

# Blue Yonder

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She never imagined loving someone so much that her life meant nothing or doing something she never thought to do. The Blue Yonder is a testament to true love.



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It was midnight when I reached the edge of the shore. I kicked off my shoes and allowed the soft cool waves to lick at my bare feet, which resembled the persistent whispers of a story unspoken.

I stood alone on the remote beach where the silvery moonlight divulged shadows of my broken existence beside the moist pale sand.

The steady mid-summer breeze blew across the murky waters. It woke the glass-like stillness. The cold breeze sent a chill around my slender body which caused my thin sarong to flap, akin to dark angel wings.

The soft sandy shore felt as a kiss of ice beneath my feet, but neither the cold breeze nor the wet sand could ease my smoldering soul.

I hugged myself to ward-off the sudden chill thinking of the house under the Casuarinas trees. It held the sweet memories of a life filled with love and happiness, peace and joy. It was a home full of hope and promises where sacred vows once given in exchange were never hard to keep.

That loving home now stood in the shadows behind me as a ghoul with harsh, revealing eyes that's seen the last few years lived out in pain, loneliness and despondency.

Images, akin to a movie screen inside my head, revealed flashes of a life surrounded in love which turned into one spent in red, black and white.

The complication, irritation, seclusion and confusion of this life turned my love to heartache and my hope to despair. The love that always guided and directed me; which forever laid in my heart and mind, led me toward this path.

Cancer held David in its deadly grip for more than three years. Its toxic touch corroded his body while it choked David's spirit, stealing his life away by minutes. The slow killer robbed him of so much and gave back nothing but grief.

He had become weak, emaciated and racked with pain. The medication the doctors gave to relieve his anguish seized what the cancer left, David's magnificent mind.

The spark of life those brown eyes held for all things new, dulled and fell lifeless while he stared up at me blind. I listened while David struggled to take his last breath and it stole away my own. When at last he died, secure in my arms, my heart and world died right along with him.

I stood silent against the sudden bombardment of noise as I watched the blue yonder. I stared, transfixed at its mellowing darkness and tranquil peace while I pondered my life full of brokenness.

The broken promises of a long life shared surrounded in David's arms, of carrying our children and the wasted promise of family and close friends. David's broken body and mind pleaded with my broken heart, which bleed. Everything we were has broken.

A deep sigh escaped me as well as any hope to glimpse beyond the deep Blue Yonder. I turned from the compelling expanse to face my faith, the house in red, black and white.

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Suddenly, a flash crossed my awareness of sailing toward the Blue Yonder and its quiet peace snuggled deep inside David's embrace.

The vision was real, yet so corporeal my body and mind floated toward it in haste. I didn't hear the police tell me to stop and get on the ground. I never felt them manhandle me to the icy sand, placing me in handcuffs or saying they were arresting me for David's murder.

The medication which never relieved David's excruciating pain, found its purpose. I administered the lethal dose and held my lover and friend secure in my arms until he left this world, finally alleviated of his daily burden. Afterward, I called the police and took a lethal dose myself before wandering out to glimpse our Blue Yonder one last time.

I'm beyond this world now, heart, body, mind and soul, no longer broken. I'm with him again, nestled sweetly in David's arms, while we sail the great Blue Yonder of the dead.

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