

And I loved him and I have suffered as it has consumed me.

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"Do you have anything to say for yourself?" Sun questions, and Darkness closes his eyes. I lean forward as if that action alone would spur him into defending himself, of telling those who looked upon him with guilt in their eyes and antipathy within their hearts that he was not to blame. His eyes meet mine. Scarlet eyes lost within a sea of blackness, idling as a storm of emotion threatens to capsize and ruin its lackadaisical mood.

He did not defend himself. Nor did he scoff and look upon his prosecutors with the fire I knew he possessed, claiming that none were above him. I needed him to do something. To tell them that it was but a lie. That his creations were not a plague on this earth, to tell them why he had created them.

Or perhaps I needed him to tell me. I needed to understand why he had left such curious yet destructive beings to wander without his guidance.

He says nothing. He breaks his gaze, and as soon as his eyes are no longer trained on me, I feel what I suppose is akin to a heart plummet.

"Then you are dismissed." Those words should have spurred me into action, for me to raise my hand and bring the proceedings to a halt. I was as great as my brother and those in attendance, save for Darkness, were of my essence. If I spoke, they would listen. If I challenged this decision, then my say would hold enough weight to at least delay. But I am silent. My body grows heavy with the air that makes up my being, thickening until it felt as if I was moving through water. Ah, water. Another piece of me. Combined, I suppose I see it now. They lead him away, and I sit, telling myself that it was not so.

There was a reason. There had to be a reason.

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I hear him when I least expect it. A deep drone that fears no retribution from those who find themselves listening. Sometimes it is but a sweet and soft sound, lulling me into

dormancy and reminding me of the days where the two of us would fly through the sky, experiencing all there was in this land. I would guide his hand and learn that life was not just about creation but also destruction. For even chaos gave way to light so pure and impermeable that I would glance away in a moment of unworthiness.

In the beginning, he was but a lost soul in my eyes. A figure sent to a land that was soon beset upon by creatures mightier and perhaps even more intimidating. I sought to include him, if only for peaceful means. But his darkness touched a part of me that I did not know existed. It cocooned me and brought with it a warmth that combated my chill. Perhaps I became selfish, wishing to encompass myself in that embrace and not caring for the consequences if there were any. For I was a god, and all others were below me, even knowing humility did not change that ideology.

And then his eyes opened, and he became part of my world, not only in spirit but in action. My light had a purpose as the two of us both coated the land. Those that praised us called what we did the night, and I felt pride not for myself but for Darkness. His growth inspired me, and I grew comfortable within his presence. I found myself face to face with happiness and confidence. At his side, I felt beautiful. My light had a purpose.

The feelings became odd, for only mortals held emotion.

And for a good reason.

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My world shakes as rage floods from me like that of a tsunami. Everything was engulfed within my pain and despair. The flowers and trees quiver, and the lake pulsate as the waves grow. The spirits of the land flee. I care none.

How did the mortals contain such feelings within such fragile bodies? When they feel these emotions and think these thoughts, no wonder it leads to such destruction. No wonder wars begin, and lovers are killed, families are ripped apart, and life descends into chaos.

I felt it as well. Or did I? Spirits were not meant to feel. They were meant to exist. My energy was limitless, and my agony knew no bounds. My essence was in pain. It throbs to such a tragic beat that I fear I will never know what happiness or contentment is again.

“You must bring your tantrum to an end, sister,” a voice commands behind me, and without turning, I knew who stood there.

“If you were truly wise, you would flee. I have no control.”

“Then regain it. You are the child of Charznos and Orain, my twin sister, and the creator of many. This is not how a High God should act.”

“Love,” I whisper. The word was brief. For a mere minute, the darkened color of my energy pulses and shifts into one that I was far more familiar with. Navy blue and deep purples dancing around pinks and teals. But it sputters, and once again, an assortment of greys take its place.

“Have you ever felt such a thing?”

“We are spirits,” he sighs.

“Yes. But have you? Did you ever look upon the Kreani and feel a surge of wholesome energy. So pure and untapped that it felt like it could tear you apart?” I turn to face him, unsurprised at the shock in his eye but also unbothered. “When you look upon me. Do you feel the same? Do you feel that about anything?”

“Moon,” he whimpers, “we do not feel love. Whatever you felt for that creature was artificial, and at most, your light responding to his depths. Please, come back.” He reaches for me, and I shy away. Every step that I take causes the typhoon around me to increase, once again ready to delve down a path of carnage.

“It must be easy,” I whisper, “and I envy you.” I close my eyes and let it take me. It was a darkness that was not his.

