

“BOOM!” A roar of thunder echoed through the hearts of the mourning, and the sky was crying with the masses dressed in black. I stared, with droopy eyes, at the revolting coffin binding my beloved wife. She was the only person who believed in my aspirations of becoming an artist. She was the only person who didn’t call me delusional, and she was the only person who helped me up, when I was at my lowest. We used to go down to a stream, and just watch the water flow. She always mentioned how we could be “just like water.” For us to just be calm and to keep on running no matter what. If I knew she would die so soon, I would want us to go to that stream again. To see the water run. To stare at the calculating gaze in her eyes when she watched the water spill past the rocks. To watch her take pleasure in watching the stream. But now she’s dead.

Weeks later, her phrase “just like water,” and the sound of water trickling down the stream keeps ringing in my ears.

“Drip. Drop.” This feels like insanity, and I don’t know how to stop it. It’s like my own brain is taunting me over and over. It’s a constant reminder that she’s dead. I can’t ever hear her speak except in my mind, and I can’t ever watch the stream with her once more. Her words keep flashing through my head “It’s okay, your dreams aren’t silly. Just draw.” Her words give me strength. Enough strength to pull me out of bed, and to get a piece of a paper and a pen.

I sit at the desk that’s set right next to my bed and I start drawing what’s in front of me: a few pencils messily strewn about. I sketch each detail, from the exact shadow to each crevice. When I’m satisfied, I trot slowly to the kitchen. I make my way to the cabinet, and grab a glass cup. Fragile, and beautiful. “Just like water.” Just like my wife.

“Drip. Drop”

“CRASH!” An agonizing pain shoots through my dominant hand, and I drop the cup. The glass shatters, and it spreads its deadly shards across the tiled floor.

“Aagh!!” I turn my attention the pain. To my shock and horror, my calloused hand was twisting and contorting itself. My bones are jutting out at awkward angles. I feel stunned. It’s like my body wants to die after my wife did. I crawl back to my bedroom, and collapse on my bed. I glance at the table beside me as an attempt to look at my drawing. But I don’t see it. Instead, I see real pencils lying in the position I drew them, resting on top of the paper I used to draw them. Is this a joke? Strange things are occurring one after another. It seems like Life didn’t think he put me through enough. My mind can’t take it. I get up from my bed, and wince from pain shooting through my hand. I examine the piece of paper, and the pencils. The pencils are the standard ones you can easily get at the store. I check all of my windows and doors, and look under beds and tables. There’s no way someone could’ve broken in my house just to pull a prank on me, and nothing explains why my hand contorted itself, rendering it useless. Am I going crazy? I calm down and take the situation in. It feels like the Devil is toying with me. Whenever I draw something, something is sacrificed. This seems like an act of irony. The only way you could use a pencil is with your hand. I created pencils, and my hand is now useless. I created pencils just from a piece of art. I created- Then it hit me.

I went back to my desk, and I grab a piece of paper and a pencil. I start by drawing her eyes. Those beautiful eyes that you can’t help but lose yourself in. The eyes that I would be able to see the reflection of the stream whenever we visited it. The eyes that I wanted to so badly see again. I sketch out her lips.

The lips that keep on saying "Just like water." I design her body with every perfection to imperfection. I draw every nook and cranny of her. When I finish I step back from the drawing, and wait for a few seconds. Is it even possible to bring someone back with just drawing their physical characteristics. Would it just be their body? I can't draw their personality. But nonetheless I imagine what I would do if this worked. I want to see the stream with my wife again. I want to gaze into her eyes, and watch her take pleasure in seeing the water run

Then suddenly it went dark. I can't see. I reach down to the floor, and I feel the varnished wood. I'm still at my house.

"Lorelei? Are you there?" No response. I try again. "Hello?" Still no response. I get on my hands and knees, and try to feel my way towards the direction where I remember seeing my drawing. Then my mutilated hand hit something. It feels like skin. I grab it, and it's a wrist. A glimmer of hope shines through me. I reach up, and I feel a face. It's exactly what I drew, and it's my wife's exact features. "Lorelei, I know it's you." She still isn't talking to me. "Lorelei, this isn't funny. Stop faking." I give up. I can't accept that she's dead. So I just laid there hoping that her body may, out of the blue, come to life.

Weeks pass, and I'm still waiting. I'm still clinging onto her corpse. Until I draw my last breathe.