

A Voice to Lost Time

By Laci McGee

One bright morning I walked through an avenue of oaks, with a roof of green above my head and a carpet of verdant grass beneath my feet. I beheld an aura – a wind spirit. She was dressed all in blue hued gray clouds that swirled and danced and her pale skin was translucent. I inquired of the aura as she floated a few inches off the ground and her silvery hair floated in the breeze that was ever around her.

“Who are you?”

“I am the breath of life that is exhaled by mortals.” Her beautiful face was sad. As I watched a small dark breath of air came to her and made its self part of her dress which then swirled more rapidly for a moment before again settling into its slow dance. “That was someone’s final breath.” Her skin had grown more transparent. “Once,” she said “I was full of life and color but this last century I have become this; this pale wrath that is but a shadow of my former being.”

“Why? Why have you become this?”

“Why you ask; it is because humans no longer take full advantage of their lives. They never slow down long enough to see the beauty of the world. Because few appreciate life fully now I cannot give these breathes to my twin sister who gives back breathes to those who really live – not those who just exist.”

“Do you hold many of my breaths?”

“Yes, but not nearly as many as some. You see, up until hundred years ago my twin and I were equal. I gave her many breaths that she gave to many humans but now things have changed – we use to always have work to do and we loved it. I am too full of death and am so weary while my sister is too full of life to share and restless.”

From morning till dusk we spoke. As the day wore on the aura told me many sad but beautiful tales of the Greeks, Romans, of the Dark Ages, and Renaissance. She told me of how things use to be and how she wished them to be that way once more. As I took my leave of her that eve she made of me one request: “Please, help people learn to live again. Save my sister and me from our torment. Also, by saving us, you will be making the lives of humans longer and fuller.”

Along the quiet path home I reveled in the beauty of the heavens and the gentle breeze through my hair and as I took pleasure in the world around me I could swear that I could feel life flowing into my mortal soul.