

# Aria In Shadow

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*She Lives and is found in rebirth and the realm of dreams.*

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# 1 - Aria in shadow

Ron Koppelberger[br]

About 1728 Words[br]

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## Aria In Shadow[br]

The embryo grew in news and the tramp near the edge of Promise Nod looked to the name of Aria, the violent summoner of arid winds and fiery desire, a witch of reputation in promise.[br]

He faced the front shingle on the ancient cottage door, all gray with scarlet lettering, Aria The Steeple it read. Humbled by the shame of poverty and the passion he felt for Aria, he stood waiting for her acceptance. A father to be he thought, a child in due by the fates and by the wont of a black witch.[br]

Polly Dray knocked on the rough hewn oaken surface of the witches door. A rapt gift of practiced patience stole his haggard face in waves of anticipation. They had met by the Western Glenn, she in dark eyed attire, a rare mix of magic and satin ease and he in suffering regret, a pale faced clumsiness prefaced by the rags of misfortune.[br]

She had come to him in a dream.[br]

Bidden by the wont of child, a dark need for the birth of an apprentice. she had whispered in his sleep. She led him to the edge of a glass pond, silent, secret and in clandestined shadows. They had given the sky a moment to remember; twilight, scarlet desires in fervent passion, they had followed the crimson heart of ecstasy , of bliss borne from the grip of wedlock, in sin, darkness and fire, bought by the unbidden features of broken taboos and uncommon affections. They had created from rags and silk, a bond by blood and the cleaver eye of a witch, Aria the violent and Polly broken in spirit, he only aware of the moment, the due he needed to climb the delicate petals of stature and life.[br]

A turn for the better he thought as he stood waiting for the door to open; the arms of an angel he thought of the witch, my sweet Aria blessed by the gods and her husband to be.[br]

A few moments later the door swung open unfurling darkness and the trappings of his illusion. In naive currents of desire he thought, her rouge is bright and her lips sweetly shimmering in scarlet whispers of song.[br]

Aria stood before him, covered in blood, apron smeared scarlet by her bloody handprints. His look of cloudy delirium became a look of surprise and dismay, yet he had known, with a surety he had been aware. She crossed the gulf of Pollys shock and pulled him close. [br]

Sweet man, tis just a moment before twilight and the silhouette of night-tide saints, calm yer fear and cool yer dismay! she hugged him close and the vapors were sweet as well as coppery with the violence of the witches passion. She kissed him gently in convincing measures of bond. [br]

The sound of night thrush filled the wild around the cottage as the moon cast its light across the small clapboard house, the breath of drama told in a grim distraction. [br]

Hear ye! she said in his ear quietly.[br]

See ye! she nibbled his ear breathing warm summer winds and daisies into his accepting consciousness.[br]

Aria led him into her asylum. The door closed shutting out the evening sky and the path he had traversed to be with her. He saw soft shades of amber light and the odor of baking bread filled the air. He was enchanted not seeing the body of the man, rended and broken, dismembered and slashed in crimson, splashes of death. He didnt see the cold edge of the blade laying near the corpse nor the smile

in darkness, in secret cankers and charcoal soot.[br]

Aria patted her stomach and grinned wider. Our baby dear Polly, well raise her to be a queen, a princess in power, to avenge your rags and my prison, to become the pasture for our devoted moment of vengeance dear Polly. [br]

The table the body was laying on dripped pattering tears of blood against the burnished oaken floor, pooling in a savagely satiating aura of red. Aria stepped back sliding in the sticky mess, nearly falling and for an instant he saw her, ancient, bleak and candent by the fires of hell, in her moment of weakness. His eyes became clear for a moment, just the briefest of admittance and a sleepless gathering of strength crept into his countenance. By dust and roses he thought, what wore the witch, his sweet Aria what wore her.[br]

Pulling him close again she sang in his ear.[br]

Like sacred storms and the rain of tangled dreams, give me my cleaving affection in dire confection. Polly listened and wavered from his insights, perhaps she was an angel in dark airs of passion. She touched his eyes and sent him a vision. Sunshine and spring flowers in bloom, children playing and sparrows fluttering black then white, black then white, white and black. He opened his eyes then, seeing her for what she was, dark, evil and angry; nevertheless she loved him and he was frayed, burned by the struggle and she was carrying his child in her womb.[br]

