

Terrel Adams
"Euphoria"
509 words

Euphoria

As Euphoria slumbered softly in her condo on the moon-swept Sea, a golden shadow arose from the starry garden aside her storied futon. The Sea, her age-old Sea, had borne many of these shining shadows, myriads of these majestic lightscapes, sown, by Euphoria, with her partner Prodigy, of the 12th house of the Moon. The condo, an enclave of time away from time, buried throughout a trillion eons, seemed to slumber alongside Euphoria, releasing a subtle, gentle snore that almost drowned the melody of the waters below and beyond. With and against the sounds of the always timely falling of the condo's night noise, the tides joined a chorus of new harmonies brought in through the Gate. The Sun soon would rise.

The Gate, one of more, but Euphoria's Seas' only, groaned graciously in its journey to lie agape once again. As it opened, Euphoria slid sensually from her futon's fables tucked away on heaven's shores, onto the cool warmth of the condo floor. Her feet awoke first, sending to her milky synapses the signal to start, to be. She met her newest shadow with a gleeful embrace, holding her to her glorious breasts, cuddling her with silk-skin arms. They danced and twirled like the dust of the stars, the dust of Euphoria's garden, and she let the momentum of their gleeful gait carry her to the mouth of the Gate. A silver sliver of a mirror, the Gate rang with reflections of a galaxy far away, all around. It was a structure built of no walls, no doors, windows, volume or placeness that arrayed the means of her Fortune's arrival.

There stood Prodigy, immense in his humility, blushing with the bashfulness an infant might boast. She basked there in his beauty for a moment, she and her golden shadow complemented by the greatness of his silence. The pair reveled in reveries of time-space passed by, lounged in the luxuries of the future continuum. To this, it seemed

As the Sun saturated its ascension, dousing the stars and flushing Euphoria's gardened constellations in pure, moon-cooled lilac light, a sword-spiked figure, sliced and slung into their realm on the breath of abyss, set itself in the course of the fiery sphere, halting the Sun's return to the other side of the Sea. Prodigy's kin, Paragon, of another house. There would be no more shadows today.

The sword-spiked figure extended itself without order, undulating like an angel of death, a demon of destruction over and through all that the sea saw. The gate, in its essence, screeched shut, and the galaxies all around snuffed, imploded, left the two with one. Now as dark and empty as this empyrean house, the last of the last, Euphoria, fled from the gate to her garden, fumbling, stumbling over life-lived firmaments, asteroids aflame and gaseous gluts. Fumbling, stumbling, until Prodigy was lost, snagged undertow, and Euphoria was left hysterical, barreling alone through an unkempt, gardenless, Quicksand Sea, back to her futon in her condo, to be reborn again tomorrow.