

Deceptive Bliss

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The dusk was coming. But it appeared as if it had already arrived. The gray clouds that covered the sky tarnished what had previously been a sunny day. The view of a guard from the height of a ten-story building probed the large street and surroundings. He was tall. And due to his challenging posture he resembled a top vigilant stature. His sharp ears scooped up every honk and hustle. His eyes, keen like an eagle, looked for any shifty move.

As a dutiful servant he'd been on that since hours ago. And his patience finally paid off. He caught the figure of a young woman crossing the street. She was slender. Her look resembled a traditional lady though a certain tone of modern style shone out of her. An ivory one-piece dress featured her shape which it also matched perfectly her purple elegant shoes. She was in a hurry and disappeared from his eyes when she got into a park. Serene, the man kept his position and resumed his bleeper.

The woman followed through a path flanked by light posts. Sideways, benches also nourished the way. At the last bench there was someone sitting. The long coat covered him largely.

The woman approached. "Frank! Is that you?"

His head was down. And his eyes were hidden by the shade of a white hat akin to one of those mob gangsters'. His elbows were resting on each knee. And his hands were together while his fingers wiggled unceasingly.

She placed herself in front of him. "Frank, it's me."

He welcomed her showing a slight grin.

"What did you leave the feast?"

He didn't answer. He just gazed at her for some seconds. Then, he looked away.

"Frank, is there something wrong?"

He ignored her.

"Come on. Look at me!"

He raised his eyes. They were brown like sheets in autumn.

"Days are vain."

"What are you talking about?"

"You already know." His voice sounded firmly.

"I don't know."

He frowned, "Yes, you do."

She baffled.

"The problem is that you deny it." He said.

"I don't recognize you. I don't know uh..." she sighed. "Tell me what's got into you?"

"Don't patronize yourself."

"What are you really talking about?" At this moment her angst was notorious.

"We are far from all familiar voices. Those ones we took in so proudly without thinking how meaningless they were." He surveyed his surrounding. "You know, this place, even as dark and murky as it appears, is much more pure than the rotten spot we've been dwelling in. So, please do me a favor, Melanie. Don't hide your feelings."

She stood still. His words seemed to get to her. No moves accentuated in her facial skin, not even impetus reflexes slipped off, not until he uncovered a small gun hidden behind his hands.

"What are you gonna do with that?" She went pale.

He glared at her. "You're afraid I'm using this on you, uh?"

She tried to respond, but the words stuck in her throat.

"Or... on me?"

She pulled a face like child before a bad treatment.

"No need." He said before letting off a chuckle. He got his eyes on her again. "We've been dead for so long. It's just you don't realize it."

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