

# Done in Black Leather

By Ron111

Submitted: September 16, 2011

Updated: September 16, 2011

*He rides into the dream*

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**Chapter 1 - Stories for the soul**

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# 1 - Stories for the soul

Ron Koppelberger[br]

## **Back and Forth[br]**

The weather moved back and forth in fullness and discontent. Back and forth, day and night; the doomed town entertained the self reliance of a fated drama, in the eleventh hour a drama in everything that couldnt happen, shouldnt happen, by the will of the populous, all 387 of them. They had the old-fashioned willingness to assist in the insurrection, against the tide of darkness, the destiny of black sands and shadow. The back and forth weather the totalitarian brute that threatened their existence, was descried as a monster by most. [br]

Red Biscay had watched the teeter-totter wall of darkness move toward the town of Salutation Florida at least a dozen times. He marked the calendar with every revolution of the black wall. In first class effect he downed a shot of bourbon with each passing wave. The twilight horizon would be full of it again. Day and night, morning to twilight, the cycle would move forward again. The night had disappeared without ceremony. The beast was on the edge of the horizon, a giant wall of enveloping blackness that swallowed the eastern edge of town in slow discerning measure, bit by bit. The wall of shadow never quite made to the hearth and breath of Salutation, the demon would always recede in the course of time. The South, West and North were all folly as filthy whirlwinds of flame and dark smoke surrounded those directions and the frayed edges of town in waves of desolation. There had been a few adventurers and in attempted escape they had been lost to the silhouette of the wall, the blackness and the evil that surrounded their little town. [br]

Back and forth, six-twenty and the encroaching darkness vanished, the flames disappeared and [br]  
[br]

the smell of fresh fall leaves hung in the air. The rolling vista bespoke of sunshine and joy, [br]

[br]  
happiness and a portent of heaven. The vast farmlands were in fertile desire of a better [br]

[br]  
tomorrow. With whispers of light there was the promise of a new day. Back and forth Red [br]

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prayed for the sunrise to never end. [br]

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Ron Koppelberger[br]

## **Justified by Fire[br]**

The virgin leaf was unspoiled by the amber colored substance, opium in a purely secret demonstration of surety. Always there and wanting a host to the lonely deliriums of addiction, the opium was always there and willing. [br]

Harmon Blue was bred by the passage of denial and the tiny green leafed store of opium wasnt tempting him to dramas of confusion. Instead he found himself on the border of a giant expanse. There were

Poppies as far as the eye could see. Harmon was calm as he unscrewed the cap on the ten gallon can of gasoline. As he poured the fuel on the blossoms he thought about his daughter. Twenty-one years, that's how long she had lived. The gas lolled and dripped from the plants. She had, in some insane yoke of fate, become an opium addict in blooming concession to all things expressing her former life; she was encumbered by the symmetry of the substance, tortoise slow and easy in the great race. [br]

The gasoline sloshed in moist cloying union with the deceptively hateful flowers. He knew he was justified in his remedy. They had found his daughter face down on her apartment floor. [br]

The echo of the shimmering fluid as the last few drops trickled across the temptress weed was [br]

[br]

hollow and desolate. Harmon Blue set the unequaled expanse of poppies on fire. He opened up [br]

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his arms and cried; the poppies burned in a glittering conflagration of beauty and utter darkness. [br]

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Ron Koppelberger [br]

### **Mismatched Blood** [br]

Fury and overfed wraths of beckoning mayhem whiskered the wolf's slumber with the temper of bitter cream, curds in sour blood, the flesh of a dazed chafe and mazy portent. The wolf dreamed and in firebrand agitation, forward unto mismatched blood, a type of fury and unbidden allure in fuzzy goosebumps and ecstasy, all bliss and desire. [br]

