Someday

Word Count: 629

I will be in arms, but warm like the sun in June. Hearing the joyous and plentiful laughter of you and I, like children playing together. Still silent, not a breeze in a meadow, not a chime from an old grandfather clock. The face was yellow like a worn-out golden pocket watch, a vision of pure light. There is no darkness when I'm with you.

 Skin-like ivory and soft like the finest silk. Your voice is like honey from the bees working their hardest. A feeling of tranquility and peace. To see you lay there, still like a strong willow tree in the forest, the stillness frightening. Eyes closed, I call for your name, which is not spoken to the world, for the world does not deserve the grace of your name, not your presents in the gaze of mortals.

 For mortals shall perish at your beauties and wonders. The clanging of the guns and the cries of the fallen ones in the sorrowful land. The dust and mellon collie sticking to the crowd of the broken. The wearing of the dreaded, the feared clash of which is inevitable. One day, someday, I will save what is broken. The sound of scuffed and worn boots against the path's tear-filled dirt fills my ears. Yet, I only think of the voice I heard so many moons ago.

  The rumble of planes in the distance roared with hatred for someone like me. Someone who can't help but be what a man is. Doing what he must do for what he believes is right. A protector, a fighter with a purpose. All I ask is that what you see me as is a man.

  Running like a stallion in the wind, I will make it. I know I can. My only hope is you. Your arms to save me from the days of crimson torcher of which I have been through. Your golden face clashes with the darkest sorrow I wear on my soul. May you lift me like a falcon on the horizon of a dawn of a new day, soaring with the grace and speed of a lion.

When my eyes gaze upon you, I find myself in a place of pure wonder. No words can describe the courage of which you possess. Your amber eyes hold the most value to me, for they are priceless, diamonds, emeralds, and sapphires will never compare. Your hair I miss too, like a strawberry shortcake, fluffy with ambition, rouge, and peach with the golden rays blessing you.

 Seeing you is like the first star of the evening. Bright with wonder and forever burning in a vast cold place. I am in a place of bloody anger and violence all around.  A glimpse of your picture gives me hope and the wits I need. For the trumpet, brass sings in my favor.

 As I run from my fear, I have a pierced feeling in my chest. Stinging, burning, and the wind gone out of me. Just as the day I laid my pitiful sight on you, emerging from a dream. I trip over my own feet at you, as I have just done, booming against the cold ground. Like a flake of snow, I am. White and growing closer each minute. Oh, how I wish to be in the field. I was with you so long ago. With my sight growing dim, I see you. Your glowing radiance and warmth bring me to you.  I feel light as a feather and have no pain. That is what it has always been around you. Someday has come, and I am with you once more.