

The Phantom Heart

By William Perkins

I never saw his face, but I knew from the second I saw his deep, brown eyes, that his intentions were true. He stood tall at every moment, willing to fight at a second's notice. Even through his ivory white mask, I could envision his beauty. A strong jawline and cheekbones to die for, matched with lips that awaited a passionate kiss.

He presented to me his song and dance, hypnotizing me into a trance with his awe-striking performance. The choir and orchestra blended together to form a symphony, the elegance of which was only able to be portrayed by music, as the jesters and dancers displayed their talents, all to entertain me. All this, while the man in the mask danced with dazzling delight, in the center of the spotlight, occasionally glancing in my direction to assure my amusement.

As the end of his act neared, he dropped down to one knee in front of me and offered to me a bouquet of roses. Gladly, I accepted, but as soon as I did so, he turned away whilst the lights flickered off, and he stepped away into the darkness, never to appear again.

All that remained of him was the burning memory of his show.
Each day, I would remember another glamorous piece of his intricate performances.

Despite all that, I could never think of a single flaw. Try as I might, I never could remember his voice, only the words that slipped out of his mouth ever so perfectly. I didn't remember his name, nor if he told me, but I knew that he was the one for me.

Perhaps it was because he didn't exist, living only through a memory in my head, and as time went on, the lens that I viewed the memory through became more and more rose-tinted. In reality, he was a ghost haunting me every second.

I wished so much for someone to be the masked man in that memory, but someone so beautiful and perfect could only live in my head. Perhaps, one day someone would live up to that vision, but for now, my phantom lover will continue to dance only in my head.



“The Last Angel” by Charles Van Wyk