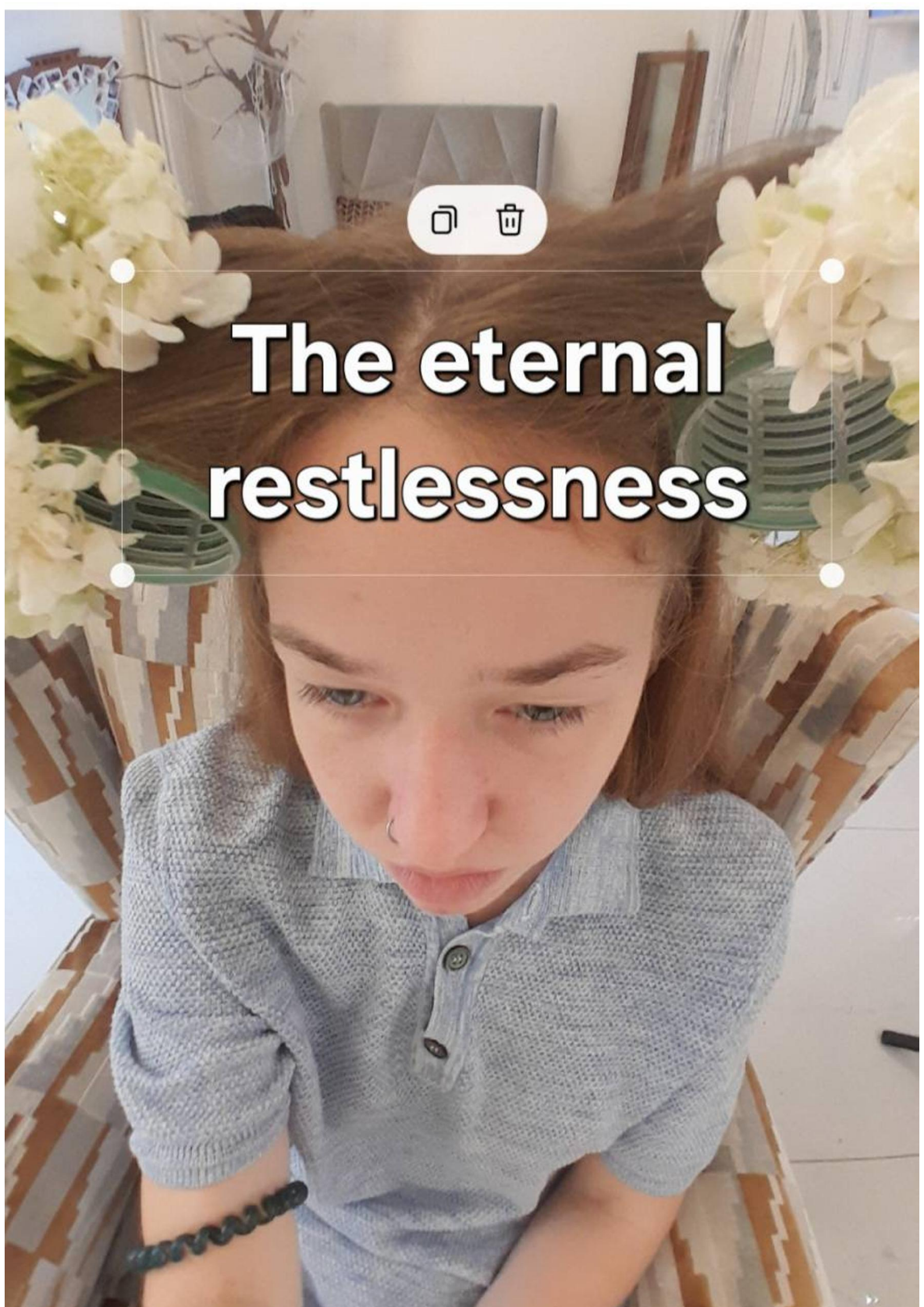


The eternal restlessness



Кира

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«Автор»

2026

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Это - моя третья публикация, рукопись, переписанная на английском языке. This is my third publication and the text of it was rewritten in English by me. Это - текст затихающей истерики, всхлипывающий и получивший в жизни свой собственный путь. This is the text of subsiding hysteria. The text is sobbing, it got its own way of Life.

