

A World of Poetry

Short Stories by: G. Kwesi

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The End

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Part 1. A Brothers Love

These stories that you will read were inspired by the poems that follow them. The poems were an inspiration from a time I considered to be long ago. Moments with friends I grew up with, friends I admired, loved, and at times even wished I could become. Not to mention, the love I shared with some of the beautiful women I had the pleasure to meet. The heartbreak I was able to experience, and the journey I was able to take with each relationship that was created. These stories were designed with the ideas of: reincarnation, growth, and acceptance.

It took me some time to accept some of the events that have occurred in my life. It took me some time to finally realize the growth that was happening from each experience. What amazed me the most was the way I was able to discover my truth within my failures. The successes I have gained have allowed me to closely analyze my situation and take advantage of the opportunities made available to me and to share it with you in this art form.

What I want you to take away from these pages has everything to do with you finding the strength within yourself to make something great happen, make something beautiful out of the ugly circumstances we end up in. I want you to know that there are choices we make that are neither right nor wrong, they are merely choices that give us an opportunity to see what we can do to learn how we can act out from a place of love, so we may continue to grow and live in a mindset of abundance.

These are the poems and stories from an actor, an artist, an angel by the name of Gabriel Kwesi.

Love to you all.

Story - Conqueror

The night sky was filled with the gemstones of the universe. Glistening with an array of hues, silvers, and gold, ruby, and bold emeralds. The night looked so beautiful, an enchanting vision to behold. A vision that could only be seen and not be told.

In the valley below the armies unfold. Three hundred million men who have left their wives and children at home, to give them a better life than the one they were living now, better yet, to give them hope.

Amongst the crowd, concealed in the shadows, sat one man, a conqueror, in sorrows. Not long was he alone when soon his brother approached. Worry on his mind and fear for his brother, such was so.

"My lord, if you embark on this quest it will surely be the end." Demacia spoke frankly. But it seemed to not resonate with his leader, his general, his kin.

Angelus continued to glance into the flames, inhaling the sweet scent from the smouldering pine, before he turned his golden brown gaze towards his brother and away from the burning campfire.

"Demacia, I have seen what our future is, and if I sit by and do nothing, our fate is much worse than what you say"
His tone was wise, his conviction bold.

"General! This is madness" Demacia screamed. But his pleas fell upon deaf ears.

In a calm tone, Angelus responded "It seems so now, but the truth is, this is how it must be"
As he spoke Angelus turned his gaze back to the fire. The visions of the future danced within his mind's eye. He allowed himself a slight smile.

"Brother, please, I beg you, don't do this"
On his knees, Demacia pleaded. The courage in his heart wavered, on his face you could see that he was weeping.

"Brother please, don't do this" He repeated.

"Tomorrow for us is a new world, a land filled with wonders, woes and wizardry beyond our comprehension."

With the agility of a trained warrior, Angelus rose swiftly, and made his way towards the hill. He picked up his sword, his soldiers named it life. How he loved that blue steel to death.

Poem: Conqueror by: G.Jones

Gazing from atop the hill,
Searching the vast horizon.
Eyes sharp as a blade.
His entourage wondering where his mind is,
Eyes sharp as a blade.
Searching the vast horizon,
Gazing from atop the hill.
The blaze from the campfire,
Light the night sky,
Painting a portrait of centuries to come,
The vision is beautiful.
He closes his sharp eyes,
Breathes in the night sky and smiles.
It is time.
Breathing in the night sky,
He smiles,
He closes his sharp eyes,
The vision is beautiful,
The painted portrait he saw centuries ago,
The blaze of the camp lit the night sky.
His sword was named life,
His ironically, was Death.

Story - Ego

The silence of the black night covered the air like a symphony orchestra playing a soothing lullaby. From the top of the hillside the campfires danced like graceful fireflies. A warm wind could be felt wrapping itself around your limbs like a knitted quilt as time passed. All designed as an unintentional distraction, making it hard to detect the visitors that would appear. Suddenly, with no lightning to give off a warning, a piercing crack of thunder filled the night sky. The winged demons tore through the mystic portal and entered the ancient realm, as easily as a cow gives birth to a newborn calf, they spilled out of what seemed like the moist warm opening in the night sky. The hoards came rolling in with a thunderous sound that rippled through the air.

These were the creatures from stories the ancient scribes prophesied. They would bring an end to their world and ignite the road to a new world order. Massive in height and width, these beasts would not fall easily with just a common strike, they would need to be defeated by something or someone with might. Hulking creatures that dwarfed elephants, resembled the creation of wild gorillas, with heads that resembled fully grown rhinoceros. The backs of these beasts were fitted with double wings of condors, that propelled them through the night with the swiftness of bats.

Their presence had only one effect on Demacias men. They did their best to hold on to their courage, most of them released them into their britches but not a single tear fell. Heaven forbid if these men cried at the sight of monsters. To be labeled a coward was far more deadly than to soil one's own undergarment. The pants would dry but, the stain from the shame of fear would remain almost eternal, there was no honour in tears so these men wet their britches with fear.

The sight of these demons was nothing more than magnificent. They stood 9 feet in height, with thick coats of fur that glimmered bronze and gold. Fixed with a broad chest that made up a third of their height and a bone structure as rigid as steel.

Their wings shimmered with beautiful reptilian scales, mixed with hues of blues, purples, and blacks that spanned twice their height. Talons for feet, designed to shred their enemies limb from limb. These creatures were no friend to their enemies.

Their mouth was a sight that resembled their grotesque figure. They part their lips to let out an ear piercing guttural shriek that sends terror down into the bowels of their foes but, when closed they resembled the beautiful visage of the mythical pegasus.

Demacias eyes widened, and the camp's eyes widened. The thoughts of defeat and hopelessness shrouded their consciousness.

The whored continued to rain down upon them from the open portal. Some landed on Demacias soldiers without any regard for their human lives. The crushing bones echoed throughout the camp, intertwined with the shouts and screams from those trying to flee, and the hollering of those trying to fight off these beasts. None were lucky, they met a gruesome end when they raised weapons against these winged demons.

Angelus' eyes remained closed, praying for his family, and praying for his foes. From up top the hill with each breath and a whisper, the sword in his hand glowed, It seemed more so as more demons approached. The sword was not an ordinary sword. A magical instrument handed down from generations of heroes and heroines. From a time when men rode horses and lived among the stars. The sword created victories for whomever it granted the strength to wield it, and brought great wealth and abundance to the nations and its people. Used properly it was a tool but, in the wrong hands, a weapon of mass annihilation.

