

A Child's Body



I remembered that my first impression of you was that you looked like my father: impeccably dressed and groomed, a pillar of sensibility and maturity. It hadn't been hard to persuade me to come with you instead of waiting for my parents to arrive. You took my tiny hand in yours and my childhood ended at that moment.

I became your lover, but first I had to become somewhat like you. The first night was speckled with blood and pain. You held me through it all and shared your strength so I would survive. Afterwards, you taught me how to live in a world that would hunt and persecute us forever.

Two years ago they had finally got to you. Your creased flesh caving in on itself, becoming the dust from which it came. I had held you in my arms and you motioned me closer. As I leaned over your parched lips your final whisper had been too weak for me to understand: had it been one last promise of everlasting love?

In my revenge I had brought my pain to each and every one of your butchers. Now it was done and time had come to move on.

I dropped the rose on the soil that covered your remains and walked away. Life was still a mystery to this old woman in a child's body, yet I was optimistic. Eternity was full of possibilities and I owed it all to you, my love.