

WINGS

The soft hum of engines echoed through the vast hangar as Rels meticulously inspected the wings of a giant aircraft. The scent of jet fuel lingered in the air, a familiar fragrance that accompanied her day in and day out. Her eyes, tired yet determined, scanned every inch of the metal. This was her world, a place where safety was paramount, and every detail mattered.

“That is not what happens. I am looking on the inside.”

“What have you discovered about yourself?”

“I see myself soaring up in the heavens.”

Work was wearing her down.

“How did I end up in San Francisco? I was in Phoenix.”

“You fell asleep in the plane.”

Rels loved the energy of the city. This was her dream. She needed to continue her training. This meant total concentration.

“You can take these rolls of metal and form them into anything that you need.”

The chill in the air reminded her of a distaste she harbored—cold weather. But tonight, the warmth of her aspirations, the desire to heal through the pounding of her heart on the pavement, overshadowed the discomfort.

“I want my life to be different.”

She was tired after running. She woke up in the same place.”

“And you came back.”

“We all return to the same place.”

“I feel powerful here.”

She thought about living on a peaceful farm. There would be none of these questions about her life.

She felt breathless.

“I need to relax.”

“None of this will last.”

“What will?”

“What really makes a difference?”

“Nothing will come of this.”

“I give myself to all these distractions. What is in it for me?”

“I know where this breaks down.”

“Does passion await me?”

“What is that about?”

“What did you eat?”

“Whatever was on the plate.”

“What is that song?”

“That is your song of liberation.”

“You can do what I need for myself.”

“Nothing is left.”

“You tell me.”

“I have an idea.”

“Do you have something more to say?”

“I am wonderful.”

The city is coming alive for me.

“Who is my mystery man?”

“You have been getting lost in that story again and again.”

“This time, it could work out.”

At home, she lost herself in the magic.

“What did I do wrong?”

“You believed.”

“She is supposed to love me.”

“Are you happy?”

“I will be.”

She started to sing her song. It expressed her longing.

“Did we get what we needed?”

“If I could paint him, you would know who he is.”

“Someone else will do it.”

“If not me, someone else.”

“All the goodness is inside.”

“This will last for a while.”

“This will not.”

“What do you not like?”

“I believed that could remake the world.”

“We will all come back.”

“I want to see the cages.”

She was touched in her imagination. She knew that love awaited her.

“What do you want to see?”

“The mystery man will appear.”

She felt the gentle press of his lips against hers, a kiss that held the promise of stories untold.

“What if he did appear? What would that do for her?”

She was afraid what might come. Maybe, she needed to hide from the world.

“We all have limited dreams.”

“I want to be satisfied.”

Her life was becoming a melodrama.

“I am melting.”

“Melt if you want.”

She felt as this love was already part of her being.

“I cannot lose myself to such a small taste.”

She did not want to be abandoned.

“That is not good for me.”

“You need something to balance it out.”

She felt as if this was no longer her story. She looked out the window, and she thought that she saw him moving in the shadows. She was giving in to her emotions.

“I want to be somewhere.”

“They are waiting for you.”

“You are giving me a romantic vision.”

“That will work for me.”

“She did it first.”

“This is the magic moment.”

The mystery man was almost an obsession.

“If I do something, I want to do it well.”

“Where did belief start?”

“Stories from childhood.”

“This could mess up.”

“It could be tragedy.”

“I do not want to end up that way.”

“Is that all that we get?”

“It is the cheap stuff.”

“This will last for all time.”

“I lost the moment.”

“I lost my mind.”

“Too much love.”

“Too much belief.”

The unpredictable caught her by surprise.”

“This is what I have for you.”

“Perfection.”

“A perfect memory.”

“Total denial.”

“There are some memories that should be repressed.”

“I denied you.”

She had already given in to the passion, and the waves rolled over her body. This was part of her identity.

“There is so much more than that.”

That really messed with things.”

“What else is here?”

“It is so easy for people to mess with our dreams.”

“Stick to your act.”

“They have nothing else.”

If she gave herself to this passion, would she lose her identity. Would she be damned forever? Was this what she had been trying to avoid?

“Do you think that you that good?”

The love song echoed in the foggy night.

“I am no longer in San Francisco.”

“I need to make it back.”

“She did not show.”

“This is where the alcohol really takes hold.”

“That is not my story.”

“He is really good at this.”

“What is he thinking?”

“I need to get home.”

“Home is where the heart is.”

“You need to be good at this.”

“I am better than you know.”

“She will be back.”

“This is something that will last.”

“Total devotion.”

“This silly romantic myth.”

“I love it.”

Rels did love it, but it could be her undoing.

“My heart is going to get pulled in contrary directions, and I will regret this.”

“Do you believe what you hear?”

“I hear my heartbeat.”

“Think about wild flowers.”

“How does that work?”

“If I look in his eyes, can I trust myself?”

“What else is here?”

“I do silly things.”

“I start where I left off.”

