**The Lilac Dress**

*Some say the world will end in fire,*

*Some say in ice.*

*From what I’ve tasted of desire*

*I hold with those who favor fire.*

*But if it had to perish twice,*

*I think I know enough of hate*

*To say that for destruction ice*

*Is also great*

*And would suffice.*

-Robert Frost

Eve

My foot slips and I'm falling.

My life doesn't flash before my eyes,

it's not like that.

There is only emotion.

Surprise at the

gut-wrenching feeling

that I am dropping.

Immediately after;

terror

There is nothing to stop me.

But there is more…

Not an emotion,

a feeling.

Of warmth spreading across my body,

light rippling across my skin.

And then my back is burning.

The cocoon disappears.

There is no protection.

Just the wind tearing through my hair,

the air’s connection to my soul,

my lilac dress flapping around my legs,

and the fire.

Until it just isn't.

There is no wind,

No sound,

 except for the normal sounds in New York.

The constant squealing of car horns,

and the chatter from the throngs of people

moving through the streets of New York City.

*My* city

Opening my eyes,

I gasp.

I am no longer falling.

The lights around me are stationary;

not flying past as I imagined.

A shimmering wall of light surrounds me,

Protecting me from the wind.

I must look like some sort of

comet stopped mid flight,

No longer determined to destroy this

City of Lights.

It is like I am trapped in a fiery

snow-globe.

The glowing shell transforms itself;

switching through the warm colors on the color wheel.

Blending together like some sort of living liquid.

Lights flow around me,

Sparkling in the warmth of the bubble encasing me.

I am floating in fire.

A gentle wind

sweeps me over to the top of the

tower I originally

fell from,

and sets me down lightly.

Percival

Lighting up the sky she falls.

An angel just cast from

Heaven.

She emerges from

below the lip of the building.

She is fierce.

A spark lights in her eyes,

challenging me to speak.

Confronting me to question

the wonder I just witnessed

Her light purple dress

flows around her legs,

embodying a feeling of innocence and femininity.

Contrasting the initial feelings of power

I perceived from her.

Scientists say

the world is finally ending.

We were too much for it.

I just think

we broke God’s spirit.

His hope in us has finally expired.

Facing this angel I realize,

I'm not ready.

There is no way I will ever be.

But this is the beginning

Of the end.

How do you escape that?

Eve

He gazes at me in wonder,

 Like I am not completely human;

Like he is experiencing God.

Silently daring him to speak,

I push past him-

Letting the challenge hang in the

Growing space between us.

Yes,

I just fell from the sky,

turned into a ball of fire,

and survived.

But I am still only human.

I didn't ask for this miracle.

I always learned,

life is only what you make of it.

If you don't dream, you won't achieve anything.

But I didn't dream of this.

There is nothing I am able to do with this gift.

If that is what I can call it,

A gift

As I walk away, he follows.

Waiting for answers to the

Thousands of unasked questions.

I speed up.

So does he.

I begin to run.

He is still there.

If I can make it to the elevator, he will be

Cut from me.

Stumbling into the elevator I repeatedly push

Close door

Close door

Close door

At the last minute he jumps in

And falls to his knees.

As if the very sight of me overpowers him.

I huddle in the corner,

as far away from this strange man as possible

in this enclosed space

Why didn't I take the stairs?

At least then I could run.

He looks up, and I see

raw emotion pouring out of his eyes.

He takes a step forward,

I take one back,

Pressing into the wall.

I am afraid.

The male population has not been so good to me,

during those lonely nights after I ran away.

No one understands

What I have gone through.

They don't care.

Percival

She cowers in the corner,

But why?

As an angel she should be strong,

Helping the human population struggle

through this time of desperate need.

The apocalypse

There.

I have put a name to it.

I said what I have thought was only

Someone’s crazy imagination,

A desperate ploy to feel attention.

To get the world to know their name.