Demacia's voice rang

“MEN, I have never ask much from you, except for your love and loyalty”

He stopped only for a second to gaze into the eyes of some of the men who were nearby.

“I have led you to many victories, and with my wisdom we have conquered our foes! I have been an exceptional leader to you all, and you have repaid me with your continued service. Tonight is no different from any other battle, tonight we march forward into GLORY!” He roared.

Before the men could rally their voices and cheer, the demons rained down upon them with despair and fear. Death was their consolation, death was their greeter. What a cruel way to die, by the hands of these filthy creatures.

Without any time to react, Demacia was approached swiftly and bitten. Bleeding profusely and anxiously gasping for air. The agonizing pain that surged through his body was unlike any he had ever felt. He had broken bones and even been slashed and cut by blades as sharp as the crisp autumn air but, this was unimaginable; what hell was this that he was being sentenced to? Thinking this was the end for him he shut his eyes and gave one last cry but the sound that came out of his mouth was not one he recognized. Demacia was no longer human, but becoming one of those demons in his own mens eyes.

Seven winged beasts immediately surround him in a protective guard, shielding him from any attacks from his own men, to allow the transformation to continue. Demacias bones began to extend and stiffen up. His muscles grew more dense. Growing to over three meters in length his back began to sprout wings.

“ I am more than a man, I deserve more than this end” Tears rolled down his face as his heart filled with guilt.

“ I deserve every bad thing that happens to me, I've never done anything to benefit others, except for my own gain” He thought. “ If I had only been like my brother, I will find my brother, I will make things right. I will embrace him and ask for his forgiveness”

The venom from the demon bite slowly made its way to his heart, turning his skin white as snow, his eyes yellow as the sun's morning glow.

“ Then I will plunge that blade of his into his heart and watch the life water drain out of him” He growled.

“ Only then will I be truly free”

Poem: Ego by: G.Jones

I want them to love me,
like they adore your poems.
I want them to smile and wave,
Embrace me and say,
That the King is home.
I want to be the best,
The best there ever was.

Everything I do,
Needs to come forever first.
Wait,
I'm going to let you finish,
Just let me say this first.
If I were a song,
I would be the first and last verse.

The chorus, and the melody,
I want to be the words that set you free.
I want them to love me.
I am beautiful to you,
I am fierce as a dream.
I am fuel for your mood,
I am cruel as a thief.

I am the only love that you need!
I am the Power that conceives,
I am mind, body, control
I am...
Ego

Story - Taste of Obsidian

Fully transformed as one of the creatures, Demacia clears a path between the demons that encircled him during his transformation with a magnificent ear piercing shriek that sent a reverberated echo through the valley. The beasts obey the command and fall to his flank. Demacia's eyes glowed a pristine pink hue, with diamond-like edges. His vision was remarkably sharp, and could do marvellous things, things that his old body couldn't. Things like seeing the veins of the men that were gathering as much courage they had left to defend themselves against these monsters. Demacia could see their heart beat in their chest, he could see the blood coursing through arteries, capillaries and valves. He could see the fear as it pulsed from the brain, sending the signal to the heart then back again. It was a symphony of messages and signals triggered by fear, and shock.

His eyes focused now at what awaited him in the distance, gazing towards the path that led to the top of the mountains. There he would find who he was looking for. Heading straight for the mountain where the black smoke filled the morning sky. There was death from mortal flesh and ancient demons scattered along the moist earth. The smell of blood, excrement, and smoke was thick in the air. There was one thing Demacia suddenly yearned for and that was the death of his brother Angelus. The demons' venom inside amplified his ego and desire for power over his older brother, and it was marvellous.

Adjusting to his new body, Demacia instinctively batted his massive wings. The sound of a thousand whips vibrated with each flap of his monstrous wings, what an amazing feeling it was to him. Climbing the mountain, each stroke of his wings flapping brought more rage and satisfaction. The dichotomy was his poetry, his satisfaction was in knowing he would vanquish his brother and rid the world of Angelus' evangelical thoughts of a prosperous future. This motivated him even further, the world would burn and he would be free to conquer the surviving inhabitants. He would make the men his slaves, the women his concubines and the children, well, the fate of the children would be a coin toss and their options limited to slavery or death. And that beautiful sword would finally be his. He would wield it and use its mystical power to rule the dominions of the earth. His eagerness drove him to accelerate his speed, outpacing his flank and separating himself with remarkable distance.

Demacia loathed this despicable place where the fools roam. He loathed that they were required to be conquered by one who puts fears in their hearts. What fools! What useless creatures they were, he thought. Only good as servants and fodder. How wonderful a leader he would be, he would rule with an iron grip until they all adored him, then and only then would he show them how to be truly free. But first he would need to rid himself of the ones that have been too gentle and allowed them to become entitled beings, beings that complain when they don't get what they desire but take no decisions for themselves. Beings that elect a leader, then crucify them when things don't go the way they would have liked. Well, those days will soon come to an end, now they will be conquered by someone that will be worthy to bring them to new levels of evolution. One that will cleanse this rotten place of the undeserving and those that have allowed the suffering to go on for so long, and most of all his weak brother will finally perish.

"ANGELUS!" Demacia roared "I see you still pray on this mountaintop while your men get torn to pieces by these demons" He paused for a moment and realized he was one of them now...

"My demons" he corrects himself

"Brother" Angelus spoke, if there was fear in him, he did not display it for Demacia to see.

As Angelus gazed upon what was once his brother his thoughts were filled with disappointment and dismay. The feeling of failing his brother gripped his heart tightly. Remembering the love

that was between them brought only pain to him now. He adored his little brother, he adored his willingness to please, his eagerness to prove his worth, to be just as good as or even better than he. Angelus knew Demacias' eagerness to please him was something that Demacia carried with him for as long as they have existed but, now there was something else that has replaced the need to please now, Demacia carried in his heart the desire for ultimate power over his brother and all the inhabitants in the land.

Demacia approached, and with every step he took it mirrored the rumblings in the pits of the Mountain. The fire rose from the belly of the volcano, sending more thick black plumes of smoke into the early morning sky. What would have been a clear blue sky now turned a dark misty grey and ashy blue.

“Brother, your rage has consumed you” Angelus spoke.

Just then seven winged demons landed atop the smoking mountain. All standing firm like the ready soldiers of the centurion, Demacia, their new Demon Lord.

