

The Confluence of the Souls

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I have to admit, it's not easy when a loved one leaves the world, regardless of whether it's an animal or a human. But have you ever seen yourself leaving and walking away because it's time to turn the page? Most often it will happen after a wonderful period in life because life likes to inflict great wounds called *lessons*. The departure of someone always means the arrival of someone new, which also applies to ourselves. We must not lose hope and will because we were created to move forward.

Journal entry: Wednesday, August 11th

I watched her in the distance as she was walking through tall grass and overgrown flowers leading to a dense forest. Her hair is blowing in the wind, she looks so perfect. Every strand is in its place. She is looking at the river flowing by and searching for a bit of life. Her hands gently move the grass so she can keep walking straight. I hear birds chirping somewhere in the trees and singing a song to her.

I thought she wasn't going to turn around and that my chapter with her was over, but at that moment she turned around and brushed her hair away from her face allowing me to see her radiant glow.

No sound came out of her lips. But it was not necessary. The look in her eyes told me more than the empty words I heard.

It is slowly blurring before my eyes. Tears prevented me from seeing her beauty, which I was looking at for the last time. I was so mad at myself. My hands unconsciously spread in the hope that she would return. She just turned and disappeared into the huge, tall grass and forest.

The birds were still singing, the river was still flowing, the wind was still blowing gently, but it was all meaningless. She is gone, only a shadow remains behind her.

I felt as if everything was collapsing beneath me, but I continued to stand. I looked at everything around me. I smelled her skin and hair and heard her laugh, but I didn't see her figure.

I have to come to terms with the fact that she will never come back and that I now depend on myself.

I leave this place with a severe stomachache. I turn once more, hoping to see her again, but I don't. I feel the morning sun on my face and I go in search of a new me and eternal peace.

I really don't know what to feel or think. Every time I think, and think, I feel like all my thoughts, words and emotions are worthless. Now that she's gone, everything is so empty.

"I see, you're writing in your journal. Again. I already told you, do not waste your precious time on writing. It's truly worthless."

I glanced over my shoulder and saw my father. He never understood why I kept writing about my life. The sentences I write will be admired and read by the ones that empathize with my inner state.

"Father, if I write what I feel, it's to reduce the fever of feeling. If you want me sane, let me write. That's the only form of keeping me well balanced."

"I couldn't care less about your writing. Pull yourself together and be a man. You are not worthy of any woman with this kind of behavior. Your wife would be ashamed of having you as her husband."

"I understand, father," I said while holding my pen and looking blankly at my notebook, without the will to continue writing my beloved anecdote.

After my father had left my room by slamming my door, I got a thought that created a hole in my other, already concluded thoughts and ideas.

All of a sudden, I started writing as fast as I could because I was scared to forget a thought.

“Have I ever done anything worthy in my life, except dreaming? Thinking? I am constantly in my thoughts, in which I stay for so long that I cannot see a way out of them. Am I destined to think about nonsense in order to survive this strange blizzard of life? Am I stuck in this bizarre effigy that I created without managing to breathe life into me?”

That was the last thing I wrote. I closed my notebook, feeling nothing but a weird feeling of emptiness. I wanted to clear my mind, to remove those thoughts from my head so I got up and lit a cigarette. I enjoyed smoking at night time more than during the day, while looking at the night sky and fields in front of my window. When I was a child, I was taught that stars gave us, humans, important signals, especially the shooting stars. My mother once told me: “Look at the stars in the night sky and become the person who shines bright like those stars.”

She was my inspiration. My mother, my hero. I admired her for everything she did, and for every thought she expressed. I loved her when my father did not, but, once I got older, I never received the love back. Sometimes I ask myself, was I born to be unwanted? Was I truly born not to be in my mother's arms, but to be left in those fields? Her rosemary fields.

My mother once told me, “You know, my child, there is a special meaning behind this herb.”

“Rosemary? Isn't it just another seasoning?”

“It is much more than that, my dear. Rosemary has a special place in my heart. My parents never had much. But they had a small garden, and in that garden, my father planted a small rosemary bush just for me. Later on, the rosemary bush spread and spread until it was a kilometer long.”

I remember her eyes shining while recounting memories of her childhood.

“Whenever life got tough, when we faced challenges or even just ordinary days, I would pluck a sprig of rosemary and let its fragrance fill our home. It has become a symbol of resilience, a reminder that even in the most difficult times there is beauty and strength.”

“I never knew that about rosemary, mother.”

