

The Jewel That is You

By Anonymous

Ella, Ella, wherefore art thou? When I look upon the brilliance of the sun, I see the glow of your eyes. When I sit in the backseat of the car and the window is open a little while it speeds down the highway, when the evening air blows in and I can smell the musk of twilight, I think of you. When I hold my cat and stroke her back, feeling the soothing, soft fur meld and shift under my fingers, I think of the gleaming lacquer of your dark hair, pliant yet strong, hair that I once shifted behind your ear when I leaned in to press kisses to your temple.

When I lost you, I understood what a jewel you were, that I had held a diamond in my hand, and let it drop and shatter on the ground. I see you now, coveted by every man, whose eyes revolve around your figure when you speak, or laugh, or simply be. I see you now, powerful and confident and radiant upon the stage, beautiful beyond description and strong beyond reckoning, comfortable and at ease and simple, yet evocative and compelling. You could charm a blind man into seeing, you could stun his unseeing eyes, and that soul, that kind, kind heart, and amorphous mind that dares to think, that mouth that dares to speak, those eyes which dare to meet others. There is nothing you cannot do, and you are a queen of Heaven, a living goddess that has graced Earth, and I once held you in my arms and could not understand.

Perhaps I will never understand your grace and elegance, your unattainable mind. But I want you so, and I love you so, and you are something precious. I understand why the Medici's were patrons of art, funded great artists, why the rich spend money on operas and ballets. When you see something of value, of striking, shocking greatness, something that evokes emotions and stirs feelings in you, something whose power astounds your senses, you want nothing more than to see it over and over again, to capture that genius which created such a disruptive work, to leash it and cage it and ask it to keep on producing, so that you may keep on enjoying its dangerous and shocking fruits. You have discovered something precious, and you want to see it every day until you die, so of course you kidnap and steal what you must, you pay what you must, so long as you can love something so dearly for the rest of your life, so long as you can experience something like that till you die.

I see you now. And you are that artist, that painter of the ethereal, that sculpturer who carves the marble away to reveal the figure in the stone. I covet you beyond all else, and I wish to have you with me every day, so that I may enjoy your presence, bask in your glory, be the recipient of those flirtatious smiles and pretty eyes, the one you would love and care for beyond all else, the one that you covet.

Men kill for the prizes and skills that they do not have. When an artist creates something so lovely, the kings who commanded these crafts imprison the artist, keep him for themselves, because they know that here is something they desire, that others desire beyond all else, that such talent and skill is something worth killing and sinning for. And they wish to see it, to have it, or else no other may.

I love you, but I love you more than the stories you tell, the art you draw, the hearts you summon. And so I will let you go, when you wish to go. But if I could walk next to you again, feel those gentle steps upon the earthen ground, see you smile like that at someone like me, toss your hair in the wind, make those jokes to one such as me, and point out things in the horizon I had never seen, never dared to think of, never could have known. It's like the curve of the phrase that ends, that gracefully curls inwards before whirling about and smoothing – I want to ride the curve of that melody, feel the rush of air and anticipation and excitement. It's a whisper that promises more, but never delivers.