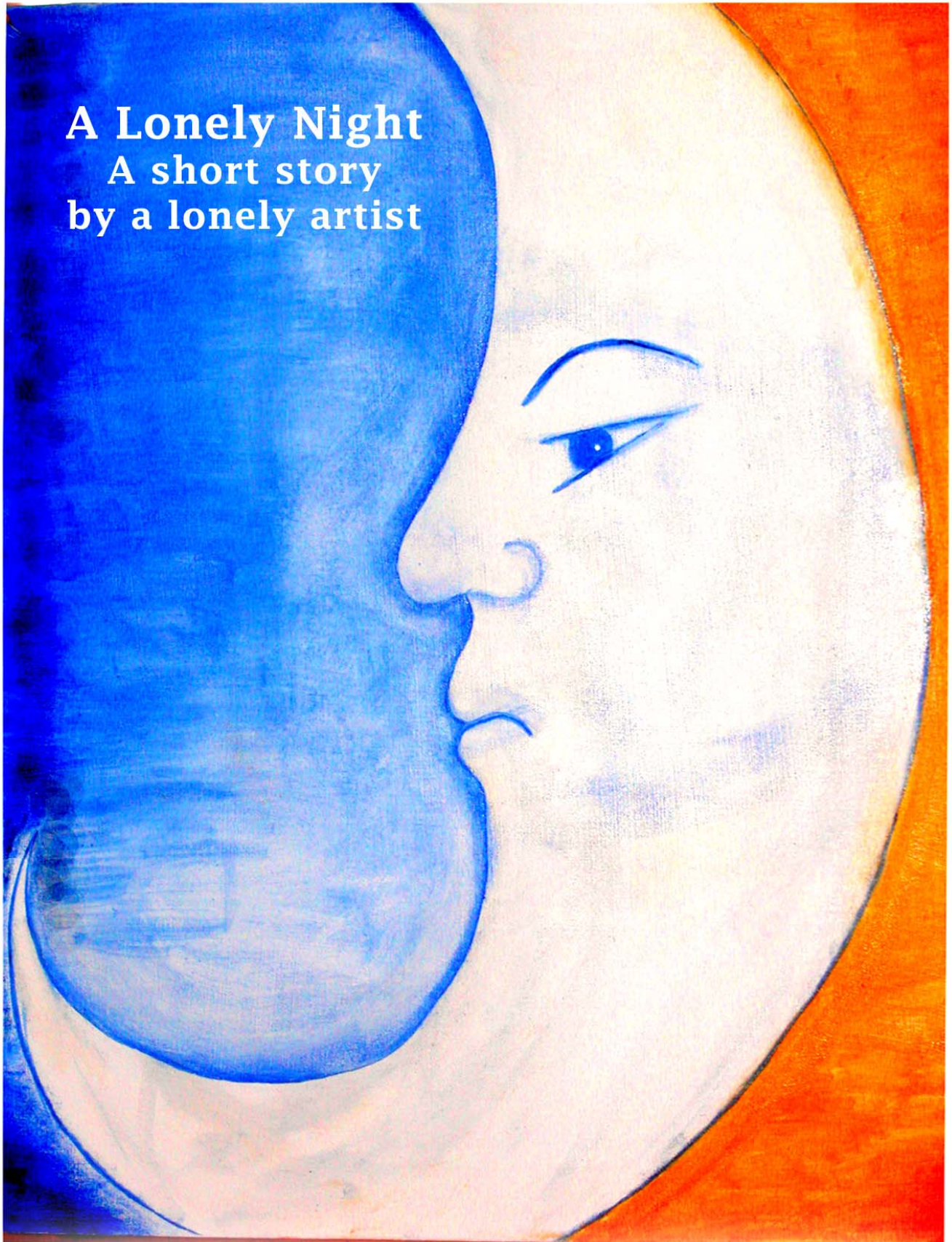


A Lonely Night
A short story
by a lonely artist



by Siona Marie Marques



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Siona Marie Marques

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A Lonely Night, 26x24, oil on canvas

A Lonely Night

Moon was divided. He had not been whole for a while. It had been so long, he forgot how to *be* whole, how to exist as a unique and complete being, connected to the universe and peaceful and joyful inside. He had not felt this way for a long, long time. He was looking for light, for warmth. His glow was fading. He felt like he was failing and growing dim. it was not good.

