

Love & God
by Virgil Clarke

I crouch on the floor in the shadow of a shattered window.
The view is surreal.

A battered city and its naked soul.
Thoughts wander. I think of days past...

*She walks with undaunted grace, her head held high.
Olive skin and black hair shine.
She is the water girl.*

The smell of her perfume and sweat fill my memories.
I am light-headed.

STAY FOCUSED

The enemy never sleeps. My mind starts to slip again...

*Barefoot with ankles covered.
She weaves through the masses, her eyes lock with mine.
Brown eyes of unfathomable depth. They pierce me.*

I shudder with a godless chill.

MOVEMENT.

The glass reflects in Helios's glare like an angry demon.
Amateur.

I crouch deeper into the shadows.

*She twirls in her long woven dress.
Energy of a thousand smiling children erupts from her.
Upon reaching the well she lifts the bucket with arms made for work.
I walk towards her.*

Whoever you are, I am not here

SUDDENLY.

The air changes.
something is wrong.

I wonder were she is now.

*In the days that follow we learn about one another.
Jagged broken speech conveys what we want to say.
Dreams of peace and love drown the weary.
Talks of leaving this war torn land together confuse and frighten.*

I hear it before the plaster and wood of the window sill spray me.

GUNFIRE

I hear the reload. Single shot.

They do want to die.

Why use such a weapon?

I sneak out at night for I cannot sleep.

Her touch is intoxicating

She speaks of Allah and family.

Her father will kill her for this.

Another round shatters the cross section.

OH HELL!

I am covered in debris.

Before the reload I jump up.

Rifle and scope are poised.

She wants to know of my life, hopes and desires.

It is another world, her god would not approve.

Right now.

This is heaven on Earth.

I look through the scope.

The past few weeks flash through me.

IT IS HER.

She is faster than I thought.

We both fire; may God grant us mercy.