

In Death

by Anastasia

Thoughts on a cold night...

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Chapter 1 of 1

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AN: No money made here. In Death was originally written in September of 07. My eternal thanks to Ariadne.

The stone was always damp at day's end. Edges worn smooth, then sharp where shards were torn; each rise fell unevenly, precision left to memory. A slow, somber wind swept up, dampened by a dying tree's last limbs; a cold sound cutting deeper with each howl through the darkened grounds.

Leaning over the rampart, she held her hands out, fingers narrow, the air flying through. Light drenched the ground below, flowing from doors opened wide. Time passed, and they closed once more, folding the warmth in an arc to a sliver, then to nothing as dark reclaimed its rightful place.

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The cold sound returned, sinking down around her.

Cold, but not heartless.

Time had passed, some questions answered, but not fully understood; others left alone, too painful to bear for some, too stunning for others to admit.

Memory of when the loss had been replaced by resolution escaped her. No remorse. After all, it was hers, and no one dared to speak of it.

Her mind replayed endlessly. The cadence and rhythm, each rise and fall an absolute perfection of sound.

The withdrawal of the conscious mind allows the soul to flow effortlessly.

Her voice a ghost just the same....

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...and even put a stopper...

Halting, she lowered her forehead to the stone. Thoughts, dreams, some as vivid as day, traveled through her mind. Darkened shadows, hollow and bright, brought alive by a rush of fire. Hushed whispers of wool on stone, iron on wood, and wild scents carried on dying embers trapped under solid black.

It all fell away as a startled breath caught in her throat.

Her hand was covered by rough warmth, followed by the sound of wool catching on stone.

Fingers intertwined with hers, the stone underneath no longer cold.

“In death.”
