

The Storyteller

by Andrew Bowen

His eyes hold me gently, absolutely, like a velvet bookmark for his favorite page.

The other 12 have gone out for food despite their distrust of me; the sole woman among them. Our stomachs and tempers growled an hour earlier, a chorus of riotous constitutions. But mine doesn't now. Nor will it ever again.

"The others do not understand as you do," he says, just above a whisper, and brushes a stray brown curl dangling over my left eye behind my ear. "You could have followed anyone--anything, but you heard my voice, and you chose me. So now I choose you, my solitary star amongst eternity."

He says my name, and I barely notice. He closes his wide gray eyes and leans forward. I, my name could be anything now as his shadow and arms absorb me. Our lips connect. Sparks of Creation's ignition splash like drops of neon against the pool of my soul. My eyes close and tension melts off my limbs. Our fingers, arms and toes slither over one another along the smooth crevices between muscle and bone like familiar childhood paths.

He reclines and enters me. I gasp as if taking in air for the first time. One of my "accounts", a loose sheet of parchment where I secretly record his more candid...less divine moments, slips out of my dress. This one is about his time in the garden of Gethsemane. His lookouts had fallen asleep. I crouched behind an olive tree as he wept, begging to be spared of his fate. It took all my strength to withstand my own tears and write the truth.

I catch a glimpse of him looking over his shoulder into a burst of sunlight glaring through a crack in the door. I lower my leg and push the half-written page beneath the couch with my foot. He doesn't notice me watching...never has.