“You should have lost.”

“I held on.”

“He is the only one who can give me what I need.”

“She is the only one who can give me what I need.”

The perfumed air distracted her.

“What can you do for me?”

“You tell me.”

She still had her work.

“I thought about the dangers.”

“You tried to direct me.”

“I am going to beat the fucking shit out of you.”

“Why am I any different?”

“How is it supposed to work?”

“Time will never separate us.”

“But it already has.”

“Why are you so easily affected?”

“I am all down for the emotions.”

“This will continue all night.”

“That is too close to my place.”

“I know the reputation.

She wondered if this guy was used to making the same promises to multiple women.

“That is not me.”

“This is only imagination.”

“I need to get back to myself.”

“What is that about?”

“You stop trusting your imagination.”

“Where is this going to take me?”

“Let it go for one day.”

He reached out for her and pulled her into the dream. Her heart started to beat fast. Could she let herself get sucked into this other world?

“This is all imagination.”

“This is all about your vulnerability.”

This truth echoed through the dream and resonated with the beating of their entwined hearts. Love left them abandoned to this absurd power.

“What are you talking about?”

“This is how I feel.”

“You are going to have to leave.”

“My fingers are sticky.”

What remained after the dream faded? Rels needed to resolve her dilemma. She had plans for her life. She did not want to surrender them to someone else.

“I really fucked up.”

“Was this a set up?”

“You only care about one thing.”

“Caring.”

“Awareness.”

No matter how vivid, these were only dreams. They did not correspond with something in the world.

“This is wild. That is how I want my life to be.”

“You are getting caught up in your own delusions.”

She went running to help her to forget.

“Someone is fucking with my head.”

“Those are the conditions of our lives.”

“We can sort it out.”

“Is this planned?”

“I have seen all this before.”

“Do not get controlled by these ideas.”

“I am letting my vulnerability put me in these terrible situation.”

“I am waiting for that wonderful moment.”

“I cannot escape you. You are part of me.”

“Someone knows differently.”

“I want a deal for my life.”

“What does this connect to?”

“Happiness.”

“The lack of happiness.”

“Can I ask you for something more?”

“What more do I have?”

“This is not original.”

“How surprising?”

“I can help with publicity.”

“I want to escape the world.”

“Why is that so important?”

“Because it is.”

Her job was crushing her. And she was already tired from work.

“I will take whatever you have to give.”

She was completely drained.

“I cannot give myself to someone else. I have nothing left.”

“Was there something more to this story?”

“What else do you want to talk about?”

“You were mean, and now, you are nice.”

“I want to do what is right.”

“Why should we care?”

“I crashed down.”

“Who else was that?”

“There was a story.”

“What did I do wrong to you?”

“I can grasp what is wrong.”

“He is running this.”

“He is in your mind.”

“What else is there?”

“You tell me.”

“This sound like garbage.”

She needed clearer guidance.

“I want him to hold me and dance with me beneath the stars.”

“Does this mean more?”

“Dinner awaits.”

“What is in that?”

“Give me a few days.”

“I have lost my edge.”

The fire had been awakened inside of Rels. And she burned with that magnificence. This was fire that existed within her since her childhood.

“You need to get away from that guy. You do not even know him.”

“What else is there for me?”

“Patience.”

“I can feel it coming down on me.”

“Like a waterfall.”

“Some people are used to that.”

“He is coming for me.”

“That is your belief.”

The hunger lingered, an insatiable appetite for the vibrancy of life. Rels craved a reality where her dreams were not just echoes in the night but living, breathing entities that shaped her world. But that longing remained. And there was no way to make it subside. She was consumed by that fire.

She felt as if life refused her that ultimate satisfaction. Therefore, she needed to be careful. She was being promised something that could never come true.

“That doesn’t matter. I only have to believe.”

“Then anyone can take advantage of you.”

“I do not see it like that.”

“Who is this mystery man?”

“I have met him.”

“Tell me.”

“Was I being recruited for this story?”

“Past history is a guarantee of a life denied.”

“What does that mean?”

“Get busy.”

“Do what you need to do.”

She became extra-energetic at work. But she would soon lose here commitment. The fatigue was so great. She was at a crossroad; she was giving so much of herself to this feeling.

“You have no idea where this begins and where it ends.”

“You will not escape.”

The night touches her with this immense experience. It swells and tingles all over. She cannot stop. She is drenched in her desire. The night seemed to pulsate in the background. The city surrendered to that experience.

“We know what we lack. But we cannot ask for it.”

“They are friends.”

“Great friends.”

“Tell me, tell me about him.”

“I need you to quit the show.”

“He promised to rush to my side.”

“What is any of this about?”

“I told you that I saw him and I met him.”

“Even the starry sky seemed to reflect that same magnificence.”

“Where is this going?”

“To the ends of the earth.”

“This is more than belief. This is absurd.”

“We see what we need to see.”

“We strip back the layers, and we get to something that we cannot face.”