What happened to me, he asked himself?

Where did I go wrong? Why does it feel like I have lost pieces of myself and why don't I even remember what these lost pieces were like? As the sky grew darker he sat in his silence, deeply alone and very afraid.

A Lonely Night



And then the stars came out to play! They were always happy, twinkling and gleeful. They knew how to laugh. In his aloneness, he sensed they would keep far away. He thought they would not even want to come *near* his depressed being. And he was right. Stars kept their joy by surrounding themselves by it.



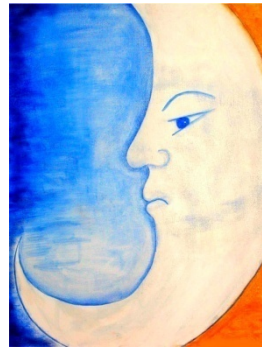
They never entered the domain of the unenlightened, they stayed far away from unhappy beings. They were brilliant and amazing, very simple, and their happiness shined throughout the indigo night. Moon liked them and he respected their way of being. And alone he sat simply wondering what his fate would be and how he came to this desolate place.



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A Lonely Night

He remembered how he felt when he was with sun, his other (and better, he believed) half. He always felt good when he was with her. She was so warm, so open, so beautiful, inside and out. She was radiant! Just thinking about her made him kind of forget how cold and lonely he was.



She brought the light to his world. He couldn't exist without her. But here he was, *without her* and this realization brought him back to his current position.

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A Lonely Night



He shivered and felt the bleakness of the night. He could see the stars twinkling, but they were so far away, enjoying the company of each other. He admired them. Although they hung out in a group, they always remained individuals, they had no need to form romantic attachments. They simply shined. That was their total purpose and they did it with such energy and love. And they were so far away....



A Lonely Night

His thoughts went back to sun. The last time they talked, they argued...again. She was telling him how she felt he stole some of her light. It hurt to think about the things she said to him. He wondered if she was serious. But then she *had* to be, here he was all alone. She told him he stifled her; she couldn't breathe around him. But not all the time, just some of the time. She *did* love him, she knew that for a fact. But she was tired of feeling drained by him. He was sucking her energy, she said, and it was becoming unbearable.

That was the last time they talked. But these things were not new to his ears. She had said them many times before. At first, she said them jokingly. Over time, she took time to discuss her feelings. He heard her, but he didn't know what to do about it. After all, she was the one who got things done. And he liked that about her. He liked the fact he could relax and let her take care of important decisions.

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A Lonely Night

But maybe she didn't like the responsibility all the time. She said she needed her space. He had also heard that before. But then, *she* never did anything about it - not until this last time. That was when she turned around and left. She had told him to leave a few times before, (which he never did) but this was the first time *she* took the initiative to move out of the comfort zone they shared. That was when he really knew she was serious. Her absence made the night darker than ever before.

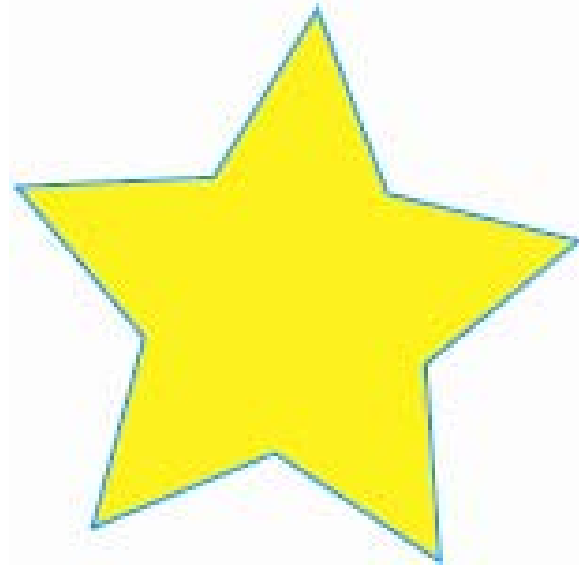


He had had lonely nights before. These were the times when they argued and slept alone. But she was still nearby, never this far away. He thought back on some of those times and felt a tingle in his chest.