“ My rage is my glory, and my legacy will be written by me” He spat at Angelus “ Give me the sword and your end will be swift”

“ Demacia, don't let the rage consume you”

“ Silence, preacher!” Demacia roared. Then ushered commands in a shrieking dialect to his new centurion guards. They bellowed in unison as the dark skies flashed with lightning, and advanced towards Angelus to claim their commander's sword.

The sword, a magnificent instrument that was crafted from the phoenix stones that fell from the morning skies. The ancients believe it to be containing mystic powers, as it would light up a hot white in the presence of evil and sparkle a rainbow of colours in the hands of the righteous. The handle fastened with leather from the Hyde of a powerful stag, and the tip fused with an amethyst crystal. The sword was an extraordinary weapon, made for the magnificent to wield. The sword glistened in bright prism colours, but as the demons approached it burned white hot. As the demons advanced, they met their doom with each swing from Angelus. As the final beast kept Angelus occupied, Demacia took the advantage to approach from behind and strike his brother down.

The blow wasn't fatal, but strong enough to knock the sword from his grip and skip across the ground to the edge of the pit. As the demon made an attempt to grab the sword, its mystical power set the demon's body ablaze the moment it made contact with the handle. In an instant, the brothers dashed towards the sword. Demacia was quicker, lifting the sword just as Angelus threw himself at his brother. The sword went deep into his chest as Angelus embraced his brother. Falling into the pit, Angelus looked his brother in the eyes, the opaque blue material that replaced what his brother's eyes used to look back at Angelus like a cold blue void. Angelus grasping on to what was left of his brother, with his last words uttered...

“remember”

Poem: Taste of Obsidian by: G.Jones

Wandering
 Watching each footstep,
 leaving footprints.
 Wondering
 Why each of life's' photo images are not clear.
 If my neighbours come knocking,
 tell them I'm not here.
 Tell them I've gone off to the mountains
 to embrace the world's fear.
 Climbing
 I hear the beast of a mountain grumbling.
 Smoking
 Releasing its temper into the sky,
 warning for all – there is **FIRE** inside.
 Still climbing
 Rocks sliding from under foot,
 stumbling and shook,
 Determination is hooked.
 The beast is **Fierce!**
 Smoke rising,
 the pits rumbling,
 Dark tides bring clouds thundering.
 A storm is near
 Reaching the top,
 there is no more fear.
 There is only hope,
 an everlasting woe that divides the heart
 where the mind was once whole.
 Don't think about it,
 rather let it infuse.
 Stare at the red *Lava*,
 while the magma,
 it brews.
 Bubbling
 The black diamond,
 I only hope for when it cools.
 The heat has vanquished my thirst,
 so a sip from these volcanoes will do.
 I close my eyes and wonder,
 how far did I wander.
 What will my body be like
 encased in its onyx.
 A shape shift in prospect.
 Falling – once a hero now villain
 Brittle and Sharp...
 This is just fate.
This is Oblivion

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Part 2. Dying

The Story - Light Years

Death wasn't what the brothers thought it would be. The vast void of nothingness stretched for millennia, but to them the events that were happening were merely an instance of memories; times lived and yet to be lived. Sequences and flash images that included family, friends, enemies, colleagues, acquaintances, romances, love and death.

There was a stillness that could not be denied. A stillness and a connection to an understanding of the entire universes and the life it carried within it. A moment where everything makes sense, where everything is nothing and nothing is everything. Death wasn't what the brothers thought it would be. The vast void of nothingness stretched for millennia in a continuous loop.

So much to "Remember"

Travelling through space where there is no concept of time, just a vast ocean of nothingness. Angelus yearned for silence from the flashing memories. A moment of darkness, a place far away from the continuous flood of flash images and memories, the pain, lives lost, cruelty and senseless violence by human kind. A place of peace is what he craved, so at times in the vast emptiness he would meditate to bring himself the solace he yearned for. It worked, the meditation allowed him to see that there were good intentions in men. He saw the love, kindness, appreciation, empathy, loyalty and peace they could display to one another. How unfortunate that many people let their past and negative experiences dictate their future. What a shame to never embrace the pure essence of one's soul because of the emotional pain we carry with us. Angelus could finally see why so many people became so cynical and jaded, he could finally feel all their emotions. There was something strange about the way he felt, something that he couldn't quite understand but knew it would be part of his new experience.

Demecia used the pain he saw to fuel his initial intent, to fuel his desires, yet the more anger he would try to build up the more images of a life of love he saw. A life filled with his children, people who were loyal to him and his cause. His cause became that which served a purpose that was beneficial to everyone, a cause far greater than what his selfish desires yearned. They saw value in him, they honoured him and loved him. It seemed that the love from these images created a place of peace and solitude. No matter what he tried he couldn't conjure up a lasting rage, the rage that felt so good when it simmered then roared with an insatiable blaze in the pits of his bowels, until it engulfed his beating heart then soared to the base of his skull anxiously waiting to be released. Why, why couldn't he feel that anger that made him feel so good?

Was that enough for him? or was his vengeance worth more than the love he sought out for?

The death voyage contained lessons on life lived and life to be lived. Death wasn't what they thought it would be, death wasn't what they expected. A moment to reflect upon the many circumstances that occurred and choices made in life. A moment to observe and absorb, reflect and resolve. A chance to find the meaning and the mission that sometimes takes millennia to finally understand.

The light years became a moment of reflection for the brothers. Moving at a rate so fast that everything seemed to be at a standstill. They were absorbing the energies surrounding them, allowing themselves to grow. They were coming to terms with the images they saw, they found themselves content with their mission. The world was going to change in many ways they could not explain, the world was going to change in many ways they could not contain.

The brothers could not see one another, however, they could sense each other, it was as if they were the same person occupying one space. The darkness was a beautiful tapestry of black woven with sparks of blue and glitters of greens and reds that mirrored the auroras. The sounds were a symphony of deep echoes. A gentle pulsating hum that reverberated in an infinite loop

and perfect harmony. An orchestra made for the soul. The sounds were not just heard but, they were felt with the same intensity and vibration like the ping from a sonar. The pings would light the darkness with a faint glow like the Anglerfish of the deepest trenches.

The gentle hum was a soothing lullaby, oddly enough, death was not sleep but a restful awareness state of being. A state that invited the simple and beautiful knowledge of the universe into existence.

