my name in turn, I quickly looked back to her. She had moved and was gone. I slowly scanned the lines and then down the service counter, and found her again. She was standing much as I was now. Waiting for something to happen, anything. She slowly turned around as I stared at her, still fixated. And then, for a moment where stars exploded and ancient warriors would have drawn swords, our eyes met, and locked. Did she recognize me; did she know me as I knew her now at that very moment for all her evil? A heart beat of time passed and I continued scanning the lobby as if I had never really seen her. I moved nonchalantly a few feet opposite of her. When I summoned the courage to face my opponent once more, she was gone. I would never know if this woman had realized that I was really there, or if she remembered ripping my heart out, in first love's embrace, only to throw it to the ground never to beat again with its passion. Never to close the everlasting gap between us.

Posted by Rory Brown at 22:05