

A Symphony of Thread and Lullaby

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In the delicate fog that gave threads of light to pick out from the weave. A silhouette could be seen. One by one, the bright, the cherished, the golden edges. Each was delicately picked. Forgotten perhaps that even gold is but a tarnished mirror of itself.

But wait my dear! Before you smile that half forgotten smile. Before the ghosts come dancing in with their well practiced grace. Is it truly as we recall? The tender haze that has declared to slip away, only to be found in ourselves, weaving almost helplessly as a tapestry of light and longing. Each thread that slips through our fingers gleams with a golden sheen. The fabric turns faintly scentless, as it is plucked from the bright edges. It is always forgotten how easily even gold tarnishes. The brightest shimmer is often nothing more than the last flicker of a candle long spent.

The silhouette turns away.

But, my dear, wait once more before you raise that half remembered smile of yours. Before those ghosts of a clock gear, come fluttering back to dance with their practiced elegance. Think to yourself, do we truly recall? Or is it simply a trick of the mind within a blur of what once was, mixed with what we wish had been? Those sepia tones we've come to adore in correspondence to how sweetly we see them now. Their soft shadows draped. But they are not true. No, they are not. They are but fragile illusions. They are just as fragile as the faint light that dances on a foggy morning.

Ah, but how we exalt the days we no longer live. We stroke them gently like the last touch of a lover, caressing the soft contour of their fading edges. But we never pause to wonder what they left behind those days. What empty parts they bore when we weren't looking. Perhaps a first kiss. Was it a first kiss? Was it a fleeting touch, a mirage, a crown placed upon a head that did not yet understand the weight of? And the summer nights, Oh the endless summer nights we spoke of but which vanished before we could taste them. Way before we could savor the bite of their sweetness.

"What do you want?" the silhouette interrupted.

They were ignored.

But we are so drawn to the glories, are we not? We chase these fleeting moments of joy, never to acknowledge the inevitable fall that follows. As if the present of what you deem this cruel thing should be banished, should be ignored in favor of the past.

Forever hovering in the wings, waiting to be adored.

We exalt these moments like treasures as if we could catch them in our hands, and yet they slip through our hands like water from a cracked glass. In the rearview mirror, they glow, almost unbearably sweet, rosy, in fact just as ripe as a fruit that has long since rotted, hidden behind the veil. How we wish, how we yearn to reach back, to pluck that fruit from the air once more and taste it again, as if it would still be as fresh, as full of life. But no. Beneath that soft, golden glow, lies only the cruel truth of what it was. Only a trick of the mind, a refuge, a soft escape from the jagged edge.

We convince ourselves that it was whole, that it was pure. How easy it is to believe. To wrap it in silk, to make it as an untouchable perfect photographer who never was marred by the passage of years. But it was never so. It's easier to dream of perfection than to face the harsh, unyielding edge of what is. Sharp as glass with its face submerged in the veil of uncertainty, breath sour with fear. We would rather keep our gaze turned backward, wouldn't we?

"Why do you circle the same hours?" a voice asks, soft, almost amused.

"I don't circle them," I reply. "They circle me. I am bound to them as a moth is bound to the flame."

"No" the voice says, "you bind yourself. You refuse to see that each thread may be rewoven."

"And what if the loom is broken?"

"What if it never was?" the voice answers. A silence follows, thick as the dust of old rooms.

"I only wanted to keep them," I whisper. "The gold, the warmth, the light"

"Even tarnished gold shines," the voice interrupts. "But you keep polishing illusions, never touching what is real. You could change it. You could breathe again."

"I am not alive." I shout.

I turn, but there is no figure, only the tremor of the walls and the faint shiver of dust in the half light.

“You speak as though I might change it.”

“You might,” the voice breathes. “But you do not. You refuse.”

“Because I am dead.”

“Because you believe you are.”

The silence deepens. My hand rises, half reaching toward the sound, but it falters, closing instead around air.

Let us, for a moment, strip away that glittering veil. Nostalgia is but a sugar coated lie. A jest to delay what is coming. The next question, the next moment, the next step we must take. The past after all is nothing but dust. Nothing but fragile whispers carried away by wind, fading before we can even grasp them. All that remains, my dear is this, here and now this. Alone with the question we must all face: What now? The clocks tick, the seasons bleed into one another, and all that was once vital, once full of warmth, has become a quiet ache. There is no more touch, no more sound, only the weight of things lost, things that were never said, things that never mattered.

Why I ask, why do we long for those shadows. Why do we long for them when the present stands before us.

Transitioning between being raw, untamed, undefined, waiting to be embraced? Let go of what once you thought you were, of who you thought you were. Nostalgia is a myth, an illusion, a dream. And life, life, my dear, is the only truth.

The air is thick, honeyed with pause. The walls do not breathe, and neither do I.
Somewhere, faintly, there is a pulse. I look around, it is not here, but below. I find myself
in another room where my body jerks beneath frantic hands. Yet I remain here, a
shadow folded against itself, caught in the loop.

Across the dimness, the voice arrives

once more, velvet and familiar.

Nostalgia itself is not cruel, not tricking, but aching for me.

“Look” it whispers “see him there, the boy who ties the knot, trembling though he
believes himself steady. You ache for him, don’t you?”

I do. I watch. His face is so young, so certain.