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Poem: Light Years by: G.Jones

I am...
Traveling through space,
Traveling to a place,
I have never been there.
My thoughts once so simple,
So casual – do you understand?
Traveling through light years,
Watching each planet flash by,
That's why,
I ...
I will never be like them,
I will never be like you,
I will never be understood.
I am not alone,
Neither are you...
But who am I if I am not you?
I am traveling light years,
With heavy burdens,
The universe on my shoulders
And life is not certain.
Showtime behind closed curtains,
Breathless underwater,
Our souls remained submerged in...
One in the same with alternative versions.
These were just the light years
I was traveling in,
Imagining,
Dreaming,
Feeling...
Like it's been light years.

The Story - Mid-night Oil

It is 2012 in the city of Toronto, Canada.

Sitting in the office of the York Search group, Ishmael made the last few notes on his workstation desktop before turning off the computer and doing the rounds in the office, making sure the fluorescent lights and all the electricity were powered off, then proceeding to exit the premises and locking the doors. Big responsibility for the most recent recruit but, "if you want to make an impact you have to be willing to put in the effort" his boss would always say.

The rustic look of the brewing distillery that was converted into commercial office space, carried with it what seemed to be an energy that was waiting to be awakened. The dark corridor leading toward the elevators amplified each step from the sole of Ishmael's Chuck Taylor's. It was Friday, so no need for business or semi formal attire. The Chuck Taylor's echoed in the corridors like a slow paced symphony with each step he took. It was leg day in the gym last night so his legs felt a little heavier than usual for the regular lifting it would normally do. It was fitting for him to be slowly dragging himself to the elevator at the end of the work week.

Ishmael reached for the elevator button but was suddenly interrupted by the vibration of his cell phone in his left pocket. Right hand in mid air, as he pulled out his phone from his coat pocket and answered, he continued his action of pressing the down button. To his surprise he was met with a static current that was strong enough to leave a small residue of ash on his fingernail.

"God-damnit," he grunted through his teeth.

At the same time he wasn't sure if the flash of light he saw was from outside or the sudden jolt of static electricity that surged through the elevator button. It couldn't have been that strong to cause a flash that resembled lightning, could it?

The elevator arrived and the audible ping sounded and the doors slid open gracefully. As he walked into the elevator Ishmael didn't expect to be shocked again when he got inside and pressed the ground floor button. It took a considerable amount of will to abstain from yelling out...

"F@ck!"

This time the residue that was left created the iconic religious symbol that many had come to either embrace or reject; on his finger there was a black crucifix imprinted accompanied by a throbbing numbness.

"I was just electrocuted twice by the same elevator" He said to the voice on the phone.

"Yeah, I'll live. I just hope this static burn isn't permanent" The doors shut abruptly creating a reverberating thud that echoed in the elevator.

As the elevator doors slid open smoothly, Ishmael made his way out of the front lobby and was able to confirm the flash that he saw was indeed lightning and not just a minor hallucination from the static shock he received earlier. As he stepped outside he could see the dark clouds that had positioned themselves over the distillery building, he could smell the heat rising from the concrete; giving off that sweet smell of overheated pavement, another clue that rain was approaching. The grey pavement seemed to shimmer from the rising heat. Although it caught his attention Ishmael didn't focus on it too much. What did seem odd was the way the tires on the parked cars seemed to deflate, almost as if they had melted to the ground. Curious, Ishmael sped up to his midnight blue Ford Taurus to inspect the tires. Could it be possible that the temperature got so intense that the heat was able to melt the tires? As he knelt on the pavement

to inspect, his thoughts were confirmed. The tires had melted to the pavement. The pavement was still at an unusually warm temperature although the cool air had made its attempts to drop the temperature. It was still hot enough to melt the tires to the pavement, what luck. Then all of a sudden there it was, the first crack of thunder. It was loud, but not too close.

“Yeah, it's getting worse, and it feels as if the storm is following me.”
Another flash of lightning, followed by an instant roll of thunder. Although Ishmael was aware of the weather conditions he still couldn't help but jump ever so slightly at the sound of the crackling thunder.

As he got up from his crouched position to walk to the trunk of the car another a flash of lightning flared, followed by a rumble that sounded more ominous than it did elemental.

“Man, this storm is getting intense, did you hear anything about a hurri...?”

Before he could get the last part of the word out of his mouth, Ishmael was suddenly struck in the chest with a thunderbolt. One that sent him 30 feet into the air, and crashing down in a thicket. Simultaneously, images of lives lived seemed to penetrate his consciousness as if they were seeping through from his subconscious and fighting to be recognized. Who were all of these people he saw? Could that really be him? Why did he feel so connected to them? Who was Demacia?

He was in a hungover haze when his eyelids parted. The off-white walls were slightly depressing, but the pounding sensation that was happening in his head quickly pulled him away from any thoughts of depression and led him towards a full focus on the pain. When he tried to reach for his head he realized that he was in the hospital. His right hand linked to the i.v. drip that were providing him with the fluids while he was unconscious. The nurse that was attending to him appeared for her routine checkup and noticed that he was awake...

“How are you feeling today?” she exclaimed with a hopeful grin on her face.

“I've got a throbbing headache” he choked out in a raspy voice.

“Sounds like someone could use a cup of water” The nurse made her way to the night stand where she poured a cup of water for Demacia. “We are glad to see you awake again. I'm going to get your doctor in here to give you a check up” she said as she handed him the cup of water with a bendy straw.

“Thank you” he whispered.

“You're at the Mississauga Credit Valley Hospital, by the way” she informed him

The nurse walks out with a smile on her face and the half empty jug of water in hand. Ten minutes later the doctor appears with a clipboard in hand. He was an average height dark skinned man. Not much older than forty five years old, at least that is how he looked.

“The medication may give you a slight memory lapses or even temporary loss to the short term memories you have, but rest assured that everything will be ok.” He breezed without raising his head from the clipboard.

“What happened doc?”

The doctor raised his head and met Demacia with a look that was close to contempt. Realizing that Demacia may be suffering from his injuries, he was immediately filled with compassion and explained that he had been struck by lightning, was thought to be dead upon arrival but was

resuscitated, not long after he experienced a seizure and fell into a coma. Seventy two hours had passed with no signs of hope until now.

“Your test shows that you are in good shape and can be released as early as tomorrow.” The following day Demacia awoke with less of a headache and more eagerness to get back home. His cellphone was gone and surprisingly no one came to visit while he was in the hospital. Odd he thought.

Nurse Gertrude came to give Demacia the last of his things.

“Oh, before I forget. You had a gentleman come in to visit you while you were in a coma”

“Did you get a name?” Demacia asked.

“ He didn’t leave one, but, he said you two were close and that you would recognize him when you saw him” With that she turned with a smile and left.

