

Cease Adoration

By: Sarah Banas

Oh, how he wept – his heart was torn apart, bleeding profusely not of blood, but of sadness. His heart had been shattered – weep! Weep, tender heart! – for she was so beautiful, so fragile, so weak.

She laid there, on his bed, him closing the book he had just read to her. She looked so magnificent, so childish and adoring. Her hair sat quietly to one side. He brushed it away from her eyes – those eyes he loved so dearly.

His was scarred, but he still saw her, this gentle angel; her bosom slowly gliding up and down as she breathed in her sleep. This beauty, he dared not touch, for she was not his to take.

But the kiss! The kiss, remember the kiss! She placed it upon his lips; she dared to touch him first! Melting the callous heart, he saw neither with his eyes nor head, but with his true heart. The heart that was destroyed when his body was burnt away, leaving him as nothing but muscle that had to be hidden – the ferocity of his wounds scarring the eyes that saw them.

Everyone but hers.

No, no, she did not turn away, but inquired. Inquired of the past he was murdering. She placed those fragile lips upon the mask he wore, the mask to protect her from his hideousness.

She heard not the weeping of a demented soul yearning for salvation – he knew salvation came only to those who believed in a demented belief far destructive than he. He wept not for salvation, but for her – he wanted her; he wanted to love her, for her to love him. He wanted that touch again, but on his true lips now.

Weep, heavens, weep for this pathetic creature now laying before you! Laugh at him as you have done so for years, suffering the fate that you have forced him into for your enjoyment. This monster, this pitiful human scar – oh, the love of her life.

She heard the tears, and she understood. She wept with him, also. He looked up, finding most hatred of himself for disturbing her angelic sleep. Not she, though. She loved him more for doing so.

He leaned over to see if she was disturbed; nay, he felt it. And he saw the tear run down her cheek. His glove reached over to wipe it away, but his sobs he could no longer contain. He wanted her, not for the sexuality as any primal human, but for the caress of a woman, the gentle smile of a lover, the fury of an intellect. She could match his own thoughts, challenge his own mind, and see the world as he had never seen.

She as well, she could no longer contain her own tears. For too long he had left, never saying if he would return. She knew he would, but she needed to hear it. For too long he had been silent, speaking only of what was at hand, but not of his heart. She desired to feel his feelings.

She desired him. He was no monster to her. Though his flesh may have been burnt and scarred; though he was nothing left but a human shell, she loved him, loved him for the ideas he presented, the thoughts he made her think, the chance he gave her. She did not appreciate her life until he changed it. She did not appreciate love until he showed it to her. She was dying until his breath renewed her consciousness.

She took his glove off and kissed his hand gently, interlacing their naked fingers. She smiled and leaned over. He was nervous and so was she. She laid her other hand on his mask and caressed. His breath faltered and looked away in shame. She brought his face gently to hers once more and smiled. She kissed him softly on the plastic lips, but his heart raced nonetheless.

The single rose that never budded in the centre of the courtyard burst into bloom.