

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.

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† 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.

Rushing to the hills. I wanted to see your face, blanketed by the wind. I wanted to see your silky hands, rushed into the softness of our covers, and I wanted to see us kept together like a pair of swans. Softly sliding across the winter waters. I wanted in the night to be covered with your sweetness, and calm palette of the air. To hear silence all around me, reach up to touch your ear. When whispers turn to dreams we become those fresh new beings, the ones that circle around the rushes towards the hills.

On the morning she found the book, I was bent all out of shape. I opened the door to find her face waiting for me through the cracks of the doorway, eyeing me through the thick walls. She wanted the peace that I had found, she truly wanted it for herself. To be one with the book, She wanted this more than anything. She had heard from the commoners in the city that the book had been purified, some sort of godly mechanism to cure the evil that resides within her. When she heard of this, she drifted towards my door, to interrupt the silent rituals I had begun.

she looked anxious now, and she was drying herself out in the cold, so I welcomed her in.

The birds, the birds circled around and flew in a pattern that blended their feather into the rays of the sun, softly they were one together.

Then, I sat beneath them and watched as they soared through the skies, becoming one big giant bird, light flowing out from each side of it.

The woman took a glance at the beside and saw the book waiting there. She rushed over to the beside and grabbed it from the covers it sat on. She started to flip the pages viciously, inhaling the scent of the pages deeply. She started "Ah, a warm smell, a warm and soft smell"

and she looked and turned to the window, peered out for a moment and smiled

I took the book from her hands gently, and asked if she wanted anything, if I could get her anything. But she was intently looking from the window to the book, she looked outside to the birds, and then again to the cover of the book. Yet again she spoke to me

"Have you read it?"

"No, I have yet to find the time, I only just bought it yesterday, from a delightful shop in the city"

and the woman looked at me with a puzzling stare, she seemed distorted the more that I looked into her eyes. A strange gaze she gave me.

"Well I'll be going, I suppose I'll be going"

and she fixed her clothes on her body and anxiously walked through the hallway and back through the door from which she came. A strange encounter.

I was aware of the woman, she'd become acquainted with me once or twice, and she was not a harmful person, but she had her strange ways that made me wonder.

She reminded me much of a woman I used to know. A woman I used to speak to, someone I was held by.

I was fixed back into the routine of my morning, and thought I should prepare myself some tea. And so I set it out, on the stove and ran the water til it got hot enough to put the leaves in. I have always been simple this way, I have always been a simple person. Those people who rely solely on the small rituals in their day, I was one of them.

Taking up the book from the counter, I found there were prints from where the woman had touched it. Prints from where she had grabbed the pages.

I smelled the scent of the book once more and it seemed nearly the same, only this scent was not so pure, this time it felt somewhat tainted. Like a human hair on an angel, just a slither of mortality.

Before opening the book, I could hear a creaking by the window. Almost like a howl of the wind, or a shriek from a bird.

Throughout the day there were many little instances like this, destroying the ritual in which I had spent my past years waking into.

I hear voices, and noises, and birds through the windows and doors, and all around me it felt as if the world was against my peace and solitude.

I found myself wasting away in the afternoon, looking out to the waves, merely waiting for the next interruption. Soon it became the nature of my day. Soon there was nothing left but interruptions and the interruptions became the noise, and the noise became the music. I started to love the music of the interruptions, and I drove myself deep into the city.

Decaying all around me were those buildings with dark, withered cloth around them. Despite this, I found myself a new home, right beside the darkness inside the city. The book always lay right on top of my bedside, or waiting for me on my counters. Seemingly always in reach. When I reached out to grab the book and read it- settle in the smell of it, I found there was nothing but the noise coming to tear into the silence. And so my dreams started to become tainted with that distortion. They started to become plagued with strange thoughts of a neighbor knocking on my door, or the scent of something ill.

I could see all of the pages of the book becoming stained with coffee and tea and other spirits. I could see for everyday I kept the book, the book became destroyed by the thick air of the city. The miasma that crept around the corners of the metropolis. One day when I woke up to find myself ready for the silence again, it was not found. It was not found and I surely sought it out. It kept itself in the darkness and hid away from me. As did the book I once loved with great passion. No longer did I seek out the smell of the pages or glance lovingly at the shape of its edges, or touch the crafted book with my hands and sit beside it as a friend. I no longer did this. I no longer did this and I became a stranger to the peace I once had. I looked into the mirror at the reflection of myself, and saw the strangers reflected in the city. I had the same eyes as those drifting city bodies. Cold and defeated. The city of impurity had collected my spirit to feed the machine. The book, lost to time, withered away beneath the dust in my home.

When I saw the book once more, in my old age, I had forgotten what a beautiful name it had written on the cover. ***Where the Wind Blows Red.***

R.W