Once he arrived home things seemed to come back to him almost instantly. The last thing he remembered was walking out of the office and talking on the phone with his... The thought couldn’t be finished as Demacia finally caught a glimpse of himself in the bathroom mirror, why didn’t he notice this before at the hospital? The face in the mirror was not one that he recognized. Who was this stranger staring at him? What did they do to him at the hospital? BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! The knock at the door shook him out of his trans. BLAM! The front door blasted open.

“Demacia, I have come for you”

The voice matched the heavy knock...

Who the hell was Demacia, and why was this deep voice calling him that.

Demacias eyes widened when he saw the dark shadowy figure standing in the doorway... How was it even possible?

Poem: Midnight Oil by: G.Jones

Fluorescent lights flicker in my darkroom
Shadows bounce off the walls
keeping me company
the second hand on the clock crawls

Sanity has LEFT me RIGHT where I sit
I put these words together
in hopes you can help me make sense

Madness unknown to most
I'm the only one alive
while everyone else is a ghost

The Distillery is historic
I suppose the history is what we hold on to

I love the fiction
the facts, and what the truth is.

I'm burning the midnight Oil
watching the smoke rise into my eyes
it's the only time that I cry

Sad isn't it?

I have been away far too long
it's been awhile since we last spoke

The language we speak isn't the same
pretending to be friends but you've forgotten my name
If it wasn't for dreams you would have forgotten my face
Heavenly father I have fallen from grace
a sinner on earth from the midnight oil we taste

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Part 3. Not What It Seems

Story - Monster

The warm blood covered his nose and bathed its teeth, as thick chunks of flesh made its way down its esophagus and into the screaming pit of its insatiable stomach.

It seemed like it had been forever since the last meal, and the beast just couldn't get to the delicious meat fast enough. Indecipherable sounds of pleasure and satisfaction came rushing out between bites and swallows. This was a good hunt, a well deserved treat. That was soon to be interrupted by the approaching footsteps in the dark forest.

The tender flesh of this young human male was just what it needed to replenish its depleting strength.

The journey was long and the road ahead was even longer...

As it made its last swallow it raised its head to meet the eye of the grown human male carrying an object he had once seen before. His movements were slow, calculated. The look on the man's face was something he recognized too. Maybe, just maybe it would all come back to him. Maybe he would finally remember.

The drive up the mountain was peaceful. The roads were smooth and straight for the most part. The windows were down slightly, in the midnight blue GMC pickup truck allowing the breeze to sweep over Demacia and his German Shepherd, Judah's, face.

Demacia glanced over at Judah and saw what looked like a grin on the dog's face. It brought a smile of his own.

The autumn leaves looked like a panoramic tapestry of oil paintings, hung in a well lit gallery. The scene was filled with massive oaks, tall pine, and aromatic cedars and birch. The music on the radio was a mixture of rock and roll and heavy metal, background noise just to drown out any unwanted thoughts.

The journey took them from sunup to sunset. An unusual sense of calm and tranquility came over Demacia as the two drove into the darkness. An inner peace coursing through him, one that he never knew he could ever feel. One he wasn't sure he was worthy of.

Glancing in the rearview mirror just in time to see the last bit of the setting sun slip below the horizon. Like a switch going off the sun's light went out, leaving the two in complete darkness, except for the headlights of the pickup truck set on high.

Not long after the sunset Demacia and Judah reached the camp site. This weekend was going to be a relaxing and exciting weekend for the best friends.

The camp was littered with campfires sending Demacia a frenzy of memory that lingered from a time he could not quite remember but knew to be true, at least fragments of truth that were embedded deep in his cells. The memory stirred within his chest, building up the emotions of an unknown rage.

Judah's response to Demacia's inner demons was a loud belly filled bark that echoed throughout the campground, announcing their arrival. It was as if the dog could sense his owner's feelings and wanted to snap him out of the trance.

A few campers who recognized the pair from Judah's bark, approached to say hello and have a conversation. A conversation that was abruptly ended with an excuse from Demacia. Demacia was eager to enter his cabin, wash up and prepare for dinner, so was Judah. It seemed that the dog was extremely hungry, more so than usual.

The pair finally reached their destination. The cabin was a finely crafted piece of architecture, built by Demacia himself. An eclectic wooden art work with a hint of modernism. The interior was a magnificent sight to behold. Fitted with a winding staircase made entirely out of cedar wood and oak, and accented with stone work finishes that would put a Victorian castle to shame. The structure would make any master carpenter and mason envious of the craftsmanship.

After cleaning off the day's journey and putting things in order around the cabin, Demacia made his way to the kitchen to prepare for dinner. The loud demands that came from Judah were persistent enough for him to open the back door for Judah to roam. Why was the dog behaving so oddly? Demacia pondered. Anyway, it didn't matter they were not going to be staying long, they had another exciting adventure coming and being trapped in the car for such a long ride the least Demacia could do would allow Judah to run wild in the backyard before dinner.

The backyard was a large open field connected to the open lake. Filled with Oaks, evergreens, wild weeds and flowers. It was an outdoorsman oasis. Judah loved to roam in the fields. He especially loved to hunt for the game that was in the compound.

After an hour dinner was ready, Demacia was famished. Stepping on to the back porch, he called out to Judah, only to be met by a response unlike any other. An anguished wail echoed through the dark forest, a cry that would set panic to any parent.

Reaching for his hunting rifle Demacia headed in the direction of the crying child. Judah nowhere to be seen.

The moonlight was very faint beneath the leaves in the forest. Demacia wished he had brought his flashlight, but in his haste, he had forgotten.

He knew he was getting close, there was a foul scent in the air and the sounds of a hungry beast ravaging its victim could be heard as well. His first thought was Judah, as he approached he noticed the hulking beast that resembled a bear. Massive paws and what could only be understood as razor sharp claws. This beast was large.

Scattered on the ground were the remains of what used to be a boy.

Where was Judah?

At that very moment, the beast raised its head and made eye contact with Demacia. On the exterior he was calm, but his heart beat faster with each ticking second. The blood dripped down the jaws of the beast as simultaneously a low growl emerged from the base of its throat. It looked like an ominous grin but the grin faded into the beast baring its teeth. The look in the beast's eyes was clear, you're next if you don't disappear. Panic vibrated through Demacias body while he raised his rifle into its aiming position. It was a miracle he could keep his arm still, especially with the constant focus jarring thought wrapped with the same question penetrating his thoughts.

