

Where the Wind Blows Red



It was only in my anonymity that I found beauty in myself. In my ambition I found only the unsightly parts of myself. In a mission to be purified, I committed to the simplicity of life. In the event that ambition once more pulls me into its arms, I will surely find the ugliness of my reflection, and the wickedness of the world.

Where the Wind Blows Red

† Chapter 1 †

I have always kept very close to me, all of my dreams and visions in my life. Those dreams have always kept themselves near, whispering into the silence, patiently pining for the evening to show. In one of those dreams, I did find myself on the outskirts of a decaying city. A decaying city is as best as I can describe it to you. Worn out and fading from its once greatness, now wallowing in the shadows. A mere silhouette of what it once was. All along the fronts of the buildings were long, draped cloths that had been dirtied by the seasons passing through them. The scent of decay passed all through the air of the city, and all around you could feel the longing of people who had become lost inside the labyrinth of the muddy metropolis. Bodies swayed left and right, lining up the curbs with queues of lost people. When you look to the eyes of people such as these, what do you ponder? Do you ponder on their spirits and the ghost of their smile? Or do you ponder on their dreams, and hope to lightly embrace them- remind them of their faltered peace?

I walked gingerly through the ghostly city, in the wake of the evening where the sun hit the shattered buildings softly, and spread out golden beams of light into the streets below. I walked further into the lanes and found myself waiting outside of a simple shop, selling all manner of old antique items. I saw from outside of their windows, an old woman bending over to find a dusted mask. I thought to myself that this must be a true place, some place of value. A place you could surely find something for yourself. Something to remind you of the beauty in

life. I thought this because truth sometimes can be found amongst the elderly.

My eyes feathered over the shop and I searched for a few moments, hoping to lay my fingers on something I could bring back with me. Something I could hold dearly. It was not too long before i found myself holding on to a book entitled "**Where The Wind Blows Red**". What seemed to be a simply made, honest book with a typed out cover. All along the spine of the book were markings made from what no doubt had to be wine or some other spirit. Flipping through the pages I was delighted at the familiar scent of old worn out pages. That ephemeral aroma, akin to a morning breeze, shifting through the leaves of a pine tree. I took into my hand a small notepad that I keep beside me, and wrote down with great caution the scent of the pages. Spreading out the pages of the book once more I was caught in its grasp, shimmers of dust flying lightly into the shops golden lights, like flecks of a feather falling softly into the air. Its beauty could not be bound by words. When you find something of great value, and its value reflects the ordinary elegance of the world, I believe you must have it. Have it in any way you can manage.

I purchased the book from the shopkeeper, and we shared words of it together. *It is most becoming of you to share of that beauty from which you take.* The shopkeeper smiled deeply into the golden light, and we strayed from time for a moment, looking intently at the subtle beauty of the book.

Walking back through the city, the faces of people seemed to become softened by the warmth of the book. Their faces all turned to its sweetness and I could see from all around that this was not a beauty one could own. I could see it was a beauty to be shared.

I have a home on the outskirts of the city where people hardly roam. I took the book there and waited for the sun to gently fall into the shape of the mountains. You could see from my windows, the fire of the sun deepen into the horizon. I waited there quietly and thought back to the silent glance the shopkeeper and I shared. The memory of the golden light touching the surfaces of the shop, the sweetness of its simplicity, and the joy the withered book had given. Sweet joys of human life. Slipping the book into the bed with me, I gently rested as the

dying glow fell onto the cover. Silence and peace crept into the covers with us. The sacred book, Silence, and I, all sleeping through the still goodbye of the sun.

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