

As I continue to move into this force of a beast of a woman- who has always been beckoning me towards her palace walls...she wants me to rule her kingdom and as my legs grow long and spidery...as my forehead grows two tentacles and my wings protrude from my back bones, black and healthy. My skin turns cold and silver with shiny scales. I am becoming and though beastly, so beautiful. Though ravenous and hungry, I am generous with grace. I move towards a thick black. A dark I've never known. It tastes like ripened dates and anise. I used to fear its touch. Until I realized that it was apart of me. And the only way to get my blessing I had to move towards its body. The gold and the scroll locked in the chambers of the Queen. If I can find my way and befriend this suffocating dark, I will shine bright, I will reach the sect within the castle. I am finding my place. As I fearlessly move forward with my eyes set on the prize, I can't help but glance back at Sodom and Gomora every now and again. A hellish place much more monstrous than anything I'll ever face. A place where storms camp and the air smells of an unexplainable stench. A place dangling on the edge of the world awaiting its death when the rusted strings upholding its structure snap. Looking back, I can't quite make out any more than the skinny orange fingers of fire licking the grounds of the city. It consumes every traceable color in its yellows and reds...You see, the fire isn't what keeps me haunted and gazing back at it's destruction- it's the sounds that haunt me so. I see everything from my ears...sounds of gnashing teeth and pleas of freedom. I hear the tears of my baby sister and the desperate running feet of my little brother. All at once I hear my name being carried to me by the wind. They come to me in shrieks of pain and horror. My mother's uneasy laughter as the numbness takes her over. She doesn't know the pain of the fire and that which surrounds her. She is eaten alive in the deepest depths of this miserable pit of damnation. The fire becomes hands that reach out to me in attempts to get my attention...I got out alive. It was I who escaped the death and turbulence with the lava at the tips of my toes, I escaped in the nick of time. It was not so for my sisters and not so for my brother. It was not so for my father or my mother. Sleeping awake as I journey further away from the retched past and closer to my fulfilled future, I am tortured by what I could not save. I had but one hand and one leg and I chose me. I had one voice then. I could only save my soul. I could only save myself. I am in anguish and mourning the coming death of the blood that runs deep and thick. The loudest shout from the trembling city comes from the voice of the once sitting at the center, starving and dehydrated. She loves me more than all the city combined. She has never left my side until I left hers, and she sits in the middle of the tumbling world crying in despair...she shouts desperately to be saved as they all do...I clasp my sides, in physical pain, my soul stirs so violently. I continue to move forward. It is true, she was the love of my life and the two of us were inseparable. God, however, has spared my life and my life only. I promised myself that I would leave flowers at her grave every day. It's the least I could do because, well, she is me and I am the one who set the place on fire.