

# Dread

William Albrecht

My lover comes to me in her favorite red dress. She tells me that she loves me. She hugs me close and whispers in my ear, and I don't say a single word. I reach out Instead, to hold her close, and it's closer than she's ever been held before. I make real every pledge of love that I've given her. I make her the happiest person in the world. She hugs me back, as I respond with a whisper, and my life is as perfect as my perfect lover. She breaks the embrace when I tell her this, and allows me to swim in the warmth of her eyes. I live every moment as a sacred kiss, and with every kiss, a new memory to miss; together alone, beneath the blanketed sky.

I walk in the dark, alone at the park. My lover appears, and I know what she fears, so I remind her that our love is real. She wipes a tear from her eye, and stands up tall. A memory together, I thought would be never, but here she stands, with red dress and all. When thinking of her, I cannot recall, a moment that wasn't forever. We part once again, but I know that her absence won't last.

I walk in the night with some friends. Through the dark and the bright, we talk our way down rows of street lights, and the rest of the world is silent. As quiet as a whisper, she arrives to take my hand. As I take hers, she clasps mine tight, and her heart is in my grasp. I walk with my friends, and we talk in the night. We talk about love, and the beauty of life, and we talk with words that will last. They tell me that I seem detached, while my lover tells me that she feels out of place. My friends do not know her, and do not speak her name. I try to tell them to at least make an effort, but they pretend that she just occupies empty space. She tells me not to worry, and she smiles to me with a worriless face. I try my best to heed her request, but my friends are acting so cruel. Such disrespect cannot be ignored, and so bitterly, the night is at an end.

The night is done, and I lay in my bed. I recollect everything that's been said. I close my eyes, and I try to sleep, but before I can do this, my lover opens the door. A love so real, I am convinced once more; discarded clothes cast down to the floor. A memory for life is made of us tonight. It is one that will last me forever: a fallen red dress and a night without rest. I awake to the light, and I see she has fled. I lay still and cold, beneath kempt covers, which are folded neatly beneath the seams of my bed.

Noon has arrived, and there are good times to be had. I meet up again with my friends. From the fight last night, I no longer am mad. I am sorry, in fact, to have had such a fight, and I feel I must say this to make things alright. My apology, though, is not taken well, for what I am sorry for, my friends cannot tell. Nothing happened that night, they tell me again; nothing at all, but a good time with my friends.

In her flapping red dress, my lover stands on yonder hill. She doesn't make a sound. My friends and I are at the lagoon: the best swimming spot around. I jump in the glimmering water. The water is cold, and sends me a chill, while my lover turns and walks down the

other side of the hill. I leave the pool to follow her, and my friends seem confused as to who I chase after. They must have not looked up before she left.

We return to the lagoon, and nobody is there; just the two of us, alone once again. My lover and I, we jump in the moonlit water. The water is cold, and at night colder still, but I feel not a chill as I swim in the glimmering water. Just the two of us, and we swim around in content. She makes not a sound, as innocence is found, and she takes it way with her heart: an innocence not lost, but reclaimed. We return to the shore, closer still than before, and we dry ourselves off in the stars. My lover gets up, and then there she walks off, to return with a hand full of flowers. She lies down with me, with my flowers in hand. Her dress is soaked dark red. She picked them for me, she sweetly tells me. She picked the whole patch that had been by the tree.

Another hot summer day calls us all out to play. I meet my friends at the lagoon. We meet in the heat, beneath the shade of a tree, a patch of wilting flowers at our feet. My lover lies down on yonder hill; her dark red dress should dry off soon. The flowers that she holds with her are beautifully in bloom: the flowers that she picked for me last night beneath the moon.

It is evening again, and we all have gone home. I sit on my bed as I wait for the phone. Earlier, she said she would call. I wait on my bed, and I don't wait for long. I pick up the phone and I answer. My lover is on the other line, and I'm glad she called me so fast. We talk about love, and the beauty of life, and we talk with words that will last. But alas, we are stopped for a moment midway: a second telephone call. I explain to my friend that my love is on hold, but he claims that there was no busy signal. He hangs up, and she is gone.

I see my love as I walk down the street. She's exactly the person I was hoping to meet. By some stroke of luck, this persistently happens whenever I have that particular passion. She walks up to me, and her talk of love turns my stomach to lead. A dreadful fear I suddenly feel, as I note in my head, the familiar color of red. It never changes.

## **Author's Comments**

This one was for creative writing class. I had to convey a feeling of "dread". I kinda...experimented a little. I don't know how well the dread came across, but I hope at least that the punch line is clear enough.

Like I said, this was an experiment, but I think I'll actually do some more of this sort of poetic-storytelling-thing. They're fun to write.

## **Details**

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