



"Death Of The Mad Man": Design by Delora D. Klugh. Artwork by Tammy J. Mair. © 1994

AND THE ANGELS CAME

DEATH OF THE MAD MAN (PART 3)

By Timothy S. Klugh

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No promises, no wishes, no more dreams... What does one do when dreams are no longer enough to satisfy the lonely heart, and when the strength of character can no longer stand up to the rejection of others? Is it strange when death seems more pleasurable than continuing an existence when that existence is so dreary and hopeless? I view death as an escape. It is obvious that life is unjust and unkind. I can free myself from life's burden only by not being a part of it.

It is the extreme loneliness that I feel that plagues me the most. It seems my need for love has never been satisfied. I witness these yearnings in my dreams. I am in total darkness and can feel nothing around me. Suddenly, light gusts over me from above. Glittering gold splashes cover my body. It is as if the Heavens opened and the angels came to lift me from the complete emptiness of my despair. I reach out my arms and I start ascending into the light. As I ascend, I see her. She is everything that I've wanted her to be. Her hair is long brown and her eyes are of a timid green. She knows everything about me and understands what I've longed for. Softly, she takes my hand and an awe inspiring garden appears around us. We walk the paths passing the many sweet-scented flowers in full bloom and the majestic trees neatly sheered so that all have similar shape. The sun is warm, so warm that it fills my entire being. The sky is that of a deep blue with patches of ever-changing clouds. We talk of philosophy and art. For these are of pleasant topics, and she would know none of the burdens of my world... and such burdens would prove irrelevant in such an atmosphere.

As we walk, I notice that her confidence is only so deep. For what she shows is only for comforting me. As she is able to look through my outer shell of despair to the fearful child inside, she cannot see the beauty that illuminates herself and overwhelms all that is around her. Even the garden cannot compare to such elegance as hers, for it fills me with such intense excitement, fear and longing that it shakes my soul. Yet, I see the unfortunate enchantment that is cursed upon her, a curse of blindness to her own loveliness that she may never be confident in herself.

I grip her hand tightly and pull her before me. My thoughts are full of a desire to assure her of my emotions. Yet, as I look into her graceful thin face, I know that she is never meant to be mine. She is meant to be a consort to the

gods, or further, a god herself. To embrace her would be asking for the world, to kiss her would be asking for Heaven as well. She is everything that I have ever thought of amidst the solitary evenings that I viewed the sunset from my chamber window. She is everything that I have dreamed amidst the night. The gods have given me a chance to look upon her and walk with her amongst the Garden of Bliss. Still, I know that I may not drink from the bottle, for love itself is a poison.

She looks at me as if I have not fulfilled my action, though I have not mentioned my intention. How can I tell her that I may not go further--that she is not to be mine? She seems so unknowing of the consequences of the actions that I have withheld. The divine powers of the gods are not infesting her mind as it does mine.

Suddenly, I feel her gentle embrace around me as it slowly becomes stronger. I feel the closeness of her body now surrounding me. My fear of the gods' wrath now seems a minor punishment for the chance of knowing her affection. Then, like a sudden burst of overpowering calmness, I feel her kiss. My eyes close and there is complete silence.

My eyes open to my chamber, and she and the Garden of Bliss are gone. She is only but a dream, and the faces I see with each day--not one of them is hers. It is not loneliness alone that haunts me. I feel deeply that we are meant to be together. This keeps an unsettling in my heart, for I cannot be satisfied with another companion. They could never be the woman I walked with in the Garden of Bliss. Their eyes and smile can never shine the same light. Their light dims until I can only see the darkness of my longing.

But, the gods must have pitied me, for I finally saw her. She had come down from the Celestial world to join me. She'd come just when my strength had ended and my life limited.

The angels had come once more to show me that my life meant more to the gods. My life was worth a sacrifice made from Heaven itself. I was sent the cherished woman that was prized by the gods, and this time it was no dream.

I touched her hand and my heart was once more at rest. She knew my thoughts and emotions as one does an old friend, and we were.