

ALLURE

As music flows in through my window, darkness floods my room. Black wisps are born from each new tune, and they dance. An enchanting waltz, preformed only for me, enfolds as they fill each corner of this confined space with their erratic movements. Every hilt, every jump, and every change in tune; they follow it to perfection as they entwine themselves with the shadows.

Smouldering, black coal covers my floor, birthing onyx flames that eagerly lick the wooden boards. I find it natural, the lack of reds and warmth, despite all I know. It is soothing, the light these flames emit – a dark light that flickers in perfect harmony with the melody of the night. From the smoke rises a figure. Shapelessly pretty, leaping through the air with such grace and finesse that no mere human could ever possess, as if it could not only hear the music, but feel it, see it as it danced around in the dust of my house.

I grow breathless at the sight, just like so many nights previous. Bitter, too, as murky feelings settle deep in my breast. I know I am jealous. I want what it has. No, that is not true. I want to *be* it. The wisps, the flames, and the figure. Some may think it irrational, but how could it be? I simply desire to master the music around me, a sentiment any talented musician would share. But not everyone has the privilege to see this, to feel music like I do, for I am special. I am chosen. Chosen by their master; the shadow that plays the night. It sits outside my window even now.

“I need more” I hear myself whine, and know it to be true. My body is throbbing, aching, for this is not enough. And I beg, and the flames grow, swirling around my head as soft chanting echoes through my brain. Outside my window I imagine it smiles, the figure, as it plucks at invisible strings with slender, dark fingers. I let it all soak in, absorb every sound, let it fill my being, wishing for it to become me – or for me to become it. Think, to become such perfection.

Lend me your soul and I will make you my masterpiece.

My breath hitches in my throat and my mind grows hazy, blurred. For a fleeting moment I can see the sounds, it lets me see them, and it is pure bliss. Never has a musician known such privilege, to see the notes hang in the air, or to feel the melodies caress their skin, swirling like grey mist all around them. This is what I could have. This is what I want.

I can take no more. I need this. I *crave* this. The music. The rhythm. The perfection of the darkness.

My closed window now flung open allows the music to ring ever purer. It soaks into my skin, drowns me from inside, smothering my airways. It, the music, fills me till I am bursting – until I am no more.

Sharp teeth shine white in the dark.

Now I dance, a wasp of darkness, in someone else's room. The tunes flutter around me, I can see them, and I adjust my mass, moving in flawless harmony to each sound, syllable and note. I was once human, a someone, a no one. Now I am the music, I am the perfection. Mayhap you think it a waste of life, the loss of a potent human soul. But you do not know the allure. Until it reaches your ears, fills

your mind and blinds your eyes you cannot understand.

I am the allure now, and I could never have wished for more.