“My child, it’s legacy now. It was my duty to introduce you to the rosemary. Just like I told your father the whole story, even though he found it silly. Whenever you feel ready, pluck a sprig of rosemary and give it to your loved one. It's more than just a herb; it's a story, a part of who we are.”

Then, I knew it. It’s the rosemary that symbolizes love – a never-ending field, with the most significant scent. I knew who to share this story with, who would help me continue our legacy. But, I was unsure how to meet with her in the real world, not in my dreamland.

Once I finished my cigarette I threw it out. I heard the wind blowing tenderly, and then I heard the rustling of leaves. No matter how much I listen to the sounds of nature, it will never stop comforting my soul. It’s like I have some sort of connection with it.

I stood by the window for quite some time, trying to clear my mind and body. Each rustle seemed to carry away the weight of my thoughts, leaving me with a renewed sense of tranquility. In those moments of stillness, the world outside became my sanctuary, and the simple act of listening became a form of meditation, grounding me in the serenity that only nature can provide. When I felt a wave of fatigue, I closed the window and went to bed.

Until next writing,
T.C.

Journal entry: Friday, August 13th

I dreamed about her last night. She was there, with me, next to me. I felt the softness of her skin as she leaned on my shoulder. Her hair. Her scent still drew me in the same way it had drawn me so long ago. Her charm overwhelmed me in a millisecond. She was so perfect in my eyes that I couldn't find words to describe it. Everything attracted me. Her soul, her scent, her figure.

"Why did you leave me? Left me to rot?" she said.

"I didn't leave you, see? I'm here."

"I tried to give you everything to return the same love, but I tried without success," I felt the discomfort in her voice. Difficulty. She said some sentences to herself, or I just don't remember them.

"Can you explain to me what you're saying?" I asked her nervously.

Without a word, she straightens up and moves away from my shoulder. Just as I am about to ask the next question, she turns her face towards me. When she turns back, the shock hits me like a wave. Her face is covered in bruises, wounds etched deep into her skin, eyes tired and filled with sorrow.

"For God's sake, what happened to you?"

"Did you have to leave? You left me alone with him."

Then everything started to collapse. I found myself standing in a desolate void, the remnants of sleep scattered like ashes. The scent of rosemary lingered, but now it carried an unsettling undertone, a bitter reminder of the dream's decay.

"No, wait! Please, tell me who did that to you!"

The dream left me shaken, the lingering echoes of her accusations still reverberating in my mind. In the unsettling void, the scent of rosemary, once a comforting presence, now hovered under the weight of unresolved questions. The dream turned into a nightmare, revealing the depth of her pain and the scars she carried.

Those awful words lingered, haunting the chorus in the void. "*Why did you leave me? Left me to rot?*" Questions echoed in the void, demanding answers that eluded me. The dream became a maze of guilt and confusion and I found myself lost in its tangled web.

While I was waking up, I could feel the scent of rosemary. It's like she was here, next to me, holding a piece of mom's favorite herb. I could not come to terms with waiting for another 24 hours to find out what happened to her. What if it's a dream like this where she tells me what really happened? What if she doesn't tell me?

As I wrestled with the questions swirling in my head, the scent became a soothing anchor, a reminder that even in the midst of unanswered mysteries there is a connection that intersects in the realms of waking and dreams. I carried the scent with me all day, which was like a whispered promise that answered the fact that a silent companion would come before the face of the unknown.

Until next writing,
T.C.

Journal entry: Sunday, August 15th

The weather is clear. I could feel the summer breeze on my face. Once again, my father decided to interrupt me with his voice cutting through the tranquility like an unexpected gust of wind.

"When are you going to stop with these dreams and illusions?"

I sighed, knowing that it was now my fault for telling him about the dreams and nightmares I had had. How could I've been so foolish? For God's sake, I could've just kept quiet. Despite the warmth of the sun, a chill settled in my bones, a stark contrast to the summer breeze that had moments ago whispered promises of freedom and possibility.

"Father, I get it. It's time for me to move on from these dreams. I'll stop believing in them," I lied to him just so he would stop attacking me. My father's stern expression softened momentarily, a hint of satisfaction in his eyes.

"And, my boy, what about writing? When will you stop with that time waster?" He gave me a completely clear look. I knew what he meant by that.

"Oh father--"

"Do not *oh* me, my child, you have many important things to do. Quit now."

“Father, you never understand. Writing is not a childish thing to do, nor is it a time waster. It helps me express myself and understand myself. I pour my whole soul on paper.”

