

My dearest concubine,

Are you really out there? Is it you that answers my letters? Or am I being led down a path of false sense of balance, fed hope in small doses by means of your letters. Letters that paint colored pictures using my chest as a canvas. Pictures of you. A lovely maiden with streaming hair and a beautiful face hidden by a sweeping veil. Your eyes. Your eyes I have seen looking over me at night as I lay restlessly counting minutes till the light comes to wake me. These last months have been tough it's true, the cold stone floor seems to harden daily beneath my aging bones. But alas, the view through the bars grows more beautiful as my tenure in this dungeon lengthens. Perhaps my dreams create a facade before the ruins that surround my tiny cell. Or perhaps my vision has become more acute; able to pick out each tiny leaf in what was once a green blur. Focusing the blues and greens and letting the reds and yellows fade into the backdrop. Can you see the same colors?

I'm not sure if I am awake. My eyes are open, but all the faces that pass before me seem blank and empty. Their eyes have no depth and end just below the surface like a muddy puddle on the sidewalk. I wonder if they are just empty shells placed before me to create the feeling that I am one of many when actually I am alone. Alone in a cell made of steel and glass. If you listen closely you can hear the screams of all those that have been here before me. Their empty shells have moved on, but their souls stayed trapped inside these walls screaming for eternity. Wait, Is that a light at the end of my tunnel I see? Ah yes a slight reprieve, an hour where the walls come tumbling down and a strange sensation comes over me. Happiness. An overwhelming wave of happiness rolls over me and crashes into my senses. Sweet droplets on my lips with a slight flavor of coconut. Spinning. Faster and faster until the music stops and I slip into a state of unconsciousness.

So when are you coming to visit anyway? Mere letters no longer satiate me. But I also fear that your visits may be connubial, and as the saying goes, "out of the fire and into the mouth of the dragon". Who are you again? How did you find me? I remember a playground, somewhere near the school. And I remember being on the merry go round and holding onto the bar as it spun around and around. I wanted it to stop so that I could get off, but nobody else yelled stop so I just grabbed on tighter. The world around me became a blur. I could no longer see those around me and eventually I just let go and flew off the merry go round crashing into the ground. I remember losing a tooth and breaking my nose. It was the blur that made me let go I just couldn't handle the blur. Maybe I should have just yelled stop.

Sincerely yours,
Sir Axis Courteney