

THE MISTS OF MEMORY

by Katrina Relf

I was lost, lost in the hell that my other self had created, sinking deeper and deeper into the unending abyss of madness – alone and afraid of the being that now possessed me – a frightened creature raging against the dying of the light.

I was suddenly aware that I was no longer alone. A movement at the mouth of the cave made my body tense, claws ready to strike. But then the voice – the name screamed in terror – hauntingly familiar. My other self would have me destroy that which would invade my prison, my hell; but even as I raised my arm to strike, I felt myself descending into the void of an impenetrable nothingness.

I will never know how much time passed, nor what nightmares shared those hours with me, but I awoke suddenly, as if from a dream, and all that had gone before was no more. Feeling returned, the feeling of soft lips pressed against mine, breathing life into my being.

She spoke my name, her soft voice caressing me. A voice remembered from long ago. I opened my eyes, her face drifted in mists above me. Her name was lost in those mists, and yet I knew her. She was the woman I loved. I tried to speak, but I had no words.

She touched my face - the softness of her fingers against my skin sending tremors throughout my body. I wanted her, I needed her as I have never needed nor wanted anything before. She was my life, the meaning of everything that had gone before or would ever be. As if by instinct my arms closed around her, pulling her to me. I took her in love – in wanting – in needing to be within her, as one, for all my life and beyond.

I awoke in a mist of memories – a cold grey mist. Fearful of those memories my mind closed and they were forgotten – until now...