

*SPIRITS IN THE FOUL*

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When nightfall came, I walked gingerly, away from that little house. There was a mystery sitting inside the darkness. A mystery I had yet to describe to anyone before this very moment. Balance is of high importance in the world, it's an important fragment of the law of this world. I wanted to be free, free from all of those solid obligations. To allow my soul to roam out into the woods, without the weight of those words. Even the moments of isolation as a child were bliss, as the sun shined through the windows, I slept on the warm floors, soaking it in. There was never such a thing as bliss in this world, without the freedom of the spirit. I walked through the forest, and found my place on the large stones beside the creek. I was running further this time, further into the depth of my own solitude. I couldn't expect myself to turn my eyes back to the faces of those people. I couldn't expect my own heart to be opened in those cold, empty places. I want to be free. I want to be free from all of it, all of those vicious rules. The world turned its nose up, speaking in a sharp tone, harshly pulling me away from my own desires. Foul, wandering spirits took me in, their touch was ghostly and fading. The spirits followed in their line, walking deeper into the depths, taking me alongside them. Fear was of no consequence, I could not imagine myself back in that place. Rushing homeward to the past where those noses turned up at me. The spirits walked with grace, and their garments slid lightly on the forest floor. Their air of purity leaked out from behind them, like a mist of knowing. Fear is of no consequence. Birds hauntingly hid in the trees, and all of the creatures were silent. I followed them, those who moved with such grace, and they led me to a little lagoon. The lagoon was filled with water that seemed shaded by their light. The patterns in the water moved like hypnotic waves, and all of those spirits went deep into those waters. They all stood together, veiled with their garments, singing out into the corners of the forest. A quiet, and serene song weaving through the airs. And they welcomed me

into their arms, with open hands. Their garments were wet with that golden water, and they wrapped their arms around me lovingly. We all drifted through the waters, feeling the innocence of our solitude. The birds returned to their places, without fear they flew in and out of the trees. They took my hands close, and held them preciously. A soft and feminine embrace. The thought of those upturned noses had fled from this place. Those fools, those miserable people who had not understood the world could not enter here. The world then became veiled with a fabric of grace, like a shimmering cover, we all stood in the waters. In the distance, I heard the rushing footsteps of a small crowd. Running towards me, thumping their heels on the ground. We heard the sounds of their horses, and how angry the air turned. The people hardly got into view before fading again. Their fires were held high, searching out into the forest. Their thumping heels drew closer before reaching the very edge of the lagoon. Horses beating up against the ground. The spirits took their hands over my head and pushed me beneath the water. The water streaming into my senses. I could not breathe and yet I did not panic. Quietly I accepted their gift of release, and I was sent into their arms once more. Faded from mortality, I floated through those waters as a spirit. They giggled and laughed out into the air, the weight of concern no longer burdened us. The horses let out their distant breaths, turned away by the people. The fires grew smaller into the distance as they too faded into obscurity. *There is freedom in silence, away from the grip of the world.*

*R.W*