

MONA MORSTEIN

A Page From Steed's Private Journal – Part 1

(G-rated. Steed's own words of despair over losing Emma and his brave struggle to keep going on without her.)

Sometimes in the middle of the night I reach out next to me and feel your half of the bed, unused, unwrinkled, uninhabited, and it seems that my heart beat becomes ponderous, slowing to the low, steady drum roll that accompanies a prisoner being marched to a firing line...

Sometimes I have to leave the bed. I stand in the dark, the moonlight wasted as it shines on nothing of worth in the room; the empty, stark bed seems useless, surreal, foreign, something alien and ugly, the decayed remnant of a beautiful icon...and I silently scream it's wrong, all wrong, so wrong...

Sometimes I go to the side you slept on and I kneel on the floor resting my arms and head on the crisp sheets, trying to smell you, your perfume, your own sweet scent, your perspiration, your sex, but there is nothing to smell, to taste, to touch, to kiss, to hold...nothing...you aren't there at all...nothing of you is left for me to have...

Sometimes when I'm playing billiards at my club or talking to someone at a party there is a sudden explosion inside my head, stunning me, and with the shockwave comes the words "she's gone, she's left," and I ruin my shot, I don't hear the conversation, I'm lost in that fact, that void. I excuse myself and go somewhere, anywhere, searching for you, your face, frantic and despairing underneath my cool and collected pose, but I don't find you, you're not there, not anywhere, and a shadow covers my soul with the truth that you have really gone away, you have actually left my life...

Sometimes when I'm walking past a restaurant we ate at, or a theatre where we enjoyed a play, or a park we had a picnic in, a javelin of grief pierces my chest and I stumble; even though I catch myself I feel like I'm still falling through the cold air, from a very great height, into a lonely black hole. I get dizzy, nauseous, and have to breathe deeply a number of times to regain my equanimity and be able to keep walking like everything is fine...when it's not, it's not fine at all...it's terrible...dreadful...but I walk, twirling my umbrella...

Sometimes when some fatal danger comes upon me, for a second I feel like not trying to avoid being killed.

Sometimes I have to drink too much...when I'm at home alone, and I can't get out of my mind that being alone means being without you.

I know you had to go, and I know that it was difficult for you, and I'm not mad nor bitter, yet. When I think of you I just hope you are happy, I hope you are smiling, and brushing back your hair with your hand, and I hope he is good to you...and knows the value of the gift he has been blessed with...

But, I miss you, I miss you, I miss you.....