But now I said the word,

It is so much more real.

It is now a fact,

Unstoppable

The elevator stops abruptly and I stumble,

almost running into her.

Crashes can be heard outside,

as if the very world was falling apart.

Is it the end?

Does she know

what the scientists say?

We drop,

Freefalling

In an enclosed metal box.

I grab her hand and she no longer resists.

She is too scared of what is actually happening around us

to be worried about me.

We jerk to a stop.

The elevator doors shudder open and we cautiously step out.

The glass of the floor to ceiling windows has shattered.

Screams ring through the air.

Cars screech and the road is even more crowded than usual.

There are running bodies

Everywhere.

People are not themselves,

Chaos reigns.

The time has come

Eve

The chaos is overwhelming.

I need to get back to the open air;

To the roof of the building.

Maybe even to fly to safety

He won't let go of my hand

So I pull him with me.

Away from the chaos and screaming,

Away from the hordes of stampeding people,

Away from the flickering lights,

Up the stairs

Flight after flight

After flight

Until we finally burst onto the roof.

Stars light up the sky and the earth shakes.

Fires ravage the city, and

buildings crumble

A huge tidal wave sweeps over from the ocean,

Creating destruction wherever it goes.

All too soon the wave reaches our building.

With full power it sweeps around us,

eating at the foundation with its

enormous force.

As the building crumbles,

I have an insane idea.

Glancing at him as I grab him around his waist,

I see tears streaming down his face.

He is so devastated he doesn't register what I am doing,

or have any thought to save himself.

This is the only way to save us both.

I throw myself off of the edge of the building,

dragging him with me.

The change happens quicker now.

The warmth and protection,

the pain and fire,

the shimmering bubble.

But something isn't right.

He is crumbling.

Flakes of his skin are peeling off,

drifting around the bubble of protection,

mixing with the sparkles,

floating serenely

like nothing is wrong

My protection is killing him.

"Percival," he whispers.

I assume this is his name.

"Eve," I whisper back.

Through these words I feel more connected with him

than anyone ever before.

Meaning resonates through my actions towards him,

even though I never really

met him

And I never will get to know him

I am his angel.

Maybe not a saving grace,

but the last face he saw.

The last one to love him,

however briefly.

I let him go

His remains drop,

scattering like leaves in the wind.

Closing my eyes,

I let the breeze take me where it will.

If I am meant to live,

then I shall.

If not,

then I will meet Percival on the other side.

The breeze sets me down

on the only solid ground that is unaffected

by the rest of the world.

I am on top of a cliff,

Overlooking world destruction.

Gazing out at the ruined world,

I know,

I am strong,

I will make life.

For love,

For hope,

For Percival.

The last soul I saw.

My tattered lilac dress,

now holding so much importance,

swirls and dances around my ankles,

with the half hearted flutter

of the wings of a dying butterfly.

Getting to the top

Takes sacrifice,

But I will never forget.

Life goes on

With Percival I found my first breath of peace,

And my last.

No one can ever understand me like he did in his last moments.

Now I am back to my old game,

surviving

**Daydreams**

*People gaze, uncomfortable and*

*Lonely, into the clouds.*

*Reality shifts, and you fall,*

*Not unwillingly, into the sky.*

*Far above the reaches*

*Of prejudice and preconception,*

*You fly.*

*Exploring the earth from*

*The world quite removed,*

*Possessing seashore, sun, sand*

*Collecting snow and snails,*

*And being the owner of*

*A thousand emotions,*

*Each discarded as soon as seen.*

*Voices float on the wind, a human explosion*

*Of passion and need,*

*Expressed for the heaven’s enjoyment.*

*Drifting far above the trees, a voice calls,*

*And you return, the clouds having tired of*

*Your company.*

*Gazing into the eyes of those*

*Who don’t and will never know and see,*

*You smile,*

*Part of you never to return, lost among the clouds.*

*-Robin Austin*