The World Was Silent

Dark, desolate night.
The tall lights flickered almost rhythmically on either side of the deserted street.
I felt the breeze caress the side of my face, wrapping me in its chilling embrace.
I placed my hands into my pockets, and kept my hood up as I stared at the ground.
I started to make my way down the middle of the road, pacing myself; keeping one foot in front of the other.

Where was I going?
I didn't know.

All I knew was that I wanted to be as far away from here as possible.
Shoving my hands deeper into my pockets as the wind picked up, I began to walk more briskly, until I broke out into a sprint.
Suddenly I felt the tears stream down the sides of my cheeks.
Their warmth stung my face as they contrasted my already frozen skin.
The road seemed to stretch farther, as if I wasn't even moving at all.
Through blurry eyes, I tripped over a stone that hadn't even been there.
Darkness washed over me, and I drifted away into unconsciousness.

After what felt like an eternity had passed, light crept into my pupils.
I arose from the pavement, with a stinging buried deep in my skull.
I blinked a couple times trying to make the picture in front of me come into focus.
Looking around, I noticed something was different about the world I had seen last night. Everything was brighter.

The once vacant yards, were filled with beauty. Flowers were covered with vibrant hues. The decrepit, broken down houses were now whole again, and their eeriness had faded.

Had last night all been a figment of my imagination? A mere trickery?
Continuing to take in all that surrounded me, I noticed something out of the corner of my eye.

There was a little boy.

The boy, who looked to be around the age of four, had his back to me. I opened my mouth to try and speak to him, but the words would not come out. Unexpectedly, he turned around; as though he heard the words I had desperately tried to form.
A sense of déjà-vu swept over me, sending shivers down my spine. Somehow, I had recognized this small stranger. Although I couldn't figure out from where. The only thing I knew was that he was deeply familiar to me.
A smile spread across the boy's face, and his eyes appeared to light up. I didn't understand why, but he ran toward me and hugged me tightly around my legs. Crouching down to his level, I started to smile at him, until he looked back at me.
My joyful expression quickly disappeared and it turned into a look of astonishment. This little boy smiling up at me was unlike anyone I had ever seen before.
He had a mess of dark, charcoal hair, and a face that looked as though it had been carved carefully by angels.
But the most striking of his features, was his eyes.
The boy had eyes as dark brown as the earth. They were beautiful. In an instant, it felt as though everything around me had gone away.
His smile, brighter than the sunlight around us, never left.
He placed his small hand in mine, and tugged at me to follow him.
I had not a care in the world. For this little boy, for some reason had placed happiness in my heart that before had no longer felt warm.
He giggled, and laughed, and picked up some flowers from the side of the street.
I watched, and smiled genuinely as he rolled in the grass, and pointed to the clouds.
Even though I was still mute, no words were lost in our translations.

Simplicity at its finest.

Nothing but child-like thoughts and pure happiness as I lay down in the grass to watch the clouds with the boy.
Something suddenly did not feel right about these clouds.
Their snow white fluffiness had changed to gray overcast.
The sun that had once shone over us had disappeared behind the darkness.
I saw a spark of lightning, and then heard the boom of thunder.
Rain started to fall, quickening in its pace.
Looking over to the little boy, he was no longer smiling.
The emotion he had now, appeared as pristine terror.
I pulled him toward me and held him close to shield him from angry Mother Nature.
He was quivering, and as I gazed around me my wall of strength fell apart.

The flowers were gone.
The houses were once again, broken.

I was back in the black abyss from the night before. It hadn't been a figment.
It was reality.
I glanced down at the boy to see tears running down his face like rivers.
Wiping my hand across my cheek, I noticed that I had started to cry too.
The rain was falling harder now, mixing itself with harsh wind.
Shadows appeared from the clouds, and moved closer to us.
An inner maternal instinct engulfed me, and I tried to shrink closer to the earth, growing more and more anxious by each second that passed.
Before I could even blink, the shadows had torn the little boy out of my grasp and began to carry him away.
Out of nowhere, I found my voice.
It was not a sentence, it was a shriek. An emotional, painful scream that came from deep within my soul.
It pierced the air, as it was piercing my heart.
I couldn't move. I was frozen in place, cemented to the ground below me.
I saw the boy's eyes terrified, and through the roaring wind I heard him whisper,

"Mommy..."

The rain stopped.
The clouds disintegrated, but the sky was still black.
The wind had become nothing.
The little boy that had soon become my world was gone,

and the world was silent.