

ethe kelpie's song
- Hillary Hunter

Wet and black, slapping with flashes of light like sparkling fairy dust dancing across the surface disturbed only by great frozen castles. A bell like voice calls so sweet from the obsidian depths licking quietly at bone white toes curled into pearly sand. One toe, two toes, carefully inching themselves into the welcoming ice chilled water. A breath of mist gasps past parted frosty red lips as moonlit legs wade deeper into the beckoning sea, the hypnotic pull unstoppable. Lungs flutter helplessly as the arctic fingers of the ocean grip her waist. Unable to stop because of the heartbreaking voice that urges the brittle feet forward and down. Hot air is thrust into the frostbitten, as merciless water rushes around ribs. Chestnut hair swirls over the surface as a face tilts to the sky begging forgiveness and mercy from the bottom of her terrorized heart.

Pulling, weaving its way through her bones, hooking itself into her core the voice pulls onward, downward. That voice, like church bells chiming from the tower of a cathedral, like a blue birds song at the sight of another dawn, like a white wolfs howl as it stands all alone, like a lonely wind chime in a stormy breeze, so beautiful so sad. It caresses her face and sings to her soul. In that unforgettable voice there is an understanding as if it sees straight through her soul, a promise as if her heart is an unlocked diary, an offer of healing as if her mind is a simple line. It sings to her of the beauty of a storm, the joy of a true love waiting on the beach, the shivers of comfort at warm honey on the tongue on a lazy day, the freedom of dancing across a meadow, the indescribable passion from wildly screaming at the sky as lighting slashes across it. It's beauty undeniable, it's power unforgettable, its magnificence unbelievable, and above all it's pull irrefutable.

Pointed toes brush disappearing sand with more perfection than a ballerina. Head tilted back, lily pale face ringed by black as her dark-honey hair drifts across the surface. Cherry lips barely parted as mist curls past to crawl over ice-cold skin still baby soft. Her chest rises up to the night as her head falls back, her silhouette like a soul rising in a moonbeam.

Then the call comes again crooning her name like an angel's. Sinking in a v, silk, like cream, curls around her ankles brushing her cheek, a sad reminder of promises long awaited impossible to keep. Flawlessness so long searched for now only used to greet the owner of the dreamlike song.

Down to the welcoming darkness, greeting with arms reaching from the depths, ready and open for eternity. Bubbles push past

crimson lips trickle up palest cheeks and rise through downcast eyelashes to float to the light filtering through the surface so far above. Glass planets levitating like a chain of pearls.

Suddenly the tinkling cry silences and eyes closed as if in sleep snap open revealing hazel orbs searching for the sky. Limp doll-like limbs violently come to life thrashing through the calm deeps of the ocean. Once serene curls whip through the obsidian sea, knotting and choking, blinding the eyes. Delicate hands form vindictive claws tearing the water searching for a hold. The fantasy gown becomes an inescapable trap, restraining and catching. Lungs once so meek demand air, screaming inside. Like fire, behind her eyes terror flashes. Her heart beats wildly erratic as her limbs dance to the beat. Up is down and down is up. Panic wells from the shrieking cavity in her chest. With a mind of their own blood red lips rip open crying for air. Liquid ice rushes to the invitation filling her lungs against their will. Her mind batters for rescue, hating her instincts. Screeches fill her body, imploding, exploding, breaking, and shattering. She arches back and seizes forward. Dimming eyes try one last futile look for the surface then roll up inside as her body has its final seizure. Her pupils come back and the moment is clear as the fire is extinguished and the light goes out.

Sickly green hands covered with scales reach towards her face to close the now blank eyes. Shaking its head in wonder it pushes the bride, never to be wed, back to the shore. Hanging in place it watches the corpse till it is a just a pale speck in the distance. What a beautiful thing death seems to be. The colors and feelings so raw and uncultured. The truest essence of life seems to come out with a desperation in the last moments, as light is brightest next to darkness. Full of awe the thing of the deep swam through the shadows searching for a fresh helpless victim.