

Phoenix

Jeremiah Mofield

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Orix fell defeated on his knees, head hanging, hands in the dirt, and tears rolling down his cheeks. The loss of his wife was too much to bear. His heart was failing fast, and the thought of never seeing her again devastated the mental landscape of his fragile mind. Sorrow transformed into rage, boiling at the surface of his wounded heart as his cold, empty eyes stared into oblivion beyond the ground in front of him. The murderer had smiled condescendingly as his wife had burned like a torch and run screaming over the edge of the cliff, falling headlong into the dark abyss below. Like jagged knives, the memory cut open his bleeding heart and left him in the depths of a dark misery.

Because of the killer's deed, hate and sadness spiraled out of control burning his heart with painful flames of vengeance. He longed for a way to avenge his fallen love and to bring light back into his world once again. He desperately desired to feel her soft skin or to look into her emerald eyes once more, forever remaining in their paradise. These haunted feelings antagonized him as he realized his perfect world had come to ruin and fallen down around him.

Why have the gods let this happen to me? The thought roiled in his mind.

Orix was angry at himself for not being able to do anything to prevent his wife's death or to bring her back to him. He could not bring himself to stand and face the world; a world without her love. He swore that if there was a way to avenge his wife, no matter the cost, he would. A smoldering cauldron of hate broiled within his chest and burned away all reason. He sensed his inner-self sink farther into the embrace of loss and the dark hand of depression clasped its dank fingers around his fading soul slowly squeezing the life from him.

Orix realized the need to calm the rage inside by paying back the injustice on the murderer and wipe that wicked smile out of his mind. He knew that he was going to do just that, so he let himself fall deeper into his apocalyptic self-pity and hate. His rage burned like the eternal fires of hell, reaching the highest heavens. As if in answer to the pain of the carved canyon slashed across his heart, the sky suddenly changed. The transformation above him thundered like great boulders rolling across the firmament. Black, billowing clouds blotted out the sky casting ominous darkness, which drowned out all

light within their mysterious murky presence. For a time, Orix could not see the ground in front of him and, blindly looking into the heavens, he cursed this day.

Then, suddenly, a blindingly blue bolt of lightning slashed down through the darkness and slammed into Orix causing him to involuntarily rise to his feet screaming in agony. What seemed like cries of misery quickly became shouts of pleasure as the power surged through his awakening body. His rage amplified into a focused indignation that consumed his entire being bringing every instant of his life before his glowing eyes. Upon contemplating his life, he let go of all resistance and surrendered to the fire which burned and consumed his entire being.

As the energy coursed through his body, he levitated a foot off the ground. The electrifying power jolted his body, forcing his arms out to the sides with fingers extended out reaching for eternity. His veins bulged like deep rivers coursing beneath his sizzling skin. Huge blue bolts crackled around him pulsing throughout his body, racing like hellish snakes on fire, circling every inch of his flesh. Orix's eyes glowed unnaturally, as lightning poured into them, drowning the twin orbs in liquid flames brimming full of energy. Awesome power ran through his blood, energizing him with immeasurable strength.

Suddenly, Orix's body doubled forward and he looked at the ground once more. From his arched back, bolts of blinding lightning exploded outward in every direction like fiery fingers rending the fabric of the sky. Erupting out of his burnt skin, blazing sapphire wings burst through and spread out behind him. Power surged around him sending raining sparks and cobalt embers falling from the sky around his transformed body. Orix closed his eyes and the world went blindingly dark.

In an instant Orix floated back to the ground, pressing now bare feet into several layers of ash. His fiery wings stretched out wide and energy pulsed in sync with his rage filled eyes. Orix smiled now, a wicked grin split his face like a jagged knife wound. His grief had been noticed by the heavens and he had been given a chance to make things right. Vengeance imprisoned his sorrow and confined the terrible pain within celestial fire. Orix was reborn from his desolation and divine retribution consumed his every thought taking him further away from the man he was into the being he was becoming. Something had died within him and now out of the ashes of his tragedy, something else arose.