

ConvolutEd Title

by Michael Barela

She came to him with her arms open and a smile on her face; the kind of smile that assured him everything would be fine. He longed for that smile for months now; seeing her wearing that smile that he needed so desperately now, was a Godsend. His mind had been a bundled mess of nerves from the past four months of running away. His only coping mechanism left was to run, and now he was physically on the run. He had been trying desperately to hide himself from everything and everyone as of late.

He began to think too fast, tearing through the scrapbook memoir he had locked away in his memory. She had embraced him by the time his mind was getting close to the end of all his fond memories, letting her radiant, frizzy, curly red hair cover his face. Before the tears welled up in his eyes and had the chance to fall down his cheek, he looked up at her face and felt relief. Her lips never moved, but he could hear what she said in her eyes just as well. *Don't fret, dear. I forgive you.* With that, his tears dried away.

The glowing smile never faded from her face as she locked eyes with him; her eyes were full of life and hungry for exploration. It was the same radiance he remembered in her eyes since the last time he had seen her. She was his everything, his angel, his suit of armor, his reason to live; now she was also his reason to run.

Calm your weary head, she commanded with her eyes; he obeyed. His head lay on her breast and his mind wandered to safer and brighter places. He was happier to be with her now more than he had ever been before. For once, he felt peace; he finally felt at rest. He looked up at her again, to confirm that she was really with him. Her smile remained, but it seemed to widen as her eyes glowed brighter. *I forgive you.*

He felt the most comforting, glowing happiness wash over him. The last time he felt his heart fill with this lightness was the last time he saw her. He never wanted the moment to end.

Then I woke up, and I remembered what I did. Oh, *God*
forgive me, I remember what I did...