And even though I shouldn't. I yearned for it to be his.

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Who said that spirits were better than mortals? Were they not crafted by our hands? Created with our minds and our thoughts on how they should be? So, why did we condemn? We made them what they are. And even worse, we allowed it to happen. We

place rules to keep us from interfering. Rules of autonomy and free will and destiny, but is it truly just us coming up with excuses to distance ourselves due to fear and humility?

I have watched them closely now. It was not due to curiosity but because walking amongst mortals was the closest I could ever get to him. To think that somewhere under my feet, he rests. To think that he could easily escape, but he didn't wish to. That he kept himself trapped and imprisoned on his own accord. Did this mean he was guilty?

The thoughts that plague my mind were intolerable. I found myself seeking their company to learn. How did the stronger ones survive this torment? How did they awake with a light heart and an easy smile and continue their day?

I found that they didn't.

Those built of purity did no such thing. Their hearts were in shambles, but their care for those around them always outweighed the consideration for themselves. And in their minds, I could hear them shrill like a beast rattling in a cage, shouting poisonous things built upon fictitious grounds.

Selfish.

Uncaring.

Vile.

How could an individual think such things and believe them?

My time amongst mortals was spent in confusion. My heart was far heavier than it was before I descended. Was I those things as well? Abandoning my duty all because of love. And who said this was truly love?

I was poisoning myself.

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I take a nervous step forward, yet another emotion that I haven't ever felt until now. Not upon birth or during the creation of my dear Kreol. Not when I had first called upon my light or when I had first called forth the being known as Darkness.

But here I felt it. My core fluctuating and trembling at not knowing what was to happen next. There was a barrier that I could not pass, but I knew he felt my presence, the same way I could feel his. And then he appeared, a wisp of black smoke that crept along the walls in a manner that I could only describe as demure. I reach out, only to be reminded that it was an impossible action.

“Darkness,” I question, and he hovers before me.

“What do you want?”

“I’ve come for the truth. To understand.”

“You’ve come to show your pity.”

“Why would you think that? Tell me why you did it. Why did you create the Cimmerians, and what your intentions for them were?”

“You doubt the legends?” he snorts, “that I simply created them to remind myself of my own power?”

“I doubt everything but the truth. Please, help me understand.”

“Go back to your realm. Admire your lake and smell the perfume of your flowers. Watch as spirits soar and stars fly. Leave me.” His wispy form begins to disperse, inching back into the safety of his cave.

“I shall. But you must answer one thing for me then if you will not answer that.” He stops. “When we were together. Did your essence pulse? Did you feel like you could erupt at any moment?” The silence stretches, and every small thing captures my attention.

“My core did nothing. Spirits feel nothing, or didn’t you know?” And so mine froze. It withdrew, shielding itself behind strands of energy and turning its back to all.

I recall one mortal. Her heart was hopeful as she raced to the house of the one she loved, but upon arrival, it dropped. Her heart fluttered to the ground as if shot clean through with an arrow, and it never rose. In shock, I watched as it rested there, beating but refusing to awaken from what seemed like a self-induced sleep. I watched as it stayed there. Every second after saw her energy and the life within her began to fade until she was a walking husk.

Death would have been kinder.

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I tempted her to give herself to me, the woman with the broken heart. It destroyed me to see such a beautiful being cut down in such a way. To see her suffering when there was a place she could go where that would no longer be the case. She would embody happiness and beauty and give life to such fantastic phenomenons in Celestiana.

She denied me.

I had thought that perhaps denying me was her way of telling me that though not now, her strength will allow her to rise once more. That time was needed for healing, but her heart would one day find its light.

Perhaps that was the case. Maybe if I searched for her now, I would hardly recognize her, for the light would have once again reached her eyes.

But, I felt as if such sight would cause me unneeded rage. They were right. Spirits were not meant to feel, not souls like me. I was a creator. A being so powerful that feeling such petty emotions were below me. A mortal could feel and recover, but not I. How weak was I?

I sit in a darkened realm, a cosmos inflamed with an infinite number of black holes that pull at all those not quick enough to flee. My energy fuels them, whooping and hollering like some primal beast who never had interaction with another. I let that blackness engulf me, ripping away all that I was. It would not destroy me, and perhaps when I make it out, all of this pain will be no more. I would be what I was supposed to be. Moon. And Moon alone.

Hands wrap around me and pull me close. I push my face into the chest, clinging onto them.

“It hurts.”

He shushes me, pulling me closer, “I am here, my sister. I got you. The darkness will not reach you here.”

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