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A Lonely Night

Those were the times when he felt a subtle strength he hadn't felt except when in her direct presence. Why did he feel it on those nights, he thought? He didn't know the answer but felt there was something deep and important behind this question. He decided to explore it further. But not right now...he was so tired. And so he slept.



He was awakened by a star, a daring, loving star who ventured away from the pack to see what was bothering moon. They all knew who he was, but never had the need to speak to him one-on-one. Stars never had the need to do *anything*, they lived in complete bliss. But this particular star was very, very loving and looking on moon from far away, he could feel his emptiness and felt compassion. Amidst the playing and joking with the other stars, he could not help but feel sorry for moon and he therefore took it upon himself to wander off to see what was bothering this great heavenly being.

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A Lonely Night

“What’s up”, he asked? Moon, on hearing this, jumped out of his not-so-deep sleep. He was startled by the voice, and surprised that someone cared enough to come this close. “Nothing,” he answered. Star was silent. In his simplicity, he didn’t care to dispute it. He was a feeler and not a thinker - and he felt moon was lying. So there was nothing for him to say. After a long time, moon spoke again. “I don’t really know,” he said. “Sun left me and now I’m alone. And I don’t know how to get her back.”

“Why do you want to get her back?” asked star. He was seriously puzzled. He had no point of reference to understand how someone could need another so badly.

“Because I love her,” moon said, thinking it obvious. Star sat silent again. He was not the philosophical type. But he knew what love was in its truest sense and he knew it didn’t depend on anyone.

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A Lonely Night



Finally, star asked, “isn’t she coming back?”

This time moon was silent...very silent. The question made him want to cry. He hadn’t allowed himself to go this far in thought before. And he didn’t really want to go there now. Thinking about life forever without sun made him want to drop out of the sky.

“I hope,” was all he managed to squeeze out in a cracked voice. Star felt the sadness multiply. He looked out towards the other stars playing in the distance and immediately felt their joy. He had no understanding of what moon was going through and he wondered what propelled him to come this far to feel this much pain. He knew there was a reason but not yet what it was.

“Why did she leave?” he asked. Moon thought and then said, “she said I was draining her light. She said I didn’t make her feel good anymore.”

“She said she was tired of feeling heavy, whatever that means.” Now star understood. He couldn’t yet find words to express this understanding, but he felt what moon was talking about.

A Lonely Night

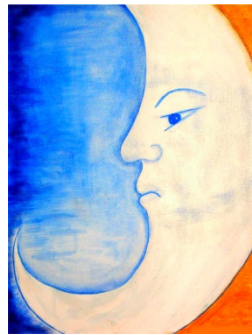


After The Eclipse, 26x24, oil on canvas

Siona Marie Marques

A Lonely Night

Sun thought, “it feels so good to be free.” But it was a halfhearted thought. Part of her felt brilliant and radiant again - light, and energetic. But part of her was lonely because she missed moon’s company. He was so gentle and laid back. He never got angry. He was the perfect partner, she thought....until he started to become draining.



She missed his energy. He complemented her. And she loved so many things about him. She was lonely without him. But at least she felt whole. In this wholeness, she yearned to express it, to share with someone. This yearning made her feel lonely. That was her dilemma, lonely and *whole* or not lonely and *drained*.

A Lonely Night

She felt whole when she could relax and let her light shine. She felt her purpose was being fulfilled when she did this. Sometimes moon wanted her to shine on him only, to neglect the world and focus it all on him. And it felt good to her, to be so needed and important in his life. She liked shining on him most times...but not *all* the time, she had other things to do as well. And so did he. But he felt so good taking in her brilliance that sometimes he neglected his duties...and so did she.



It was these times when she became irritated. She could feel the pull of putting too much attention on one being on her energy levels. It made her feel drained...literally. And that was not her nature. She would try to tell him about it, but he didn't understand, or else he didn't want to understand. Or else he simply didn't care. Regardless of which, it made her furious and then the arguments followed.

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A Lonely Night



“**You have** to find your own light,” said star, very quietly. There was a very long silence—it seemed endless. But in this silence, something lifted. Star felt it. He felt the darkness become less dark. And he felt moon become a little less lonely.

