

The Light

by Michaela Buzsaki Struchova

He said "I think I still remember how..." and laid his lovely blue eyes upon me. A certain kind of magic transpired between us and his large, yet soft, hand enveloped me in warmth and comfort.

I was merely a few days old, and although I could see hundreds of the likes of me hanging in the chamber all around me, I knew I was special. The man holding me had a special task for me; he wanted to gift me to someone special. All the likes of me have been passed on to someone special, that's what we are - the bearers of light, gratitude, warmth and hope.

The sea of orange, yellow and white had painted the chamber where I came from, like a children's colouring book. I was a part of that sea and I couldn't wait until he would take me out of there, and carry me into the world, to places I had never been before in my short life.

His elegant clawed fingers carefully wrapped me into a piece of cloth, as if I was the most precious thing in the world. He slipped me into his cloak pocket and caressed me lightly, making sure I was safe in his keeping.

Later, when he unwrapped me and I could see again. We were up in the world Above, somewhere very high, and I could see a different sea of light. This time, it was the light of thousands of tiny windows and street lights, glittering in the darkness of the crisp winter night.

But he didn't pay any attention to any of them. His eyes were focused only on the beautiful woman standing in front of him, illuminated by the softly-coloured fairy lights framing the French window behind her. She was almost glowing, like an ethereal fairy - her fine hair framing the distinctive features of her face and being picked up gently by the breeze here and there; her big eyes, bright like the stars on a clear night's sky; her smile, more warming and intense than my own flame.

She took me gently from his hands, and I slipped into her gloved palm from the safety of his warm one. But the way she admired me as her fingers were gliding along my long and smooth body, I knew I was safe with her, too. She understood how precious I am and I was happy to be the bearer of all that I represent.

And then he spoke those words and the way she looked at him almost made me melt.

At that moment, I knew I was special indeed. I didn't bring just the message of gratitude, light and hope. The biggest message I carried that night was the message of love...

He left very late that night. They were standing in an embrace together for what seemed like an eternity, wrapped in his long cloak, holding me between them like a precious treasure. Keeping me warm, although it is I who gives warmth to others.

And at some point, she said "I wish you could stay..." To which he replied, "I wish I didn't have to leave..."

In fact, they didn't speak aloud, but I could see it in their eyes and feel it within me. It was vibrating like a violin string, being played by the most glorious violin player. I could almost hear the music, echoing in the December air, floating gracefully above us. And I know they could both hear it too, the sweetest melody anybody could ever hear...

It is still dark outside and I'm standing here inside, proudly set in an antique silver candlestick, decorating the ornate mantelpiece in her living room. The woman was smiling when she was placing me here, pride and happiness radiating from her eyes. I won't be here for long, though.

Soon, there will come a time when I will fulfil my task. I will be carried back down Below and a spark will set me alight to push away the veil of darkness. Like all my ancestors in the many years gone by, I will become a symbol again. A symbol of enlightenment, kindness, togetherness; a symbol of the fact that nobody is alone in the world as long as they have friends, as long as they love one another and help each other.

My life will be cut short that night, but I won't weep, for its value will be more worthy than thousands of lifetimes. I will celebrate until the last bit of my wick turns into ash. And I know that I will be remembered forever in the hearts of all those, who above all in the world value the one thing that never dies - and that thing is love...



- painting by Chan