A magical story

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A fantasy tale portraying the Sun and Moon as earth bound lovers cast into the sky.

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The Sun and Moon were once beautiful forms; much like you and I.

The Sun was an extraordinary man, steadfast and strong.

Honorable and kind, he possessed a heart filled with passion and desire. So much so that he felt it might one day consume him should it not one day be shared.

He was the son of a God and in so being was destined to become one himself. Guided by his Father he was to follow in his footsteps until the time came. That was the order of things.

Dearest reader, you will of course have guessed by now that the Moon did indeed inhabit the most fascinating of all shapes.

As delicate and as beautiful as the falling snow, there lay inside of her an ocean to be discovered. She looked with almond eyes and her voice knew only the sweetest of songs.

Their eyes met in a breathless glance, their skin but barely brushed. Endlessly intertwined they became, such an effortless thing.

Their love declared itself without permission for as it was the kind that simply could not, should not and would not be hid.

For the Gods son to fall in love in such a way meant he broke a golden rule that all sons of Gods had obeyed by for as long as time itself. His father was inconsolable but he loved his son indeed and so, rather than see him punished as a mortal he cast both of them far away where no harm could befall them. That was the order of things.

So it came to pass and the Sun and Moon were banished above Earth, becoming guardians of her nights and days.

The sun became all powerful and giving. His golden breath sweeping over all below him, bringing life to all he touched. Nurturing and immense.

The moon shimmering and serene, her magnificent light a gentle seduction.The vast seas beneath her danced this way and that.

And so they remained above, apart from one another. Never to observe again the others body rise and fall in slumber,its geography breathtaking and infinate.Valleys and ridges of the human form fading from memory. Its gorgeous contours mapped deep in the heart.

Dear reader the tale doesnâ t quite end there and youâ ll surely be glad to know that their paths do indeed cross from time to time.

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When he is tired, aching limbs and heavy heart he falls into her arms and they embrace with smile and sigh. She mends him as he holds her close. He whispers in language only she hears, an aching soothed.

Their love begins to speak and becomes an explosion of colour in the evening sky.

Deep oranges and tinged crimson reds slowly begin their silent magic, a rich glow as they melt and melt.

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