

Love, Life, Forever?

by seleneangel

She is... she was... what can she become? A four part prose. Sort of a story about a girl and a boy.

She...

Chapter 1 of 4

She is... she was... what can she become? A four part prose. Sort of a story about a girl and a boy.

Late at night in the shadows of her bedroom, she cries as he holds her in his arms. He claims to understand her pains and her hardships, just like the ones before him. His words are so sweet, his body so warm, and his presence so comforting. He is human; he cannot be perfect. She knows this, yet she allows herself the temporary security of another man in her life. After so many mistakes, why should she trust again?

In her mind, she slips into the darkness of a memory of another who promised his love to her. Such pretty words, such beautiful lies, he whispered to her. She is far from perfection, farther away than the beautiful liar, and farther away from the innocent man that holds her while she weeps. Is she strong enough to live this life?

In her life, she has felt nothing but failure and weakness. Not weakness of others, but weakness of the body, mind, and soul. She falls for men with more ease each time. She allows herself to be given to them in all the ways she can. However, she does not know how to be vulnerable. She has been exposed, but each time she opens herself up, there is a great part of her that she hides.

Hidden behind the walls of her heart, she yearns for release, and her eyes shed tears for the pain of her imprisonment. Will he be the one to break down her walls? Will she escape from her jail and stand before him uncovered?

Love...

Chapter 2 of 4

She is... she was... what can she become? A four part prose. Sort of a story about a girl and a boy.

He is lost, lost in the world of his passion. His mind is clear of thoughts as he frees himself with the music he makes. She watches him. The expression of concentration on his face not a look of happiness most would say, but she knows different. She admires this about him, his passion. She wishes she was the focus of that passion. Can she be his? Would he love her?

She cannot think of how this could come to be as she is not free. Locked as she is in herself, guarded by her broken heart, prisoner to love's lost promises. Is he captive too? She wonders at what would make him captive, he seems so innocent, so new to the game of love. He must not carry the battle wounds. In her wonderings she is lost; all the while playing with numbers from the many books surrounding her.

He watches her, watches her passion. She has declared war against the numbers on her pages. As he watches, he sees her victories and defeats as she battles onward. She thinks that there is perfection in these numbers, problems, formulas, and proofs. She told him once that unlike poetry, which she loves, math has a perfect sequence. With words in a poem many different words can create flow. In math only the right order of numbers and variables makes harmony. He wishes he was the object she pours her intensity over. Can he be hers? Could she love him?

He cannot imagine this coming to be for she is a mystery to him. Closed as she is to the world around her, frozen in her reality, without any emotion but sorrow. Why was she wounded? To him she seems so fragile, delicate, and special; he wonders who would hurt such a creature. In his wonderings he is lost; all the while playing onward the music he loves.

His...

Chapter 3 of 4

She is... she was... what can she become? A four part prose. Sort of a story about a girl and a boy.

Late at night in the shadows of his bedroom, she sleeps as he holds her in his arms. Huddled together against the cold of the world outside, he wonders how she came to be in his arms so peacefully asleep. He has never seen her sleep so deeply. Her sleeping breathes so sweet, her body so amazing, and her presence so comforting. She is far from perfect, he knows this. After so much time, how could he have found her?

Somewhere in the darkness she stirs and begins to speak. Startled, he slowly studies her sleeping form for signs of wakefulness, but she sleeps on. She softly mumbles his name, and then says words that steal his breath.

"I love you, I love you, I love you," she says and begins to weep. Shaking, she tells him she is broken and damaged. "Why would you want me? I am not your perfect love. I am scarred and wounded."

As quickly as she began to speak, she falls silent again. With a smile on his face, he finds sleep at last. In the morning light he asks to have all of her for the first time. Kissing her passionately, he reaches down her body to free her shirt. Her hands halt his movements.

"I am not beautiful. I am scarred and marked by life," she warns him much to her shame.

"You are beautiful and perfect to my eyes," he says comfortingly as he bares her to his eyes. In wonder, he takes her and she is his.

Forever

Chapter 4 of 4

She is... she was... what can she become? A four part prose. Sort of a story about a girl and a boy.

Early in the day in the rays of the sun, she holds herself up with pride for his accomplishments. Clapping, she knows that he will want to leave this place to pursue his dreams. If he asks, she would follow him anywhere. She is his. Will he want me?

Later that night in the quiet atmosphere of a beautiful restaurant, he is nervous. She sees this, yet she allows herself to smile and enjoy this moment with him. Never could she have imagined they would be together this long. She fears it is coming to an end, and the slight tremor in his hands makes her uneasy.

In his mind, he tries to calm himself as he remembers days passed with her. The time she declared her love is his favorite and helps him find his center. Once dinner is over he raises from the table, carefully keeping his eyes locked with her questioning fearful ones. Slowly, he crosses to her side and kneels beside her. Ring in hand, he clears his throat.

"I wish to make you mine forever and to show the world I am yours. Will you marry me?" he asks with a confidence he felt would never come.

Slowly her eyes widen, and she stares blankly at the ring in his hand. He holds his breathe for some sign that the question was not a waste. She vibrates with emotion as she nods and watches him slip the delicate ring on her finger. She is his and he is hers.

~fin~