

# Remember Love

by Michaela Buzsaki Struchova

It is so cold tonight; nothing can shield me from the night's greedy fingers, trying to snatch the last piece of warmth from my heart and turn my body into a frozen icicle.

Why can't I hold on to that ever-present sweet warmth you share with me always, Catherine? Why can't I push away all the heinous, self-loathing, self-pitying and destructive thoughts away from my agonised mind? Why can't I stop running away frightened, no... terrified and disgusted, from my own ugly deeds?

I have killed. Just the mere statement of my action makes me shudder, makes my blood boil, shatters my soul into thousands of pieces. I have no clue how to put it together again. Yet again, I've done the one thing I despise the most - I've taken someone else's life...

You told me time and time again I only do what must be done to protect those I love from harm, to protect the world I am only able to exist in. It was never more true than last night. I know that, Catherine, believe me, I do. I've been telling this to myself over and over in the hope that one day, I will be able to live with myself, reconcile myself with what I am, especially when it can save those I love and can't live without...

But this pain... this... obsessive feeling of guilt, the sight and smell of the dark drying blood on my hands every time I kill... My own inability to stop myself from the terrible rage devouring me and wanting more, causing more violence, more destruction, more pain...

How can you say you love me still after what you've seen, what I've done? How is it that you don't scream at me, don't push me away, don't run away from me forever in disgust and fear?

It's strange, this... feeling in me rising like a tide... threatening to drown me, to wash me from the face of the Earth like a solitary grain of sand on an ocean shore. I'm fighting to stay away from it, and yet, the tide keeps coming back time and time again, threatening to reach me and then I'll be gone, I'll be lost forever...

My throat is closing, I can hardly breathe... I can taste the salt of my own tears on my lips, those lips which have been dying for so long to drink the sweetness of your own warm and soft lips...

Two nights ago, I sent you away, my dearest... my beloved... my heart... You said you loved me and still, I have sent you away. I was too weak, too proud, too stubborn, too... frightened...

The look in your pained beautiful eyes, before you left, is haunting me even now as I stand here, at the threshold between our two worlds, waiting... hoping... dying for the sight of you again... For your smile telling me everything will be all right... For your touch warming the blood in my tired and dying veins... For your words making me believe and hope again...

My arm hurts as I am leaning against the cold, damp wall, staring at the ray of milky white light descending to the cold, stone ground like a ray of light from Heaven itself. And yet, there is a pain much deeper than that - one that is tearing my heart to shreds. It is caused by the dread that you would not find the strength, or the graciousness, to forgive me for being a coward and a fool... For letting you go so easily, without standing up to my own fears and reaching out to you, as you have reached out to me so many times before...

I'm hoping... I'm praying... Standing here and awaiting my ordeal - life or slow and painful death?

There... The familiar sound... The creaking of the latch and there... *Catherine*...

You came, you were truly so gracious and loving to look past my cowardice and returned my call! As I see you walking slowly towards me, a little hesitant, but with that ever-present, beautiful smile telling my heart everything it needs to know, I look upon myself and think *How truly blessed you are...*

Your lips whisper my name and I shower you with my awkward apologies and my haunted look. You smile again, brush your hand tenderly along my arm and it feels like a touch of an angel's wing, making me shiver.

Forgive me, Catherine, forgive me for doubting that your love is not blind, but merely giving, full of acceptance, brave and everlasting, the truest of all...

You say I could never lose you, and I want to believe you with all that I am. I am still not fully reconciled with myself, but I know I'm not a solitary grain of sand on that ocean shore anymore. For you are there with me, holding me tight and not willing to let me go...

You put your arms around me, my healthy arm pulls you closer to me and I finally take a deep breath. The scent of your hair is filling my nostrils, and your love is filling my senses to the brim - with wonder and gratitude, with joy and passion...

And I know you were right when you said we could never lose each other, as long as we *remember love*...

END