“And you think a little *“Oh no, I’m so sad!”* on the paper will help you and your future career? Don’t be foolish, son. I’m warning you, stop writing or you will face consequences.”

I felt a sudden wave of rage going through my body, like I was losing my mind.

“Do not tell me what to do. You should be my support, not a threat. Ever since mother died, you've been nothing but a moron who only looks out for himself and his reputation. The only thing I truly want is a loving father, but I guess I was not blessed by a higher power!” The words spilled out, laced with bitterness and long-buried resentment. My father's expression mixed with a sense of shock and anger, and for a moment the air crackled with the weight of the truth hanging out in the open. The summer breeze, once a gentle companion, seemed to carry away the fragments of our broken relationship.

The silence that followed was heavy, the unspoken words told me more than his empty promises. At that moment, I knew the bridge between us had been further strained, and the remnants of our argument lingered in the air like an unresolved melody.

With one last look, my father turned and walked away, leaving me standing in the fading summer light. The conflict exposed the cracks in our relationship, but in the middle of tearing apart my relationship with him, I felt a glimmer of newfound strength - a determination to follow my dreams, even in the face of my father's opposition.

Until next writing,
T.C.

Journal entry: Thursday, August 19th

I'm on the brink of a mental collapse. The mysterious dreams, the cryptic messages, and the unsettling aura in my home pushed me to the edge. The scent of rosemary, once a source of comfort, now seemed to amplify the chaos in my mind. Not even writing helps me with my sanity.

Haunted by some premonition, I frantically started packing my things. The walls of the house, which used to be a shelter, now feel claustrophobic. Each room seemed to echo with unspoken secrets, boosting the oppressive atmosphere. The scent of rosemary, intertwined with the memories of my past and the mysterious dreams, became an overwhelming presence, persuading me to escape. The once familiar rooms blurred into an impossible maze, and the rosemary-scented whispers seemed to mock my sanity.

As I stepped out into the cool night, the weight of my own thoughts began to ease. The world seemed like an unsafe haven. The darkness enveloped me, providing a temporary escape from the unsettling revelations and the scent of rosemary that lingered in the air.

On this quiet night, I saw a soft, ethereal glow that came from the field. The air shifted, and a gentle breeze carried with it the haunting melody of someone's familiar laughter. It was her. My past love. It was the same laughter that I heard in my dreams. The surroundings transformed, and I found myself in a surreal dreamscape, bathed in a soft, celestial light.

And there she was. She looked like an angel God sent to save me from this miserable world and give me a chance to live again. Her presence brought a profound calm, and the scent of rosemary now carried a comforting undertone.

"Welcome home, my love," she said with the most heavenly voice. "You've crossed the bridge between dreams and reality, a realm where the truths elude us and the world you had spent your life in becomes clear."

I looked at her, confused. What does she mean by "crossed a bridge" ...?

"My dear, is this... the afterlife?"

She nodded. "In a way, yes. This is a space where the threads of existence twist, and I'm here to guide you through the truth about your own existence."

She took my hand; it was warm and soft. She started to walk, making sure I was behind her. Everything is clear now. Her hair, her figure. Now I get to see her face with no bruises. She looks so perfect! She truly is the work of God.

The darkness of the night transformed into a canvas, stars painting a cosmic dance overhead. As we were walking through fields, she was telling me about the mysteries that had haunted me - my dreams and illusions. In this surreal realm between worlds, the beginning of my journey is being guided by her ethereal presence, wishful to uncover the profound truths that awaited me in the afterlife.

I finally asked her. "My dear, what were those dreams, why did they haunt me? Or better, why did *you* haunt me?"

"Your dreams are the echoes of a shared past. In a previous life, we were bound by a love so profound that it transcended the boundaries of mortality. Our connection spans across dimensions, and your dreams are the fragments of those memories, reaching out to be acknowledged."

"And what hidden truths lie within my own existence?"

"The hidden truths within your existence are the keys to unlocking the mysteries of our shared journey. You carry within you the power to rewrite the fate that has kept us entwined."

There were star trails in the night sky that showed me all the love and connection with my beloved angel that happened in my past life. The cosmic dance is now classified according to the chapters of my sad, past life which will help me understand myself even more. It will help me fall in love with myself. The afterlife, once a mysterious haven, became a canvas where the threads of destiny awaited my touch, and my angel stood by my side, a guardian of the cosmic canvas that connected us through eternity.

Until next writing,

T.C.