Where was Judah?

Poem: Monster by: G.Jones

Tyrannosaurus, flesh eater.
Cannibal, molesting creature.
You're vicious and cruel.

Son beaten and bruised.
No children's aid.
Dark room, the shadows wade.

Wait for it, breathe heavily...
Hidden under sheets, fear covers me.

When will it get me, when will it come...
Eyes close,

I see its face, disgusting tongue.

The human race
Daughter screams,
her nose bleeds.

Body limp, laying on the broken scene.
Blaze inferno, satans pit,
Forever more... the Ravens script.

The Story - Last night I danced with the Devil

Angelus grew fond of the new world. Even taking on a new name, Langsule Sulegna. He found himself involved in the growing city and becoming entangled in its culture. The old cobblestones, the red bricks, and the smell of burning wood from the fireplace. Just some of the things he grew to love.

But not as much as her.

One night at Old Magrady's Pub, she walked in with 5 of her closest companions, and yet Angelus could see only her. It was as if his mind was blind to everything else that existed, and that she was the only person besides himself that was on the Earth.

Her hair was black as the depths of the ocean bed where the sun dares not reach. Her eyes reflecting the low incandescent light from the bar chandeliers, made them seem almost like a raging fire. They glowed a hazel golden hue that seemed to swirl like lava. It was at that moment he heard his own heart beating. It was at that very moment she turned and met his gaze and gave him the devil's smile. Charming, and full of mystery.

Even at the distance of 20 feet, her intoxicating aroma was as strong as if she was smothering you with the warmest hug or, wrapping you in a blanket that was washed in her scent.

It wasn't long before she entered that Angelus approached

“Good evening ladies, it is quite lovely to have you here tonight” He exhaled.

The women laugh shyly. One even mocked his greeting and pointed out that he must not be from this part of town, or at least has not been here long enough to know the mannerism of the citizens in the community.

He smiled at her honesty, momentarily breaking his gaze from the one he had initially come for. A sliver of an unconscious thought slipped through his psyche as he contemplated the comment. She must have caught it too because her insensitive jest and delight left as quick as it came.

“The truth is, I have not been here long enough to be familiar with the customs of the people. However I do believe that the pillars of cordial interaction and courtesy are placed on the foundation of manners, wouldn't you agree?”

One of the women responds with intrigue.

“Oh wow, you must have walked right out of a romance novel” She holds out her hand and in wonderment waits to see if Angelus will shake or kiss it. “The name Naomi” She was hoping for the latter of course. And to her pleasure, he kisses it lightly, but has his heart still focused on the one who has his attention.

The women all start to put out their hands and blurt their names,

Bella,
Carol,
Jessi,
Francine,

and finally...

“I'm Mona”

Her voice made her name sound like the sweetest lullaby to his ears.

“My name is Langsule Sulegna, and it is a pleasure to meet you all on this fine evening” He states, almost in a southern twang.

“Mona, I know you're with your friends at the moment but, your presence took my attention from the moment you walked in. I was hoping you could do me the honour of accompanying me on an evening of entertainment, just you and I”

She blushes almost instantly, at his charm. The ladies all swoon with delight, intensifying Monas embarrassment.

Jessi blurts out,

“How do you know she doesn't have a husband or a boyfriend?”
The other ladies chastise Jessi for her second inappropriate remark.

“I would love to,” Mona replies. “How about tomorrow afternoon?”

“That would be perfect, let's meet right in front of this pub” Angelus exclaims
“I'm glad you don't have a life partner to make our meeting more complicated than is required”

Right then his cell phone rang and he had to excuse himself.

The next day, Mona kept her promise and met Angelus in front of the pub. A little earlier than he expected. She was punctual and that intrigued him. The sight of her was magnificent. Her long hair draped her shoulders like heavy curtains and seemed to compliment her eyes. Her eyes were like the windows of a mysterious house on a fabulous boulevard. Inviting enough to make you want to explore, not without caution, of course. The duality was interesting to the point that it violently pulled your curiosity strings.

There was something magnificent about her that made her special. Something beyond romantic that he couldn't quite fathom.

Angelus got out of his pickup truck and walked over to Mona

“This is for you, I hope you like”

The flower was vibrant, bright, and a big contrast to her dark evening hair. The way the white petals illuminated, it would seem as if it was coated in a fluorescent compound that was made to glow so bright.

“You are the purest of heart, thank you” she whispered. “It's very sweet of you.” Mona exclaims with a girlish adolescent grin. She sniffs Daisy with a euphoric inhale. Her eyes closed in the moment, you could almost see her soul embrace the love she felt. As she exhaled a cool breeze blew, sending whiffs of sweet aromas into the air and Angelus' nostrils.

“I'm glad you like the flower, Mona,” he smiles.

They walked along the cobblestone path to a foot bridge that crossed over the town's ravine.

“I'm surprised that your entourage didn't accompany you to the pub,” Angelus teased.
“The day is still young, you might be under surveillance right now” She responded.

As they strolled the small town national park and conversed, Mona shared her love for campfires and the night skies. Angelus exclaimed how he would often sit under the light of the moon and look up to the stars. Fascinated by his revelation Mona describes her experience of frequently looking up at the clusters of stars and galaxies, expressing her ideas of life beyond this world. Life is filled with mystic adventures, magic, monsters and heroes.

Angelus stops in the middle of his stride, surprising Mona in that moment.

“What did you say?” he asked in a mildly shocked voice.

“Magic, monsters, and heroes,” she repeated.

How is this even possible, he thinks to himself. “Yes, I know what you speak of. I sometimes wish I could be there myself” Angelus replies. Who is this woman and how is it that we have so much in common? He exclaims to himself silently.

The stories and laughter continue for hours. As the sun begins to set, the pair head back to where they agreed to meet.

“Are you as hungry as I am?” She hints.

“I’m ravenous” he flirts back

Her smile is filled with coyness and mischief. Mona looks over at the steakhouse restaurant across the street. “I’m in the mood for something meaty”

Just then, Angelus’s phone rings. He looks over at Mona with a distressed look on his face. “I have to take this, it’s important” He pressed the answer key.

“Langsule speaking”

“Can it wait until tomorrow?... of course not... yeah all right, I’ll be there in fifteen” he sighs.

“You have to go, don’t you?” Mona asks.

“This has been an unforgettable day, you have to let me take you out to dinner another time”

“Deal” she replies. “And I’m going to make sure I get the sweetest dessert on the menu” she playfully lectures.

