

## Agony of Time

‘Time is a funny concept and a dangerous territory that spends us in return.’

The time of the day was awaiting at my threshold, but my body refused to gather each inch of strength and I stumbled down in pool of regrets.

I can't be fixed.

It chanted and slammed against the four cream walls.

You are frozen in time.

And so was the whole world.

Here am I again, standing in the fleeting moment of the ages that have passed through, the witness I am to the stories that beheld and burned to the ground, the stories that revolved but always some remain lost in the black hole. A single scrap of cloth covered the modesty that didn't matter in my time. I was a lost bird in the piles of green and brown, the mud kissed my feet and the silver in my hand roared in agony for the blood of the enemy. I had power in the red and blue veins—the surging adrenaline. I ruled the time of the stone age, and so did the blood dripping down my hands for a taste of greed.

I stood in the corner of the room, plunging into the crowd here and then but my eyes followed the unknown path of the fancy corset tied around the sticky ribcages, the long overcoats of the species they call themselves men, and the royal guard protecting the legacy. With a haughty smile, my feet skimmed the jingling tunes merging together to form a rhythm to please the Mary of Scots—the powerful and mighty but my eyes spluttered to the treasure she held in her royal hands. Youth and a taste of mortality that I desired to have in my hands, but it turned beheld to another.

Tick-tock, the Hitler warned other like him, for you are different and will be casted away to the ground. I told him to stop but I lusted for the strength he had in his words and actions. I slipped down the silk and wrapped it around his chest to sing a song to his soul to work on my fingers. For I was a Sire and my words held a magic. He listened and killed, but I was the life behind that and I chuckled at the soulless part of my body.

Sand flew in return, and I cried in agony for the pain I incurred. The marches held down in the current age, people reminiscent the bitter pain left behind, and I was to be blamed and stoned. But none of them knew and that killed me a little more each day. The immortality I

held for power brittle me down to the pieces, and like a Lady, my hands cried at the blood running down my dress.

I washed, I scratched, but nothing worked.

The guilts of my horror were stitched to my skin.

I had planned to slave the time of mortality, but indeed, the mischief time slaved me instead with the lure of power and greed.

I can't be fixed.

Neither I desired to be fixed.

The power drained down my fingers in a white light, scrambling in a mess of wires crossing each other like time we hope to conquer in our hands. I had the time of the world in a fist—the stone age of savage, the middle ages of songs and royalty, the modern era of disillusionment, and the post-modern era of depression, but none of them acted as a boon of knowledge. I had power, greed, treasure, luxury but the small cry of a home never sang to my soul, the tender care of another human being came but yet they got lost in time while I stayed in the barren earth of constructed happiness.

The immortality that kissed my soul shredded the handful of time of happiness, and left back the whisper of mundane tasks of an unholy life.

I played with the tick-tock of the clock, and here I stood on top of the hill to lose the immortality I stole from the Gods.

I can't be fixed.

Neither I desired to be as I slipped my feet and shot down the hill to lose what I gained ages back.

I lived for myself, but today, I embrace the death to my chest and die for myself.