

Chapter 5

Spring Greening

I stacked the pages of my history neatly on the desk. I felt a sense of satisfaction at having finished them, and also a sense of relief that the end would be coming. I had already used up all my tears and was resigned to my fate. I was even looking forward to re-incarnation, wondering what I would be next, or if I could just be a ghost, or wander around in space. I had always wanted to be the Silver Surfer, and wondered if something like that could be a possibility for the afterlife.

Stretching my arms out I decided to take one last trip to the library. I hoped Tristan was there, and had a feeling he would be, seeing as I was about to die and all.

I was whistling down the hall, thinking of little else but what I wanted to do with Tristan during our last hours together. I had seen him sporadically during my internment, and we hardly knew each other personally, which was how liked it. I had enough of heartache, and I just wanted someone to worship for a few hours here and there.

Tristan was waiting at the doorway to the library, and I followed him to his rooms in silence. He smelled especially wonderful that day, like the beach at night. When we arrived at his room, he kissed me tenderly. His typically joyous face was cast in sadness, his eyebrows set in a frown that he tried to hide.

"Don't," I said, when he looked like he would say something sentimental, "I just couldn't stand it."

We undressed each other slowly, savoring every second, committing each other's bodies to memory. Will you think of me when I'm gone, Tristan? Will you lie awake at

night remembering this? I wondered if I would be thinking of him when I died, or if my thoughts would be too encompassed by Raven. Rolling onto the bed, I clung to Tristan's golden body, different enough from Raven's to clear away the grief for just a little while.

Lying in the afterglow, Tristan traced my face with his finger. I couldn't stand the sad look on his face, the tears on the surface of his eyes. I sighed heavily, wondering if I should just get up and leave.

"Don't worry, I won't ask," he said. Of course I told him everything after that.

It was cathartic, telling Tristan the whole damn story. I had just written down all I could think of, but by talking it over, letting out all the anger, all the love, and all the frustration with my face and hands, I felt liberated. Another gift he gave me. When I came to the part where I came to the Citadel, wrapped comfortably in his strong arms, smelling his hair, I realized that Tristan was always giving, and never asked anything of me. Every moment I spent with him was a gift, and I felt suddenly like I had been very ungrateful. I never asked him anything, never opened up to him. I treated him like the whore I supposed he was, but he was so much more. How could I be so cold, I wondered. I stroked his back and hair, kissing the top of his head which was nestled on my chest.

He laughed softly and squeezed my middle. "Do you really think They could have that kind of power over the focused Will of two immortal souls?"

I felt like I should be offended at how lightly he had said that, how he could laugh after I poured my heart out to him. For some reason, I couldn't be. He had lifted his face up and it was just inches from mine. Why hadn't I noticed before? It's so symmetrical. Did he always look like that or was he changing before my eyes? I suddenly grabbed Tristan's hand and pulled him out of bed. I threw my clothes on and threw his to him. I

pulled him down the hall, running, to the chamber downstairs. Tristan was laughing all the way. When I got to the room with the statues, I ran to them. I threw mine to the floor, and Tristan did the same. Though they should have been made of stone, they shattered like glass. His former glamour was completely thrown off, and he was Amnael, but still had short hair. He smiled at me and we went to the hangar. Running to the Black Hawk helicopter, we pushed aside all the guards and personnel, who were stiff and light as mannequins. Time had frozen in the Citadel, and we appeared to be the only ones who could move or feel. I looked around for Elders, but I didn't see any. Amnael went to the cockpit.

"Do you know how to operate one of these things?" I asked Amnael. He just smiled down at me like I should have known better than to ask that.

"All knowledge exists in the ether," he said, gesturing vaguely with a long, slim hand. "One only needs to know how to harvest it."

We flew to a poppy field and made love in it, no longer as desperate strangers but as immortal souls, reunited. Our essence infused the poppies, filling them with our Will and our Joy. I laughed as I realized that a new wave of awakening would rise from the bottom of society up. Junkies, the terminally ill, the desperate, all of these would experience a transformational awakening from the effects of these poppies. As I saw a bee in the field I visualized it pollinating other fields.

We shot like comets into a sphere of blue white light in the cosmos, laughing. Amnael pulled me to him, and we became one, pulsing and vibrant life in a sphere of bliss. The last thing I heard before we threw off our bonds forever was Amnael's voice saying, "it's time for us to move on."

