

STORM

He was sinking his naked toes in the sand. The sand grains were covering his feet.

On the surface, the beach was still warm after a long, sunny and hot day. Some centimeters under the ground, it became cooler. This is why he tried to dig deeper and deeper. It seems his body, his heart and soul were in flames. Since days and weeks he was burning. Everyday more. Everyday hotter. Now he was here. At the end of this day. The sun, burning in blood red colors, was going down at the horizon. To finalize this period. Soft and cool winds were caressing his face now, as if to protect him from the sun, even if it was now vanished. The dark was coming closer to him. The sunset was replaced by something dangerous. Lightning appeared and illuminated the new scenario. Thunders were growling and accompanying this play with an incredible sound. He knew that he had to be part of this performance. Normally he should go. Instead of this, he deepened his toes more into the sand, to be prepared like a solid rock. Stationary and unseen. Standing still. The wind became stronger and colder. The rumbling of the thunder louder and the lightning brighter. The waves were higher and lost their pulse. Regulation was substitute by chaos. First raindrops hit his body. They were not the kind of raindrops which give you comfort after a warm day, like a shower. They were the kind of raindrops that punish you. Smash you to the ground and keep you down. He wanted not to be defeated by the elements. He felt strong. He knew he could not expect help from anyone.

This was his game. To show he can survive. What ever happened.

The hard raindrops were exchanged by heavy rainfall. Ice cold and dark light, as if from hell.

The thunder voices start to deafen him and the lightning to make him blind. The wind is catching him every second and try to pull and drag him away. To the open sea.

He could still hold on. However, he does not know for how long. The storm did not reach the climax and he could still fight.

For a moment, his eyes turn to left. Searching to find the place where he had a happy time. Hopping he can see her. How often they came to this place to be impressed by sunrise. To be amazed by the sunsets. How often they shared their thoughts and there laughter. To find ways to rule the world in a better way. To have solutions for all problems. To be one. How often did they walk along the beach. Without sharing any words, nevertheless communicating. How often they were waiting one for the other. Alone but not alone. How long it was going to take. They arrived. For some minutes, hours, days. It was their time. Valuable like diamond. Unbreakable, like titanium. Endless as the Universes and limited by themselves. A never-ending tale.

Of course, he could not find her. The thunderstorm was too heavy. The scene too dangerous.

Like a God's hand, the breeze was catching his body. To tell him that he is not welcomed at this time. In this place. Yet he could still resist. Even the coldness froze his soul into ice. The agonizing thunder noise stopped his heart from beating. The lightning stroke. Burned his brain.

Again his eyes turned to left and then to right. Very slow, weary and strained. Even now, he did not give up. Surviving thoughts were circulating in his brain. Like a last anchor holding him to this place. How often did they exchange their innermost thoughts? How often did they give themselves comfort? How often one was leader and the other a learner? How often they opened their eyes and found the world larger again. How often did they close their eyes and found tranquility in their inner world.

The element was unforgivable angry. They focused on him. Tried to smash and tore him down. He was a stranger. At this time and in this place. He had to be destroyed. To be eliminated. To be wiped out.

He felt his strength was coming down. Too brutal the wind. Too furious the thunderstorm. Too merciless the rain.

He was close to the end but still fighting the storm.

For a last time he moved his eyes. Looking for her. With nearly blind eyes.

Without hope in reality. With becoming desperate.

He saw.

Out of the dangerous area, she was staring at him. With a friendly smile on her face.

She did not give up on him. Nevertheless, she was afraid of the storm. She had fears in her heart because of the unknown future. The atmosphere was too dangerous. She thought she could not survive.

However, he was still a part of her. Always. He recognized it. A new power permeated his body. He felt the earth under his feet. Like a strong tree. Imperturbable. His body straighten. The eyes became clearer again.

He saw more.

It was as if a shadow was vanishing.

She was not alone. She was never alone. He was a short moment.

He recognized second time. He sighted. All power left his body immediately.

It was the moment he closed his eyes and gave up.

Simultaneously the angry thunderstorm stopped.

The stars appeared on the sky. The wind slowed down and warmth filled the air.

He was gone.

She looked puzzled and confused. What had happened?

However, not for a long time. It was tale, an episode, a memory.

She came back every day in the same spot, at the same time of the day and waited. She waited endlessly. Nobody knows for how long. It could be years or decades. It was not an episode or a memory. It was her world that vanished and took her soul away. Every day gazed with hope up to the horizon line, looking at the boats passing by, her heart was beating fast like a drum because she had the constant believe that they come closer and bring him back. Every evening lying lost, breathless, on the wet sand, with the ear pressed against the ground searching for footstep sounds as a promise of his return. Every night looking at their twin stars hoping for a sign. Sign that the storm will come back, that the thunders will unleash again, that the waves will fall like crashing mountains on a lifeless beach and cover her and pull her under the Sea, bury her forever in the place where she lost him, her soul, her world.