“Who is your friend?”

“I cannot follow any of this.”

“Follow it.”

“Cast a spell on me.”

“Do it.”

“I need some kind of antidote.”

“I want you to teach me.”

“I tried to make it simple.”

“You did not break it down sufficiently.”

“That is perfect for me.”

“Make it work.”

“She never arrived.”

“He never arrived.”

“Disappointment is part of love.”

She watched the plane disappear in the night sky.

“What is really happening to you?”

“I am working a lot. And my imagination is getting the better of me.”

“I need to advise you.”

“None of this is meant to last.”

“But you force things.”

The longing filled her days, and it made work more difficult.

“I will find him.”

“These are cliched emotions.”

“I am asleep for the night.”

“You missed him.”

“It doesn’t take much.”

“The show went down.”

“I am still at work.”

Could she let go of all these dreams? She could see her life in a more meditative way.

“You should stick to talking about work. That is the only thing that you are going to be able to control.”

“I wish that there was more there.”

“This is America.”

“What does that mean?”

“A grand conspiracy awaits that is going to roil the economic system.”

“You need to do something to make up for the lack of development in her life.”

“Do I know you?”

“The look.”

“That is destroying my life.”

“I can cook for you.”

“This is going to be more turmoil.”

“And some absolutely crazy shit.”

“Why does he do anything for you?”

“He connects to a dream that I had.”

Rels wanted something more long-lasting. She did not want to submit to a hedonistic attitude.

“Will my personal growth help me to overcome this longing?”

“I will need some healing.”

“Where does that originate?”

“Deep inside the sould.”

“You have this under control.”

Rels needed to make up her own mind. She was unveiling a more long-lasting truth. How could she reach that awareness?

“Can I control my own evolution?”

She wanted to be able to express this change in words. This required a greater knowledge fo the world. The mundane became the sacred as she embraced a different connection with the universe.

“How does this happen?”

“Someone cares about you.”

“That is not going to do it for me.”

“Why do you want to be part of this?”

“This is how I exist deep inside me.”

“I could use advice, someone to lead me to the promised land.”

“More of the same.”

“When you finish, you are done.”

“I apply myself.”

“Who does this the best?”

“Someone, who want to care more.”

“Will that work?”

The radiance pulsated within her.

“Am I going to do this on my own?”

“There is something that you will never see.”

“Explain that.”

“I held it all together, and it has all dissipated.”

“Love, do not deny me.”

“These are two ways of saying the same thing.”

“Who understands?”

“The mystic within.”

“Does that only add to the confusion?”

“Everyone has that kind of power within.”

“And you believe that.”

“Do I need to be friends of this guy?”

“We have a lot to share.”

“It take more than that.”

“I cannot watch any of this.”

“I am looking for a blessing.”

“Stay in place.”

“Why has the world made me this way.”

“I never get what I expect.”

“You need to work on yourself.”

This search became the basis for a scripture. She was transforming completely into someone else.

“That is not even possible.”

“I am not going to believe these motions.”

“What will that make you?”

“I was destroyed by my belief.”

“Not this again.”

“At least, you moved.”

“What good is that?”

“You hurt people.”

“I ask for forgiveness.”

“Your body is all twisted.”

“I can make you right.”

“You know nothing.”

”Thank the Lord.”

“That will not help me.”

“This is a side that I do not get.”

“Belief can help us to create something more lasting.”

“You are too desperate for some kind of resolution.”

Was Rels taken to such excesses? What did she expect?”

“This is not something that money can buy.”

“You interfered.”

“And that is going to be good for me.”

“You remind me of someone.”

“You took away something that is mine.”

“Is that how my life is working out?”

“Do you know who she is?”

“Do you know what I am about?”

She felt as if her emotions brought their own burden. How did that prevent her from realizing her vision for romance. She was reading too much into these experiences.”

“I am not lying about this.”

“You being creepy.”

“I am still participating.”

She may have illuminated a path for others, but she remained surrounded by obscurity. She wanted this encounter to be worth so much more.

“Things have changed.”

“Don’t mess with my feelings.”

She was changing from within, but she wanted a stronger level of acknowledgment. The dream seemed to offer that promise.

“Am I giving too much of myself to you?”

“I thought that you had it more together.”

“What is that about?”

“Are you kidding?”

“I have been here before.”
“Are you responding to a deeper fund of experience.”
Was she returning to a fundamental truth?”
“What could that be?”
“And you keep blaming someone else.”
“The two things do not connect.”
“Nothing does.”
“I thought that you were going to engage.”
“You can leave.”
“This would really bother me.”
“I am looking for something more exciting.”
“You really believe this.”
“He tried.”
“Do you want to tell me something.”
“The truth is not love.”
“Do you plan to follow up?”
“Tell me true.”
“You need to be honest.”
“I am sharing an idea. What else do you want?”
“What is needed?”
“You tell me.”
“I will.”
“I am trying to stand on my own.”