

Seeking Solace In A Silent Room

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The candle flickers, more so in the wind, but it never goes out. Unrelenting, guilt eats away at him, tearing at the flesh, as if to pull it from his bones.

He wonders what would have happened if he'd let her stay.

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Dark dreadlocks pool across the white pillow as he collapses onto the bed. It reminds him of a hospital bed; white, pristine, with not a wrinkle in the covers. His prison... He closes his eyes, seeking a release. The sky is still fairly light, despite the fact that it is late.

The candle flickers, more so in the wind, but it never goes out. Unrelenting, guilt eats away at him, tearing at the flesh, as if to pull it from his bones. He hardly notices the blonde girl who enters his room several minutes later.

“Angel?”

He looks up and in the half-light and frowning, he bites his lip. “Sanna, not- I don’t want company.” She turns her head, looking hurt. Then, slowly, she faces him and kneels down beside the bed. He drops his head back onto the duvet cover; she leans over and strokes his forehead lightly, her cool hand sweeping stray hairs out of his face. Her touch is calming. She does not seem to want to leave, but nevertheless, she stands and, gazing sadly down at the black clad figure on the white bed, she whispers to him.

“Tell me when you want to talk about it, then. I’ll be waiting... any time, anywhere-”

Her voice breaks and she slips out of the door, shutting it softly behind her.

He shifts, trying to find solace in the silence. Her face swims in his mind, but as he thinks of her touch, or of holding her, the picture dissolves.

The words he spoke to her now seem harsh. He feels the guilt return, twice as strong as before, kicking him into a corner and screaming into his face. He feels like a leaf, blown by the fierce winds of change. He knows he needs to leave the past behind, but it feels like a betrayal of sorts.

He lets the thoughts wash over him, now numb from the cold and pain, and wonders what would have happened if he’d let her stay.