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Кира

The eternal restlessness

The heart is being filled with the fearful pain, erasing the world right before eyes. The whole body is being covered by cold. In the head, it blurs from what is happening, and the ears can no longer perceive the music.

Each memory crushes the soul into tiny pieces. The mind can't recall, and the heart... Those cruel hours of slow losing the friend remained deeply inside, rightly empty and not letting themselves to be filled.

It's hard to judge the person without looking into their world. The betrayal appears in the place of thoughtless discovering the truth to a locked person. Mysteries devour them from the inside, jumping to the victim, breaking into the soul and breaking every protection of consciousness. The air is freezing in the lungs - the organism is trying to murder the awkward moment on the scene, trying to keep its parolee from being in squall of ridiculing critics. The minute is up...

And she went on, smiling radiantly and melting frozen hearts, in her heart having a bigger piece of ice.

That was it. Nobody recognized, nor did she.

The beautiful doe is slipping out of the sight, flying smoothly through the green carpets of the sky and the earth. Its being is erasing from the History. What a pity.

That was the way it'd been, the nature hadn't invented any niche for the owners, and denies their existence. Everything that is gifted to someone then returns to the Eternity.

From what affections and possessiveness happened? It's hard to tell.

But, having the prey lost, the powerful predator, with brightly shining fur, blinding an eye, felt great anger and had the feeling of emptiness. How was it annoying to lose the value for that moment, to point of shaking hands and legs.

In the lonely wood shouts were uncountable in time, as it seems, eating the days and the centuries. Injuries and cuts appeared on the beautiful animal's fur. The torture of soul couldn't find the exit, destroying both an organism and a reason.

Would it be possible to forget about that, or the soul will keep carefully every incident in the hidden corners of dark?

Never-ending tries untangle from the dead entail just so much more discouragement; they are catching by every new thread and word.

Along with the life, cobwebs continue to develop, absorbing new murmurings and hurting meaningless exhales. Everything around the hearts are methods: of moving, of breath, of harassment, of action. And systems are very egoistic in their thoughts. There is no honor and no kindness for non-destruction of their sense.

The prey was caught in the net, never-ending and comprehensive. Having tried all the remedies to fight the trap and having found nothing for liberation, she was becoming a desperate one.

She was lucky to appear before the nice person, besides having the grand knowledge. There appeared a hope for saving the soul.

Who will win: the death or the truth? For exploring that we could find a couple of decades, looking at the fightings of the light and veracity.

While the consciousness is struggling with the reality, the soul is disappearing in an effort to no one knows where.

However, it's stupid to imagine that the effort is meaningless, it's impossible to lose the way of awareness for something wise and previously unwavering.

Something would wait for her ahead, that has had its claws into her gorgeous body. This addiction lives not only in the heart henceforth; it has spread all over the organism, having robbed it of its righteous peace. From this, there will be no silent nights with no presence of something.

Funnily, now, there is a version of past life seemed clearly in the mirror of the water surface, and its appearance has a calm and peaceful shape that surprises the present.

The mind isn't that unsurpassed for predicting the future in its every tiniest detail. Even more regret is caused by the impossibility of appearing exactly there, in a longed-for embrace, being outsmarting the ages and the world.

The waiting burns. Though, what would have given the strength to live and wait then?

Heartbeats are lonely sounds in those filled rooms, agreeing to pass away thunderclouds and frost. Thirsting for even more was increasing with that increasing getting warm.

The touch became The Bible. It echoed her metamorphosis, into the instruction of achieving the absolute, into the rule confirms the truth and dictates the laws of life.

Then, things, the most dangerous in infecting the soul and the mind by the vulgarity and darkness, I saw so pure and so innocent. The sense appeared; after all, the remorse could spin straw into gold.

Being half-blind with sleep, she got up. At first glance, it could be a think there was a nice day, including no tricks. The wind was disturbing small leaves that were losing the strength. The anxiety was in the air. Tomorrow, and then a thousand days later... The loneliness of her in the mind was based on a flimsy moral foundation. The path wasn't over, so there was a grand number of ways. There was so that sceneries were leaving the head one by one, transforming into an endless lace of ideas.

The most important thing is that the future is in any case.

The doorbell will ring, and everything will end. Will end... So scared was she, to point of shaking hands, drinking a freshly brewed tea.

- That's a weight of my mind you're here... I'm pleased... I couldn't be happier... Better. But, what would be the next step of mine, for what will I make a new effort?

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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