

## Reaching

He holds her in his arms, her head close to his chest, her ear listening to his heartbeat.  
She looks up and sees their reflection, in an embrace.  
She lets go of him, covers the mirror with a black cloth.

Branches twisted around each other, reach towards the sun, to feel the warmth of its rays, while drinking from the pool at its roots, and listening to beating breathing life.  
Its swaying leaves caress the sky, deep roots hug the earth, twisted branches embrace the world.  
Night falls, all is dark, nothing silent.

She sits on the bed, on her own, staring at the black cloth covering the mirror, wondering about potential performances, bringing her into a large room of mirrors covered with this black cloth.  
She wanders from mirror to mirror, one by one removing the cloth, looking at the physical image echoed in each one.  
She gets up from the bed and pulls the black cloth from the mirror.

Constant buzz of insects, a rare piercing screech, a croak in the distance, dripping and trickling throughout the forest, diverse sounds increasing and diminishing, a nocturnal concerto reverberating off the trees, beneath the dim blue moonlight.  
The sun rises, shining light on tangled mass and muddy paths.

She stands stripped bare and studies her Self in the mirror, tries to see past herself, but fails. She brings her hand to her cheek, her fingers resting delicately, tilting her head slightly, looks into her eyes, moves her hand over her nose to her lips, where her forefinger rests, she parts her lips a little, and begins to wonder, smushing her lips tightly together, then licking her bottom lip and biting it.

Trees, standing firm, in awestruck glory, bare bark and branches, inverted reflection on water's surface, with more discovery deeper beneath. Wind rustles the leaves, leaves sway delicately, falling slowly to float, carried gently this way and smoothly that way, to rest in a different place, where another leaf follows, until all the leaves have fallen.

He stands behind her, wraps his arms around her body, comforts her, keeps her from falling apart. She gazes at these two entwined figures in the mirror, two Munch lovers melded into one; carved initials.

Who are they?

*13<sup>th</sup> - 30<sup>th</sup> December, 2016*