

HE'S GONE

I would have preferred laudanum, opium or morphine, but to no avail. I was already in a dream like sleep.

Somehow I was transported back into the early 1800s with the flower of youth still on the flower. I loved the deep dark forest immensely and frequently visited the forest to lay down with a blanket around the twilight time of the day when everything seemed magical or possible. I loved to stare up into the roof of the forest and watch the trees sway lightly in the breeze, with a very hypnotic feeling in my head.

As I lay there I thought I saw a figure approaching me as I lay there helpless on the blanket. The figure seemed to float slightly above the forest floor, and I wondered why he appeared so very pale. He seemed a long way off, but suddenly was ever so close and ever so near to me.

As he approached, I realized that this must be a vampire with a kind of cruel look in his steely determined blue eyes and hair as dark as night. All at once he was upon me, his body cold to the touch, but this did not feel unpleasant to me, as he smelled of blood red roses.

I knew the bite on the neck was inevitable and I surrendered to him almost immediately. I could feel his sharp teeth sinking into my neck. He drank with a vigorous fervor, then pulling me up I looked into his face and realized he was not pale white anymore, but took on a more human look. He then slashed his chest with his sharp fingernail and forced me to drink of his blood, and I did so gladly. I realized now that I was baptized in the vampire's blood and I was forever his.

Somehow he reminded me of my long dead husband with his striking good looks and lovely smile.

I realized he was not quite through with me yet. He suddenly raised my long dress and we were instantly making love, but floating up into the air while this was happening. Ecstasy came almost immediately for both of us, and we descended down to the ground again. Immediately after I looked and he was gone.

Then my mind turned to a song.....so long ago remembered...I could only remember a few verses *“like the Carpenters song, like the planes and the trains and the lives that were young, he's gone.....and it feels like the words to a song.....”*. (Suede-Brett Anderson)

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