The Riddle

Buried Dreams

Those eyes, like pits of damnation. Like orbs of black steel. I stare into them and I am lost. My mind screams for release panic, flight!!! But my body does not respond. I can not move. His caress lingers on my face for a heartbeat and then his fingers drift around my neck, so gentle. They offer me no mercy. Like a wolf he pounces, his fangs rake across my throat and pierce my skin. Why can I scream? A blaze of heat: rapture. He licks at my essence as it pours from my gullet, then begins to suck. I cling to him like a drowning sailor, like a lover. My rock. My fire. My lust. My senses spin into the night, reaching out for solid ground. I clutch at the lapel of his cloak. If there is a heaven, I pray I go there If there is a hell, I know I am there now. I feel my life slipping away. My eyes are burning, I let out one last moan shooting out the darkness and pain, I rise up, leaving my twisting and heaving body. I feel my life slipping away, my eyes are burning, having this torment my life blood will burn!!! The last sand falls through the hourglass, it is calm here; I am at peace. This be death, the unmaking... Heat!!! Pain!!! Confusion!!! I smell bitterness, the cold fragrance wrenches my soul from its rest. He holds his wrist toward me Oozing life, its red gleam beckons to me. I know but one thing: I must drink to live. Like an animal, I lunge. Greedily I suck at his skin. The hot liquor caresses my mouth. I welcome to its warmth. Nerves given up for dead return to painful vitality. I try to scream. The life flow continues unabated, filling me. What have I become? With a cry, I grasp wildly for the sours of life. It is gone. I collapse to the floor. The crash of broken glass resound somewhere nearby. I am alone. With the gift of life still heavy in my stomach, I sink into the realm of nightmares. The pain becomes ecstasy, such exquisite, living agony. We become one, as death!

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