



DARK PROOF OF GOD'S ABSENCE

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The night was dark. The silence stood still. I looked up at the sky and saw the clouds blocking the moon and the stars. I walked forward in the night. I walked into the church's garden. I saw the once bright daisies withering away and the irises intense blue shining through the night. I bent down to smell the iris, but I couldn't breathe properly. I cried harder. I cried about what had happened this night. How could I let myself go so far away from me? I didn't know what I was doing. I was not in control. I clutched my cross in my hand and pushed it in my chest. I felt the points of the cross penetrate my flesh. When I looked at my hand, little droplets of blood tickled down.

So many thoughts ran through my head, but in the end she came to mind. She was the reason I was here. She was the reason I had sinned. She pushed me here. I hated her. I loved her. She made me feel things I never felt before. She taught me things about myself I would have never known. I was conflicted. I came to the only place I knew

I could get guidance. God would show me what is right.

I pushed the doors open. They resisted against me. Did they know? I pushed again, this time with success. I left a stain of blood on the wooden doors. Once inside, the church felt cold. I heard the echoes of my footsteps fall, each louder than the last. Each pounding my head. Each driving a nail in my coffin. Each sending me deeper in hell. Then I came to the grotesque mural of Jesus on the cross. The crown of spines was vividly painted brown and black. The look of agony on his face, yet a glimmer in his eyes expressed a quite surrender in his heart. Below him, was Mary, his mother, and Mary Magdalene. They were both on their knees crying and looking at the crucified Jesus. He stared down into my eyes. He knew what I had done. I fell to my knees and cried.

Her face haunted my mind. I saw her everywhere I went. I loved her. She was the only one who had ever placed me in this condition. But was she really worth shattering my life? If I went back to her, I could never have the normal life I dreamed. I would be disowned by my family and friends. They wouldn't understand. I am sick and perverted.

No light came into the church that night. I looked up towards the ceiling, examining every arch in my sight. Feeling the marble floor with my feet. Feeling the cold, malignant air that penetrated my body. I stood up and walked back up the long hall. I walked toward one of the benches and laid myself there. The echoes of the night lulled me to sleep. The echoes of the night reminded me of the wrongs I had done.

I awoke and saw it was still dark outside. I stood up and left the church. I had half stepped out the church when I looked back inside. The person who walked through those doors is no longer walking. I was not the same person I was last night nor was I the person I knew my entire life. I am a new woman. Did this person have a name? Did this person believe in God? I did not know this new person. Where did the old me end and the new person begin? These thoughts ran across my mind when I clutched my cross and kissed it. I was afraid of the monster I was becoming. The perverted thoughts that ran through my mind. I could not love her, this was impossible. Why did it feel so right?

I went back home. My home. It did not feel like home. It felt strange to me. Nothing felt familiar. Everything felt so detached from my heart and from my mind. Had I changed overnight? Had this person consumed my home as well? I needed some familiarity. I

needed to know the world that I had once to live in had not changed. I needed to know, I just needed to know.

I heard a far off ringing. It was my phone. Did someone know this new person already? Had this demon walked the earth before? I let the call roll to voicemail. I wanted to be alone. I wanted to repent for my sin. I looked in the mirror. Was this what she looked like. The mascara ran from all my tears. She hid in my likeness. She was not me though. She was a wolf. She had to get out. I washed my face to wipe off the make up I had last night. I passed a brush through my hair. I remembered what her hair felt like, what it smelled like. I closed my eyes.

I saw last night again. We kissed. We touched. We loved. Oh, how we loved. I opened my eyes gasping for air. I needed to breathe. I could not breathe. I felt a pain in my stomach. I went to the kitchen. The stainless steel glared from the light of the morning sun. I wish it would stay morning forever. I got out some meat and bread and made myself a sandwich. I ate each bite slowly, tasting everything there was to taste. I had not brushed my teeth yet. I had forgotten to. After I finished my sandwich, I thought, I shall brush my teeth. I looked out the window. I could see the ocean. It looked peaceful. How at peace must the ocean feel I thought. There I could be at peace. My phone rang again. It was her.

My room began to spin. I could not answer it. I should not answer it. I will not answer it. I wanted to answer it. It was all these thoughts that ran through my head. The phone stopped ringing. I looked at my phone, half expecting it to ring again, but it didn't. I began to cry. Why was I tormenting myself? Why couldn't I love her? I couldn't love her. It was against the rules. I am suppose to get married and have children. With her, I couldn't get married, and the children would never come. I wanted to be a mother. I needed to be a mother.

The sun went down. It was a cold night again. I looked up at the sky and I saw rain clouds coming in. I went back to my bed. My bed felt safe, but not as safe as her arms. I couldn't do this. I attempted to go to sleep. My dreams were haunted by her. She needed to get out of my mind. I felt her lips touching mine. I felt her soft skin rub up next to mine. I could not think these thoughts. I tried to erase her from my mind. She

wouldn't leave. She was there to stay. I stood up from my bed. There was only one thing I knew I should do. I got a jacket and went for a walk.

I felt the raindrops fall on my hair. I hoped they would wash the stains of my sin. I prayed they would wash away the ardor I felt in my heart. More importantly, I wished they would clear away the pains in soul. I got to the beach. I walked along the sand, feeling each grain of sand passing through my toes. I reached the water's edge. I felt the coldness of the water pass underneath me. This is what my life would feel like if I ever told anyone about my deeds. They would cast me out into the cold. I could not live like this. I began to cry. I cried like I had never cried before. I walked forward. I felt the cold water moving up. I could barely breathe. I felt a million small icy daggers penetrate my chest. The water passed past my head. I could see nothing ahead. Then there was nothing to see.