He already knows he’s falling in love and he’s hoping she is too. He smiles and kisses her on the cheek.

“You smell exquisite, by the way” he manages to whisper. She holds onto his arms a half a second longer than intended, almost luring him back in for a much desired kiss on the lips. She doesn’t want to seem too wanting so she playfully shoves and says, “Go on, get out of here before I end up gobbling you up” The street laps reflect off her ruby red lipstick in the shadow of the night sky her lips looked stained with blood. Angelus could help but see the irony from that last interaction.

He jumps in his truck, starts the engine and watches her enter the restaurant. She must have been really hungry.

As Angelus drives down the street he suddenly notices that his arm is tingling right around the area where Mona was holding. It feels like something had cut him. With one hand on the steering wheel, he reaches over to his arm to investigate. To his surprise he feels a tear not only in his jacket but his flesh as well.

How odd, he thinks.

Poem: Last Night I Danced with the Devil by: G.Jones

When the wind blows, the bow breaks.
Cradle falls, and the earth shakes.

For God's sake,
My prayers for all,
Last night I danced with the **devil**.

Sweet roses
My hunger encroaches,
creeping on the life I never had,
never wanted,
wish was mine.

I hate your poems,
I love your heart,
I hate your words,
I love your art.

Screaming
Nothing is audible,
worried that everything is loud!
I love *you'S* sound like vinegar,
Your tongue tastes like sulphur.

Give me one last kiss
Let me embrace your soul,
while your body rots in a ditch.

You're sick.

Story - Rage by: G.jones

The pain was unlike anything he had ever felt before. It consumed his entire being. Angelus standing in front of his brother while his brother looked at him with that familiar smug grin. Demacia laughed insidiously while telling him what he had done to her.

Angelus' heart beat loudly with a heavy toll on his soul. His heart beat so loud he could hear it, he could feel it, hammering so hard it felt like it was about to leap out through his throat. His chest felt tight as it continued to swell with rage. The tightness in his lungs began to send flashes of shocking pulses through his arms. The feeling of a million tiny insect bites flared across his flesh. His Pain was ready to blanket the world in a thick white fog of chaos. In his mind he had renounced the vow of sainthood and was ready to embrace a likeness of evil that would match his brothers.

Demacia was pleased to see the reaction welling up in his brother. He continued to press his taunts and bait his brother into an unavoidable pit of rage and despair. Knowing that it was only a matter of time before the ways of this world would eventually influence and usher Angelus into the ways of violence and unceremonious lack of compassion.

“Was it not you, brother, that said death is not the end but merely a new beginning?” roared Demacia.

“Think of it as her new beginning in an afterlife, one in which you may join her quite soon if you please”

Angelus shuts his eyes and focuses on his beating heart.

“She's gone” was all he whispered to himself.

Boom! His heart quaked within his chest.

Ba, Boom! Once again, this time as he exhaled.

Grey clouds wrapped in white shrouds made their way from far to shade the brothers where they stood.

Boom! Angelus's heart shakes against his chest and with each beat intensifying his rage, making him more vexed.

Ba Boom! Followed by a crackle and flash of lightning synchronizing itself with Angelus' beating heart.

The thunder rose and so did Angelus from his crouching position. Images of himself violently striking his brother streaked through his thoughts. With every blow, he made in his thoughts, thunder drummed. Thunder was so loud it shook homes and rattled windows in the neighbourhood.

Frightened citizens shuffled carefully, out of their homes, in disbelief to gaze at the sky in wonderment. Could this be a cataclysmic event? They thought. Neighbours rushed out of their homes in a panic, unaware of the battle between Angelus and Demacia. Ignorant to the fact that the strange atmospheric activity was caused by the feuding brothers.

How fragile and naive these humans were.

The wind picks up speed and rustles the leaves of the large oak tree in front of the Herman family home.

“What's going on, Frank?” Jim asked his neighbour.

“We don't know,” Frank replied, looking at his wife. “We were just inside about to have dinner when we heard and felt the Thunder. Did you hear anything on the news about a storm?”

“Not a damned thing about a storm. It was supposed to be sunshines and rainbows all week,” Jim confessed.

“Karen, go grab the boys and your things, we’re getting out of here” Frank barked at his wife.

“Jim, I suggest you round up your things and do the same. This doesn’t look like it’s going to be over any time soon.”

“What’s going on dad?” Frank's son asked.

Crack! lightning strikes the large oak tree in front of Frank's home, sending wooden shrapnel flying. Pieces of all sizes flew and impaled objects in their path. Frank's son never heard the reply his father gave, Karen never made it inside in time to avoid her son's untimely fate. Covered in her son's blood and bathed in grief, she wails in anguish.

- Rage consumes them both

Poem: Rage by: G.Jones**Rage**

The compulsion is strong, the gut is full of fierce fire,
burning to be free.

I wonder what this **Rage** could be?

It follows...
Down the long shadowed hallway of life.

My life, not yours.
This is my life, you have made it yours.

Robbed me of my childhood, raised me to feel...

Rage

Now with my freedom,
You plot to enslave me prod me,
Haze me.

You've just set my **Rage** free.

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Part 4. The Mirror Reflecting

Story - I died a thousand deaths.

Angelus, extremely bloodied and exhausted, watches his brother's lifeless body begin to decay. The stench is unbearable but he manages to ignore the strong odour. Tortured souls that were trapped within the now decaying flesh, hurry out of the body for freedom. Their anguished groans could be heard from distances that would separate continents, breezing by like a mild hurricane wind.

Among the many souls escaping was the beautiful woman that Angelus met and fell in love with. Even in her translucent spirit-like appearance she radiated with beauty.

Making eye contact with Angelus she smiled and reached out and touched his bloodied face.

“ I miss you deeply” She whispered

Holding back his tears and rage, Angelus reaches out for her...

She begins to express her feelings to him and recites an ancient poem written by the elders of a time beyond this universe.

I died a thousand deaths,

So what is one more to me?

I died a thousand deaths

and now I am truly free...

As she continues to recite the poem her spirit begins to fade. Her hand placed on his cheek catches a drop of his tear before it can fall into the garden. She cradles the teardrop in her hand, embraces it lovingly to her heart. Suddenly a spark of light ignites, turning the emerald hue of her essence into a flaming amber gold, and like a flash of lightning she is gone.

Demacia's spirit emerges from the lifeless body and places a hand on his brother's shoulder.

“ Brother, fear not for you did not end my life. The body you see there is just an agent of the devil in disguise”

Angelus is taken aback. “ How can it be?”

