

Pretty Woman

I saw her, bathing in the dying sunlight. She was lying on her back like an offering on an altar of a God, who was too busy with his divine chores that he just forgot about her. With no yarn attached to her milk and honey skin, she was waiting for something unknown. It was at the time of the war, very dark time for men and women. Yet she looked painfully comfortable on the grasses beneath her. As if her beauty had melted the harshness of the grass and made them as soft as feathers!

She was lying there like an angel who has lost her way to paradise. Maybe she was actually a fallen angel! Glittering tears on her soft cheeks were maybe telling that it's a tragedy. That she was lost in a dark forest of men and women, alone, where she definitely did not belong.

From my part, I was struck by her sight which only reminded me of some lines from a poem, poet of which I had long forgotten about.

*White Hills, white thighs,
you look like a world, lying in surrender....*

Maybe the poet was also baffled and was talking about a woman whom I hope to meet one day. I myself was a poet once so I can somewhat relate to him.

But in front of me, what I had there was not a woman but an angel! How could I be so sure though? Well, at that time of the day when the sun had accepted his fate and was dying and the winter trees looked almost like mere silhouettes from a ghost story yet she was boldly glowing, with no fear in her eyes. Can a mere woman from this muddy earth do that? As if she was not aware of the dangers of her beauty at those dark times. Her

innocent lips looked wet with pure dew drops from paradise where she originally belonged to. The only difference was that they were as red as someone could ever imagine. I told you she was a heavenly creature, so no wonder everything about her should be like that. The only thing she was missing was her beautiful wings! I am sure if I ever saw her wings I would go blind by just the sight of those! Or was she hiding those beneath her?!

I could not help it, I came closer to her with very careful steps without even knowing that I was actually getting closer. No, she was not hiding her wings. She actually did not have those now I was sure of that. Now she looked a little bit like an earthly creature but still a lot like heavenly.

Her lips were open in a manner as if she was singing a song that she did not know very well and just forgot the next line of the song that could melt every man's heart that I was sure of. I wish I could listen her singing!

From there the first thing I noticed was her hair, which seemed as comfortable as herself on the bed of feathery grass and was as dark as eyes of a raven. A cold breeze started playing with her hairs. Those waves of her hairs reminded me of those calm blue sea waves which inspire poets to write love songs and poems. From there I could smell her hair. And that was the sweetest smell I ever had in years! And just to let you know, I am blessed with a very sharp sense of smell which sometimes could be a curse! So as you can imagine I smelled so many things of this earth yet smell of her hair almost hit me like a sting from a honeybee! It was painfully sweet!

I lost my ability to think when I observed her more closely. Her beauty was breathtaking! My mortal vocabulary seemed very inferior to describe her. These blessings of her's must have been kept for thousands of years in heaven then were gifted to her! My God! How something could be so perfect! I heard everything has its perfect pair kept in heaven! But what I was experiencing in front of me was actually a piece of heaven! Her

fingernails despite having some mud inside were glittering with the reflection of heaven. Her ears and nose were as perfect as of Venus! She did not have any jewelry. But she needed none! She was herself a jewel unconsciously dropped from the heaven on this mundane field!

I could not resist. Or should I say I was seduced by her smell and all that?! Anyway, I came almost on to her. From there I could touch her and sniff her heavenly perfume directly from her skin. From there I could smell something else in the air. I could not really recognize it at first. But when I looked at her thighs I realized what it was. It was the smell of humans and their lusts. There were lots of boot prints and footprints in the mud around her. Maybe ten or twenty I could not really tell. Maybe the stained blood on her thighs could tell the exact numbers. After all, they were the silent witnesses of all these!

When the air smells like lust and you look like an angel you must die!
I thought.

Of course, she was dead! Or what would a low creature like me be doing there!? She was as dead as her foggy gray eyes. Those eyes were opened as if they had witnessed something that no one would want to witness. Then I realized why her lips were open. Those blood red lips lost hope of crying for help and forgot how to ask for help in any other way that someone would actually come and help!

Now, enough of my nonsense! The sun has finally died and it was dinner time. I gently touched my fangs on her milk and honey skin and closed my eyes, hoping for something heavenly. But I was heartbroken! It tasted like every other human flesh. And at that moment it made me realized that she was not an angel from heaven. She was nothing but only a mere human, to be precise a woman.. A very beautiful (or should I say “pretty”?) woman but a woman, not an angel. Because angels can’t be sacrificed for any humanly causes!

I took another bite.

Indeed a sacrifice!

I mused.

A sacrifice on the altar of men's war!

Or should I say "lusts"?