

Her copper hair shined in curls down to her shoulder blades from the autumn sunset. She watched it in silence poised for her husband who watched her from the adjacent room. He admired the beauty nature-blessed her with and captured the moment on canvas in his mind's eye. She stood still and relaxed next to a marble column that served as a pillar for the villa. She knew that the longer he gazed the more clearly the moment would be for him to remember. These memories of her beauty helped him in times when life was ugly. It purged his mental anguish and was a meditative conduit on the emotion of love.

At first, she could only wait for a few minutes. Over the course of time, she lingered up to as long as an hour before joining his bedside. The touch of her skin radiated with warmth that transferred to Creon like the spread of warm tea. She rested her head on his chest and listened to his heartbeat. She listened to its rhythm and matched her breath until her heart beat at the same pace. The same rate of breath and heart rate aligned their blood to oxygen ratio to the brain and their neural oscillating waves matched in frequency. They fell asleep at the exact moment in time.

Elyon appeared in dream walking over black waters that stretched to infinity. Her entire sphere of awareness was devoid of light, and so she chose to release her own. She saw an opaque silken gown that bore the cosmos in its fabric clothing her. Her complexion glowed as if a yellow star shined from within and leaked its luminosity through the twinkle in her eyes. Around her was a thin flame-like aura that reflected her emotions by changing colors. It glowed green for her love of nature after just witnessing the gardens before going to bed.

She thought of Creon and looked around for him. What felt like a magnetic attraction to her instinctively pulled Elyon to a specific direction. The darkness of her surroundings folded in a frequency pattern and drew her to his presence. From the distance a small light appeared and grew until it took the shape of her husband until he was before her. He was dressed in earthy robes and sandals. He was old yet full of strength, with peppered grey hair and a beard that draped to his shoulders. Galaxies rested in the center of his eyes and his aura bled blue.

The two dissipated into pure energy and only left behind a wave pattern of smoke in the color of their respective auras. The smoke interconnected with each other and swirled in patterns. Endless forms of beauty and life made manifest in their dance. Their very consciousness were interwoven as one. This new entity birthed by their union envisioned a world of their very own to raise. The smoke of their auras projected the shape of a planet with green land and blue seas. The laughter of many children echoed.

The Next Morning

"Thank you," Creon said, waking her up from slumber.

"What for my love?" She asked.

"You healed me last night."