Sprays of sparrow song and dandelion bloom anticipated the birth of Arias baby. Polly saw darkness and the same expectation in Arias eyes. [br]

She sweat blood and smoke, fire and wrath. He looked to the midday sky and thought, it had been nine months brewing, stirring in the mists of fate. Happenstance was discreetly convincing the wind and the tempest currents. Polly wrestled and wondered for his child, for the troth of a darkness borne in ecstasy and wont. He wondered and his contemplation secreted the wisdom of one who was enchanted by the notion of flowers, azure heaven and god, guiltless deliverance. He struggled for nine long months finally deciding. Shell be my daughter named beauty and love, balanced by my devotion. Polly thought again and to the edge of the darkest horizon. He would end the witches life after his childs birth. For the winter to come and times of hunger, he would steal the child and the breath of the witch, the steeple, the killer of innocence, for the promise of his soul and his daughter. He would take her the moment his sweet salvation was borne into the world.[br]

Aria lay in wait for the hint of her achievement, her daughter, in spasms and convulsions of birth, in revolt, in revolutions tide she screamed and fought the pains of child birth. In an instant the child was borne, into the light and shadow of Polly and Aria, crying new wanting the things of the world and her mother lay in reverie, in asylums of warmth, candent and in the way of sacred angels, her father strong with resolve.[br]

She dreamed and cried and thrashed at the world, tiny tears sliding across her ruddy checks in infant passion.[br]

Polly drifted between the realms of shifting day and a suffering night, he best a twilight thought. Shell be away from the witch if only I can manage he said through a sudden and overwhelming lethargy. Pollys eyes widened and Aria laughed in salt and flame, loud, hysterical and wild. She laughed and convulsed in rhythm with the childs tears, her daughters power. [br]

The baby touched her cheek and Aria screamed as a bright sun appeared there smoldering her flesh and burning her to ash. Polly touched the child, his daughter borne of a dark witch and a vagabond and his hand came away shriveled, old by degrees of time as the future spun ahead. [br]

Brick and mortar replaced the forest glenn and the sound of airplanes, cars and scurrying footfalls, the footfalls of countless people filled the air. Polly saw his daughter for a final moment before he crumbled to dust. She was laying on a city sidewalk, the concrete jungle of Promises future. Passerby glanced apprehensively down at her, looking for her mother and wondering why a baby was laying in the middle

of the busy crowd. Her writhing newness was the birth of an era a time in passing seconds and days of fast evolution. [br]

She waited for her parents in the shadow of a brilliant light. A swan and a black and white sparrow, of the suffering witch and the desire of a tattered castoff. [br]

On her way to work the woman, kind in expression reached down and took the baby to her bosom, away from the hard surface of the concrete sidewalk. She noticed the pile of rags laying next to the child thinking of a homeless mother or father. [br]

The woman smiled and sang.[br]

Hush little baby, go to sleep. The baby grinned and cooed bound by the promise of an era given to the romance of a secret future.[br]

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## **Twenty Years Later[br]**

She was twenty years old now, no longer that innocent babe. Cloaks of light engaged her wherever she went, nonetheless. She stood on the top floor of her new penthouse apartment and sighed as her husband whispered into her ear.[br]

Its great isnt it hon' he said as he kissed her ear.[br]

Its just beautiful Shaver, just beautiful. The sound of music and singing, tribal dark and wild drifted up from the glossy burnished cedar floor. Must be a party downstairs. she commented to Shaver. [br]

Must be honey, maybe well go down and introduce ourselves. he offered casually. She looked at him for a moment wondering. [br]

The city skyline was gorgeous she thought in clouds of distraction. She stared over the rail to the balcony below. There were people milling about the patio and they were laughing as they ate crackers and pate The sky grew dark for an instant as she heard the name. Aria, the woman on the patio was starring up at her and smiling. [br]

Come on Aria, the bands great! she looked away and went back into the apartment.[br]

For a moment the woman, Aria had looked old ancient and familiar. Shacking her head she walked back into the penthouse. She could hear her husband talking to someone on the phone in whispers. [br]

Hey honey, we got an invite for the party. he said excitedly. She remained silent thinking about the child she was carrying.[br]

Great honey! she called back as she prepared herself for the party. Thats great.[br]

