

The Darkest Sea

by Dawn M. Wayand

The black sea roared below like a hungry wolf, luring those who were lost wanderers into its territory to prey upon. The wind howled into her ear, the full moon reflected from her tired, wet eyes. She did not look down as she sat there on the curb of the bridge dressed completely in black. Her wedding ring glistened even in the dimness of the moonlight.

It was near the water where he had taken her into his life. At and only during the moment of his blissful proposal did rain fall upon their heads as did tears from her eyes. She remembered this moment as her very first feeling of elatedness. Her entire world changed and grew from that point on.

Alone as she was on the bridge that night, was the story of how she felt before she met him. Starved for attention she had been, rushing through every ounce of time she lived, never able to stop and touch the softness of the petals that lined the beautiful gardens in her path. He would take her hands into his to calm her fears, and though he was a dark and mysterious character, his smile was very open and warm. She liked his mysteriousness.

She remembered how, at times, they would have confrontations regarding her soft, submissive ways. Before meeting him, she was social, outgoing, hard and independent. After falling in love, her desire for public affection and attention faded and she grew soft and quiet. Everything in her life surrounded him, for, he was what made her heart glow and what made her life feel fulfilled. His playful eyes would dance in her mind as his dark smile left questions unasked.

Several moons later, they caught a glimpse of the sunset in the presence of a few friends, and on the beach where the beginning of their lives would commence, united as one by the promises they made upon the rings they bore as gifts to one another.

Morning glories would bloom in the morning and wither away by midday. The grass looked a tad bit greener, the ocean more enticing to keep company... the smell of the cool ocean breeze, the crash of the waves on the sand. The moon would beat its reflection on the black water at night. It was all before her now, all of which never before crossed her senses, or that of which she never took time to notice. She soaked it up with appreciation and sighed. After much loss of amazing people in her life, loss of spirit from prior experiences, after accumulating so much hate and hurt, she would breathe and relax her overworked mind. She had finally made peace with her life and love.

Her mind was distracted one morning though, by a gentleman at the door leading her solemn waltz to the many rows of stones, one of which bore her beloved's name. The rain fell, the sky turned gray and the morning glories withered away.

It was just *this* morning that she was actually able, not only to stop and touch the soft petals of the flowers, but to smell them as well, to place the soft, white petals of the roses upon her

dampened cheek. She thought of this as she sat upon the bridge, holding in her hand, a sachet of white petals, looking out upon the sea.

He always loved the ocean. The way he would run from the boardwalk, his arms spread out wide, grasping the sea in its entirety and spinning it around like the arrival of a long-departed lover. He would follow the sea birds that would strut away as he grew closer. Those were the memories which made her happy. He was unique in the way that his personality was uncommon from those of the typical kind. Everything he did was spontaneous and uncanny, but set into motion with all of his character.

The sea below beckoned her to find him. The sun would come soon enough, and she would have to start over. But she did not want the sun to come. She never wanted the sun to come again. She felt so alone, like everything she ever knew abandoned her. Why would she stay? She would only start over, to board the rollercoaster of another, only to find that it would eventually end up the same way anyway. She would agonize through the pain of loss and feel alone once again. Why would she stay and torment herself?

Besides, she wanted no other to wash away the memories that he had poured into her life. They were very fond and virgin, kept sacred to her heart. She felt loyalty and fidelity and would feel that way until her last breath. Nothing would ever mean anything to her again. She would feel numb, she knew she would.

The sea below beckoned her once more. She wanted to find him, to hold him close as she liked to do in the early morning hours they had spent together everyday. It would be then she would feel fulfilled again, and she would return to a life that had just begun.