“You could stop him,” the voice murmurs. “You could reach. You could choose to live.
The threads are not fixed, they bend. They bend if you touch them.”

My lips part, but no sound emerges.

My body down below convulses more violently against the shock, fighting to drag me
back. I only watch, resisting the urge.

I watch him once more, myself, fumbling with the knot. His hands shake. I want to reach
forward, to stop him, but I do not move.

“You can still breathe,” the voice urges. “down there, your heart fights for you. You could return, you could wake, you could rewrite this moment. Not erase it, no, but weave through it, into something new.”

I shake my head. “I cannot. It’s already done. This is all I am now.”

“It is not all you are,” the Voice insists. “You hold the loom, even now. The past does not own you. You could carry it, and still live.”

“But I don’t know how,” I whisper. “I don’t know how to be more than this. I am already broken.”

The voice trembles, almost like it grieves for me. “You are not broken. You are only afraid.”

I do not respond.

“You could return,” the voice pleads, warm as dusk, “not to erase it, but to go beyond it. You could breathe again, carry this sorrow, and still move forward.”

“I can’t,” I whisper. “I am already gone.”

“You are not gone,” it breathes, the desperation that it feels showing more clearly. “You only believe you are. You hold the loom. Even now.”

My gaze does not leave the boy with the rope. My hand rises for the loom, falters, and closes on nothing. The moment slips again, and I let it. My hand closes on air.

“I can’t,” I breathe. “Even if I could... I won’t.”

Silence thickens, heavy as dust in an abandoned room. Below, the machines beg my body to return. Above, the voice watches me fade, helpless.

My past self sways with the rope. My present self falters against the machines. And I, neither living nor dead, remain between them.

“You might change it” the voice begs. “You can change it, you just need to try, please”

“I might” I answer “but I won’t.”

And the silence closes around me, peaceful now. But it is only peaceful to me. The voice lingers, grieving, while I linger too. I linger for a different reason. As I am unfinished, unwilling and now, unmade.

There is, I think, a certain quality to the air tonight. Thick and heavy, almost languid. The world itself is pausing, though it cannot bring itself to breathe. I am here, I suppose, but I am here as one might be elsewhere, a thought lingering just out of reach, a scent fading in the wind. The silence that stretches before me is more articulate than any voice could ever be. The walls, too, are patient with me, as if they’ve learned to wait.

I am here, but I am not. How strange it is to be neither one nor the other and just a lingering touch and a distant echo. Nothing but a reflection that flickers briefly and is gone before you can catch it.

Once, in the sweep of those years I wore so carelessly, I remember thinking time was endless. The days stretched on like some never ending song and I too in my innocence, sang along, believing that each day was it’s own eternity. Each moment was shown as a

petal plucked from the flower of life. And yet, here I am. Here I stand, a trembling remnant of something lost, something long gone. How fragile the thought of those days now. Oh, how fragile, and how deliciously unreal.

A moth flutters in the corners of memory. We pull it close, breathe it in, but it is always a mirage. Those days, those faces, they were never golden. I see them now not as they were, but as I want them to be. They were perfect, unbroken, untouched by time. But there were shadows. Those faces, once so vividly etched into the dim recesses of my memory, now flutter like pale ghosts on the edges of my consciousness. The smiles are fading like the last trace of sunlight on the water, irretrievable and lost, yet somehow still there. How easy it is to forget their pain, the unspoken words that hovered between us, never to be said.

There was a kiss, I think. Or perhaps there were two. Maybe none at all. The sensation is vague and elusive. I feel as though it's like a kiss that never quite touched the lips. The summer nights? Fleeting and barely there before we could touch them and before we could embrace them. Yet I hold them as still as a child clutching at a threadbare blanket. It is a comfort, yes, but of a peculiar sort. The sort that gives the feeling of tranquility during the ecstasy within it's unraveling.

Yet here I stand as you walk through the rooms of this house, through the corridors of this world, unaware of the shadow that follows. Perhaps it is not even I who follows you. Perhaps it is something else and something strange. The world moves on, the clocks tick, the seasons slip past unnoticed. And I, I remain caught in the space between, the memory of something in the echo of something I can never quite grasp. I see you and I

think but I cannot reach you. You pass by, unknowing, unaware of the shadow that lingers behind, just out of reach. I see you. Yes how I see you still, but still I cannot reach you. I wish if I could, to touch you, to pull you from your oblivion. To tell you it is not as it seems, that the past is nothing but a mask, a lie. Let me feed you.

But No. No, I cannot. The words die before they can be spoken. The touch too is lost. So I remain, fading into this space between silence and memory. I remain a flicker in the corner of my eye. You move forward, always forward as you must. And one day perhaps you will look back and in that moment understand that the past is but a trick we play on ourselves to forget what we've become.

The room is silent as if time itself had grown weary. The room where nothing remains but the scent of a life once lived and the faintest trace. You will move on I suppose, as you must. But perhaps one day you will pause just for a moment. In that moment you will see that flicker in the corner of your eye, hear a whisper on the wind and in that instant you may understand how to forget what we have become. And when I am gone, truly gone. Nothing will remain but the faintest breath of something that was once perhaps real.

But for now let us sit here together in this brief fleeting moment, and wonder of the scent of a name that was never truly mine.