Moon said nothing. But he started to remember. He started to remember the lonely nights, the nights when he and sun slept in separate places. Although he was angry with her, he still felt OK. He felt strong inside. But why? The thought itched him until the answer popped out. Because he didn’t need her! On those nights, he was lonely but not alone. He had something he never recognized when she was there. He had his *own* light. and it wasn’t an external thing. This light was a light that couldn’t be shaded. It could never be extinguished. It came from inside.

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A Lonely Night

On those nights, he recognized his own power. He saw so clearly that it was always there. But it was so easy to neglect it in the presence of the radiant sun, so easy to forget. This light always seemed like just a small glow, until he entered it. Simply by recognizing it, it grew larger. And if he was really still he could go inside it like a door. and it felt so good!

Then he thought about the nights before he met sun. They were lonely too, but it wasn't a bad feeling. It was what it was. And the loneliness never lasted too long, just long enough for him to go beyond it by realizing it wasn't really real. How *could* it be real if it was just a thought?

When the *reality* was he had *himself*. And *his* light felt good! It was enough to keep him warm.

A Lonely Night

When he met sun, he neglected his own light. He got so caught up in the relationship which moved so fast, despite his slow and steady nature, that he forgot to take the time to feel his own luminosity. And maybe *that* was where he went astray...



Star saw that moon was deep in thought, so much, he was almost entranced. He felt the shadow lifting from around moon. And he smiled and drifted back to his company.

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A Lonely Night

Sun was confused. Her light was shining and she felt good. But she wanted moon. She knew she didn't *need* him, but still she wanted him. He taught her so many things, simply by his being there. She smiled at the thought. He taught her patience. He taught her kindness. And he taught her to pull instead of push. He was so magnetic!

She missed his presence. But she was too scared to go back. She knew the drain he would again become after a while - and how the pull that could be so mesmerizing always became a little too strong in time. She was stuck. And it didn't feel good.

And then moon knew and remembered what it felt like to be whole. It was an indescribable joy that made him want to shout and tell someone, even though he didn't have the words. He then realized that star was not there. He looked and saw him in the distance with his friends. And for the first time, he felt all right. He saw a twinkle from star and knew that star knew how he was feeling.

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A Lonely Night

He knew for the first time that he could be alone...and be happy! He loved sun, but he did not *need* her. He felt powerful and humble at the same time. He knew if she had never left, he would not have come to this realization. And this made him love her even more. “If she never comes back, I can love her from a distance,” he thought - and smiled. And he knew he could stay like this for eternity, alone, but not alone.

And then instantly, in a flash sun was there! All he saw was the brilliant light. And then he felt her lips push against his. And he knew that his wholeness was what had attracted her, had drawn her back!

And he was almost blinded by her light.

And she was almost blinded by his.

~ **The End** ~

Siona Marie Marques

A Lonely Night



Inspired by True Love, 24x26, oil on canvas

Siona Marie Marques

A Lonely Night

From the Author

Life is a journey. Relationships are a part of the journey. Some parts of the trip we are meant to walk alone—to take a solitary path. Other times, we are joined with another in order to experience things together.

Each day, we move a step. This step can be a forward step, or it can be a step backwards. The choice is up to you. The same thing goes with a relationship. Each day we can choose to step closer to happiness, or the opposite—closer to darkness and death. Death does not have to be the ‘big one.’ We can die many times during our life. These ‘little’ deaths are deaths of pieces of ourselves. They happen when we give up a part that we really need, a piece of our soul. And relationships kill many people although they continue to walk around unaware that parts of them are missing. If you can picture what it looks like to walk down the street and then your arm falls off and drops by the wayside, that is what it’s like when we die even though we live.

And a relationship has to be cultivated just like a plant. It needs pruning when it grows out of hand, it needs watering on a regular basis.

Too often people allow a relationship to take them away from their path when the purpose of a relationship is to make the ride much smoother and more enjoyable. This is the purpose of this book—to share my experiences through the ups, downs, and corners, and the lessons from the many bad relationships (and few good) that I have learned.

This simple little story mirrors what life is supposed to be — a simple journey. We don’t really go anywhere since we end up where we begin. This is because the journey may seem outward but that’s just an illusion. We can go all the way around the world but we always return home. What makes life so complex is us.

A Lonely Night...an experience we have ALL had at one point or another. I hope you enjoyed this story.

Check out Siona at sionamarques.com

Published by **The Media Pyramid.**

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