

# The Morning Dew

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*She dances into his life*

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Ron Koppelberger

The Morning Dew

Mottled sunshine flittered against his pale skin as he roamed the garden path. The dew shone brightly on the Lilacs and Roses but mostly he noted the dew on the stray Dandelion that had grown up in the middle of the Daisy bushes. It was there that he found solace, a type of peace likened to a long sleep and a good meal. She had handed him a cut Dandelion before she left. Her presence or rather her lack thereof was little evidence of her visit nevertheless the Dandelion was a reminder.

He had been sitting on the front porch of his Spanish style ranch, the alcove was arched and provided a good view of the gardens and the well kept lawn. The whiskey he was sipping at tasted warm and welcome, he had been thinking of his predicament. The fact that Wolf was fifty-seven and alone, without consort or love bothered him but not quite enough to do anything about it, besides no one would replace Grace his wife. She had died of bone cancer and the process had been long and drawn out; he hadn't been surprised by Grace's death just exhausted and sad. She had been gone a good ten years or rather mediocre ten years. He had spent most of that time alone except for Rain, she lived across the copse in Courage Glenn. He had gone out with her several times. She was attractive and a bit younger than wolf and willing to start a relationship with him if he wanted it, he just didn't know. He had been thinking about Rain when he heard the moan. It was a sorrowful sound, like a female in pain. He stood from the polished wooden swing and called out, "Is there anyone there, are you ok?" Jasmine and dreams of carefree seasons filled his mind strangely for a moment. "Is there anyone there?" he repeated into the dark of the garden. He heard the moan again and took a few steps forward toward the path. A promised destiny he thought, what if I go into that garden and find her hurt, bleeding maybe even dieing? A journey begins by the way of thrush and thrash he thought as he stepped out into the yard. He stepped past a marker and a measure of the past, the red rose bush his wife had loved so much, he paused for a moment and caressed one of the blossoms, folded and compact in the darkness. Farther down the path he could see the faint glow of something, it looked like the outline of a woman. He moved forward down the path toward the light when he heard the moan again. It was loud and filled with grief. He paused again and looked into the dark toward the glowing figure, was it a ghost, he thought of Grace for a moment when she spoke. "Come to me Wolf, Come to me!" she coaxed. He stood there for a moment wondering and praying both. What if this is madness, he had been alone a long time, maybe he was losing his mind. She called again, "Come to me my love, come to me Wolf!" she insisted. The voice was not his wife's, she had died of bone cancer ten years ago and he knew it could not be her, but then who was this woman calling him into the dark, a ghost? She moaned again and it sounded more like a sob. "Come to me!" she pleaded.

"Who are you, what do you want with me?" he said with just a bit of fear.

"I'm dead, I'm dead, you must help me Wolf, you have to!" she moaned in a quiet whisper, closer now and visible to Wolf. She was beautiful, close to his age and...she was glowing in a strange amber light. He stepped closer to her and she reached her hand forward to touch his. A tiny spark of electricity jumped between their hands and Wolf felt a low vibrating intensity overwhelm him. "You must help me Wolf!" she said directly to him. He was having a hard time believing his eyes, she was trailing a halo of fire from behind, was it the damn whiskey, he didn't feel drunk. "I'm dead Wolf, and I don't know what to do!" she cried.

Wolf said, "You look alive as me honey." he said as he attempted to console her.

There was a rattling in the bushes and she grabbed his hand, the flow of energy felt good and he smiled oblivious to her fear. "We must leave, it'll find us here!" she insisted. The bushes to the side of the path shook in the distance and there was a cracking sound as if tree limbs were breaking. "We must leave!" she pleaded again. Just then there was a high pitched scream from the far end of the garden and the sound of water, like a river rushing furiously. She pulled him toward the house nearly dragging him. He watched as a trail of fire blossomed out behind her as she moved. The sweet syrup of Jasmine incense and wild honey assailed his senses for a moment as they moved onto the front porch. "That's a soul that abides by the darkness of an indigo night, wonting in search of spirits, and the eyes Wolf, the eyes are terrible!" she informed him. "We must abide the fear with passion, passion for what was and what will be. We must become one with the moment!" she pointed into the cabin with a ghostly trail of sparks. They locked the door behind them the shadows of the cabin dark and warm. She stood like a glowing fiery specter before him, her arm outstretched and inviting. The terror outside the cabin forgotten, left behind the instant she moved into the cabin. They would be one with the night and life and forever, had he found his wife, he wasn't sure. He thought for a moment and smiled, he didn't care she was his now and he was hers. The night wore on and he sipped at the whiskey glass contemplating his new love. She would see him through ghost or not, she would see him through. The clock on the wall read 2:45 A.M. and the refrigerator ticked coolly in the kitchen as the night wore on.