

## Cease Remembrance

By: Sarah Banas

Remember, remember...

He stared at the mirror, growling.

Remember...

He remembered it all.

His eyes averted the glow of the lamp beside the mirror. It was too bright for him, yet he would not turn it down. He glanced over to the hall, over to his music – where he danced with her. The dance of an angel and demon, of human and monster.

A tear let itself down. He loved her.

But she was gone... She left, he did not force her to stay.

No, he wanted her to stay – stay with him, beside him, so he could quietly love her with the ferocity that fuelled his living. He could not beg her, for it would cause her to resent him even more.

Resent the being that saved her, and loved her so dearly.

She loved him, too, did she not? She had to – otherwise...

No. It was his own love, not hers. She did not love him. She did not care for him. She appreciated him, yes, but love was not a factor.

If anything, she despised him. Yet, despising and appreciation was a paradox in itself – it did not make any sense to him. The calculations of such a thought could not possibly exist.

Yet, when one's heart is shattered, and hands become pressed against the face to sustain the tears streaming, it is logical. Logical that the world of one has come to hate the fabric of your essence.

The world in which that who is hated desired above all to be in.

He stared at himself in that forsaken mirror. He grabbed his mask, tore it off, and slammed his hand into it. The mirror, his heart, shattered into pieces.

He sat down in the chair and wept.