

# Gossamer's Glass

Kali Blackstorm

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Editor Caitlyn Blackstorm

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To:

*Young Promise,  
Always a broken memory on the sweet tongue*

I don't regret it—I don't think. I mean...what would you have done, if you could've kept all you desired for such a simple price? Rhys, please tell me—Would you have done it too?

I promise, I never meant to disappoint; so tell me your answer—I need to know! Would you have gone in through the out door too? Traded glass for webs and water for vessels? Give me a sign, any will do—I need to know!

Yet why ask, when answer? Because I know it's just me who's willing to shine gloss and dust dirt and call the cat the dog, but it's worth it—I swear! All those nuances and aches, sheen the shine to glimmer patina.

And I hope one day you'll believe me, maybe even forgive me, but all that said—I won't be me and you won't be you, yet assured, we'll still be us—right?

A love eternal, no matter the toll—that's what love is to you...so why do you shake?

You trade I for you, and I trade you for I, but I think I'll trade us for this instead. Because all our warmth died in a simple moment, but I'll get it back with a simple wish! Don't bother the toll! The dream will twist the nightmare until sin is shined for crows like wedding bells for the dead.

I promise Rhys—I swear—I'll get you back—because I can't stand summers without music and winters without fire or springs without song. I can't bear it any longer!

I know it's wrong! I know you wouldn't approve! But you're so much stronger than me, and I just wanted to keep you safe...I promised.

And a promise is a promise! So please—let me...let me keep it.

Just—promise...you won't ask how.