He dreamed of her, snarls and growls, howls and grumble-rumble convocations in yellow eyed consent. Fine-spun futures in flame and ash, in cinders and burning accent, he dreamed and in that dream he found release, release unto the elder gods of freedom and hunting passions. He dreamed of his mate, the mismatched blood, the contradiction in fanged arrays of whelp offspring, Good seed, she whispered to the dreaming wolf, Good seed my husband. He saw jet black in twilight shadow and silhouette of an absent sun, black and devouring with an acquired embrace, a gentle surrender to the charcoal fur and clawed ambiance of the female. A dark peck and a wicked pact with the ancient alliance the midnight demons of err. She cooed in his mind and all the substance of ethereal futures revolved around him in delirious celebration, Evermore my love, evermore. The wolf shuddered at the bad blood and the mismatched assurance of scarlet terrors and bloody heedless wont. He fought the urge to yelp in tangled scratches of wire, screaming and oblivious pulling him closer to the edge of desolate abandon. He fought and when he awoke he remembered the mists of what might be, he remembered the chase and the hunt, the divine satisfactions of an angel in alabaster feather and gossamer contrast. He remembered love and the promise of Eden. [br]

Yawning and tasting the cool dawn airs of morning-tide life, he thanked the heavens for the start [br]

[br]

of a new day and the treasure of insight. Straight forward. he thought, Moving in paw sure [br]

[br]

paths toward the divine. He soon forgot the mismatched blood and prayed, otherwise unaware [br]

[br]

of the currents, the fates that guide wolves and man. He strode ahead and into the fable of [br]

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cerulean skies bought by daybreak sunshine. [br]

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Ron Koppelberger[br]

### **The Superhighway**[br]

Within the boundary of sense and fate, a covenant in procession, the man followed the route, like a superhighway. He was mystified by the length of the journey, a trip in perfect flawless rhythm with the heartbeat of the superhighway, Fifty-seven miles to Tampa the green reflective sign read. He tapped out a cigarette and lit it, a few cinders fell from the tip to his lap. He brushed them toward the floorboard leaving a gray smear on his black slacks. [br]

The twilight-tide sunshine, orange and indigo velvet lit up the endless expanse of highway. Subtle[br]  
[br]

designs in shadow swayed and yielded the welcome of his excursion to Tampa. An undeviating [br]  
[br]

spear of concrete the superhighway derived from doubt, championed the conquest of stark [br]  
[br]

barriers in feasts of fear. He was reincarnated in perfect psalms and in the instant of a breath, [br]  
[br]

the purpose of infinite speculation. Reborn in union with the superhighway and its intent. He [br]  
[br]

exhaled a puff of smoke in ancestral wonder, primal in reciprocating waves of fog. He reckoned[br]  
[br]

with the knowledge that the divinity of custom and circumstance had brought him full circle. [br]  
[br]

The sign on the sign of the road rolled by. Out loud he whispered, Fifty-seven miles to [br]  
[br]

Tampa.[br]

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Ron Koppelberger[br]

### **The Licorice Witch**[br]

He had an aversion to the Licorice witch, in his intimate confession he had expressed his deeply furious concern with the green eyed monster. The Licorice witch, a compliment to the sorcery of willing darkness and the blackest of magics. An abhorrent proof in the existence of evil, she was a restless exception to life. [br]

The cottage was askew at oblique angles to the sun and the windows were painted black. The view from his secret vantage was limited. He contemplated by design of devoted vermilion fury, a fury that shook him to the core. He watched her thrash a large ornate rug on the clothesline strung between the cottage and the small copse of oaks next to her house. As if she were a hitten me..... he thought without reason. Obsessed, he found himself watching her as she emptied her wash water to the ground near the cottage. As if she were a drownin me..... he thought in the gloom of twilight. [br]

He sat in his small asylum staring out the window toward the licorice witches house when a knock came

at the door. It was her. Strange crouching, I perceive your joy in billowy ash and ills, you would have my soul  
witch! he screamed in fear. Stumbling backward he fumbled for his musket. In passions of delirious fright  
he tripped and hit his head on the floor, killing him in unfettered delivery. [br]

The woman made merry in her cottage. The cascade of rain deflected the sound of her laughter; [br]  
[br]

she rejoiced. The faithless clever witch consumed the nocturnal potion, Mystic darkness, [br]  
[br]

backward and forward nearness, gainful, baneful pots of gold the revolutions of bedlams old. [br]  
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She sang as she danced in glee.[br]

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