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## Images

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## Images

### *Karysabell Murgas*

The images fluttered onto my desk like brown leaves in autumn's wistful song. Her body lay on a mattress soaked heavily with moisture from her sticky, cinnamon skin. Her bright, youthful face transformed before my eyes. I studied her features, seeing that, for me, she was no longer alive. Her cheeks no longer blushed with the sincerity of innocence, and her pale lips were parted in silent pleasure. Like a doll, her expression was vacant in remorseless slumber. My eyes glistened as I scrutinized her naked body wrapped in sheets of sin. Next to her was a man, indifferent towards the lost beauty that he will never cherish.

I closed my eyes for just one moment, and imagined how she was as I knew her: a young woman troubled by a regrettable past. Though she was in anguish, I remember her face glowed with every desire to be loved. The image in my head slowly disappeared as I opened my eyes once more, oblivious to everything else but the glossy pages in front of me.

She was loved, and she still is; but I stand on her grave, and I pity her existence. Her entire universe is characterized by selfishness and envy. She has all she's ever wanted, and forsakes the value of such possessions. Perhaps one day, she'll see herself as I see her in these drenched photographs, and she'll remember that I'm here, body and soul. If her eyes never open, then I stand as I do now, and forget to forgive.