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## 2 - Nocturne,the root trader, A stray strawberry

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**A Stray Strawberry**[br]

An antique possession, hunters delighting in the welcomed myth of unrestrained temptations. A bartered bewilderment in dovetail yesterdays and sated thirsty dawns, in the reflection of a polished metal trigger. They rumbled and grumbled in belching declarations of fraternity and in vision of unfurled freedom. They had placed the net in the center of the beasts run. Clandestined, entwined with a rush of wild strawberries and briar scrub the trap availed the promise of a grand trophy. [br]

Glistening marshland bog wavered in waves of mist and ethereal smoke around them. Khaki shorn boot laced encampments of scandal and bloodlust followed the tides the hunters swam in. They hid unshackled and in clever contempt for the beast and its wild domain. They embraced the crush of primitive power and hoarded anger, anger that drove them to make an example of the hunt. An arrow in the heart of the beast! one of them whispered. Devised by measures of desolate glee they waited in blind hatred for their prey. Absconder! another one whispered. Strength! one of them muttered.[br] In sure order the beast obliged the hunt and an age of seconds and still hours halted as the beast[br] [br]

tore the first ones head off with razor sharp claws and gnashing teeth. Strength! he had [br]

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muttered. The second one screamed and flailed as the beast eviscerated him in a flash of [br]

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knifelike fangs. Absconder! he had whispered. The third one stood his ground shaking and [br]

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waving a sharp blade. The beast contemplated this moment and disappeared after gulping up a [br]

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few stray strawberries. The third had whispered the word, Harmony. in rebuke and fear, the [br]

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arrow forgotten and the beast placated.[br]

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**The Root Trader**[br]

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The ground tugged at Louisiana Paleos supply of independence and mounted concern. The crop slapped at the stallions hindquarters leaving tiny welts of conveyed direction. The sleepy waters of Wabble Morass pulled at the hooves of the horse, Trembling, prepared for the worst Louisiana feared the payment of the root trader. [br]

He had untangled the trail that the morass had presented and near the end of the quest he had found the day, hour and age of sublime barter with the root trader. A tiny wood and plank thatched house sat like a beacon for those who ventured the Wabble wash, the intervening morass. Knot holes let the fires of candles within show through the tattered walls of the cottage. He had stifled the urge to scream as the root trader had shuffled through the front door of the ramshackle construction. The house had shifted nervously as the jabbering fortune of boogey barter and dabbling reputation moved in slow halting breaths of swamp fire toward him. [br]

A bit o Arrow Root fer ye sir' he questioned. Arrow root on tha powers of love fer yer flame' he chuckled as he held a small leather pouch outward in tempting offer. [br]

Louisiana pushed the image of the root trader from his mind as the horse became entrenched in the morass, wallowing and floundering in frothy fear. The trader was covered in leaking pustules his face, or rather his nose, the place where it should have been was a vacuous set of holes bubbling crimson droplets with each of his wheezing exhalations. Louisiana gagged for a moment as he returned his attentions to the leather pouch. Arrow root for his love, the magic of the root trader, but at what cost. [br]

The mark of Louisianas hand was swelling and leaking water like fluid. The root trader had scratched him in a giggling frenzy of chattering, gibbering ferocity. Louisiana had grabbed the pouch from the root trader, slapping the horses flanks wildly in fear. He endeavored to free the stallion from the bog as imagined the trail back to safety, back to his love, back to life and away from the root trader. The matter of pest house madness created suspicious fingers of pain and unbound vicious welts in his hand as the root traders scratch became a myriad of leaking cuts and spider web wounds. The Wabble root trader had tried to stop the stallion and Louisiana from leaving with a cattail frond and a screeching yell. The hose nothing but truth and a ferocious fear had trampled the root trader into the damp earth. [br]

Louisiana thought about the crunch of his frail bones and the gasping curse he had spoken. Heap o sleep and scratchy glue, let the death of Arrow Root be on you! [br]

The horse became dense shrub; the scratches became sprouting leaves and roots as Louisiana [br]

evolved, revolved and resolved the traders curse. An ancient oak grew from the seedlings of [br]

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the curse and the spot became the center of the morass as a marker for the trader and the curse. [br]

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**Nocturne** [br]

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The concord of jumping jacks and panting suspirations filled the darkness of the bedroom like an