“ The devil knowing our strife decided to end my life, just as the new one began, in order to continuing the bitter feud between us that I had buried in the ancient void of space and time”

Angelus is filled with mixed emotions while listening to his brother's spirit explain the events of the life he had lived.

“ He would then have this daemon assume my life and have you believe I was still enraged with the events between us from past centuries”

Angelus begins to subside his rage and realizes that what his brother is saying holds great merit.

“ Not before taking her life and making you believe that she was real, well in fact, she had perished long ago. She had perished that evening after your time with her at the pub that night”

“ Is this true?” Angelus pleaded

“ In her happy state her love for you radiated and the devil knew your life with her would be one they would write stories about”

“ And what about you?”

“ I vowed to make things right between us. I vowed that our bond would become stronger than ever before”

He paused to think for a moment. Then continued to explain his accounts of what happened.

“ In the void between death and rebirth I had the opportunity to reflect on my faults. I looked back at our history, and realized that all this time I truly wanted to have the courage and vulnerability you possessed” He sighed.

“ The devils venom still purging its way out of my system, realized what my intentions where and somehow trapped me inside myself”

Demacia’s spirit begins to fade, and Angelus realizes the pain within his brother was a heavy burden that he had carried for centuries.

“ And all this time you have been trying to warn me and give me signs”

“yes, Angelus”

The spirit begins to fade out of the human body.

“ Angelus, I love you, we will meet again”

Angelus realizes that the human life form is vulnerable to emotions, he realizes that some who live a life of good for long periods of time can also fall victim to the rage, and those that have been vicious all their life can reform and transcend to become pure and good.

Poem: I Died a Thousand deaths by: G.Jones

I died a thousands deaths

Non as beautiful as this
I died a thousands deaths
When mine touched your lips

I died a thousand deaths,

So what is one more to me
I died a thousand deaths
and now I am truly free

A thousand deaths to die

But it takes one kiss to seal the deed
The white flames are real
There are blood stains on the blue steel
The Cut is deep

Only you know how I truly feel

Story - Finding Oblivion By: G.jones

Looking at his brother's lifeless body he realized what he was becoming, the very thing he worked so hard to avoid. There was no turning back now. The statues in the garden held their stone faces in a solemn gaze. The water stains streaked down the statues cheeks, resembling the tracks of tears. It was as if they knew who he was before this tragedy, and they wept for the person he was becoming.

Filled with debilitating agony, he falls to his knees and prays for absolution. In his state of remorse, it felt like he was in an eternity of damnation. His mind was clouded, his vision unclear and his emotions entangled in a violent twist, battling to be set free. He's lost to the idea and meaning of life. All he could see was death and destruction, and his appetite for both was growing with each breath he was taking. It was filling him with the sweet and sour flavour of rage. The feeling was exhilarating, and it accelerated, coursing through his veins. He could feel it crawling through each canal like a thousand busy fire ants, racing to and from his heart, working up his temper with each beating rhythm, drumming frantically within his chest.

But, all that was left for him to do was to ask for forgiveness. No, not ask, beg for it. Even though all hope was escaping him, the little hope he had left he put into his prayer. When all that surrounded him seemed to be going to oblivion he closed his eyes, and focused on that hope. It seemed like a small distant light, flickering in the darkness, a darkness that never seemed to end. The more he concentrated the closer he would get to the light, and the brighter it would become.

Suddenly, the images from a time long ago began to appear to him. Pictures that seemed like dreams or a story he once read came flashing through his mind's eye, in what appeared to be a memory as clear as crystal. These were events of a time he once lived, he recognized. He could see himself - a reflection of himself, on top of a hill praying. Mimicking his vision, he bowed his head in prayer, and began to pray, searching for the answers to all his pain. Looking for redemption in a moment of chaos, a way to ease the torment from what he had experienced.

In a blink of an eye, he was transported into an augmented reality through his consciousness. In an augmented world that seemed so real, he could feel the air wrap around him like a thick warm blanket. He could feel himself falling. He could see the dark walls and ash that was rising from the fiery pit. He could even smell the sulphur that bubbled from the lava within. Without a moment's notice, he was instantly taken from the falling scenario to minutes before the fall, to what looked like the edge of the pit. Standing there, facing a gigantic demon. Holding a magnificent sword in his hand. Dark steel of a blade, shimmering with hues of colours. So bright, even in the night's light radiating from the stars and moon. Another flash, and a moment later he was sitting at a campfire, staring deep into its flames. Seeing images that couldn't possibly be real, a life that he was just transported from. He was seeing a life that he had just lived through the eyes of a life he had already lived centuries ago, thinking how magical this circle of life really is.

Suddenly, with each slow beat of the heart, he was being pulled back into his present reality. Journeying back through the images he just saw, just as rapidly as he came. The fight on the edge of the pit, the magnificent sword, the fall into the pit, the smell of sulphur, then, darkness. A quiet time met with nothing, meant for everything.

When he was finally conscious he remembered and could see the atrocities that were committed. His brother's lifeless body, the shame and guilt that coursed through his very own body. The rage! All of this seemed to be flowing through his bloodstream. Growing with heat with each resonance and beat from his heart. The force seemed to grow and grow, larger with each passing second and vibrate throughout his entire body. A heat began to escape from his cells. At first rising through his forearms like the misty dew at dawn. Suddenly, his fingertips and pores begin

to tingle in a sensational orchestra of pulsing rhythmic hums and miniature tremors, oscillating and beating out of him. Increasing with a violent intensity that could cause the tectonic plates to shift. Coincidentally the ground beneath his feet began to quake, as if to crack open and swallow him whole.

Angelus no longer fought to understand the events that were occurring to him and around him. The energy that was vibrating from him was transforming him from within. The tremors from the earth shook violently, breaking up the weeping stone statues.

Nothing mattered to him anymore. He realized something that he hadn't known before. He saw something he didn't see before. Listening to the vibrations tremor through his bones. The flesh on his skin evaporated into particles so small it made him invisible. The hunger he had to stay alive faded. Angelus was now satiated with the thought of an everlasting existence.

Poem: Finding Oblivion by: G.Jones

Oblivion

for searching am I
it find I Will

for looking I am What

nothing see I
nothing hear I

memories are we
oblivion of face the In

peace me give
strength me give
eternity me Give
forever in lost
space cold a in Orbiting

for looking am I
solace the find can't I

Creator!

message a have I
me finds oblivion Before

Searching

The End

Click the link to participate in the \$1000.00 prize pool survey.

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