

SIREN SONG

By John Quick

Her siren song envelopes me.

My senses reel as the soft voice fills my ears and strikes a chord within me that resonates, calling back to the breathtaking source. I savor the joy and peace that the music offers me, reveling in the moment of perfect clarity that it provides. Deep within I know that the moment is fleeting and will soon dissipate like smoke in a spring breeze, but I hold fast to the moment, praying for one more instant in this calm.

As my blood turns to ice, I draw ever closer to the source of the tune, anxiousness mixing with fear as my mind prepares to behold the endless well from which the song originates. My life ebbs as I near the unknown. My mind conflicts with the infinite possibilities that unfold before me. One part of me yearns for what lies at the end of this eternal walk; another part fears it with the portion of my being that it controls; a third part screams at the wrongness of this journey and begs me to turn away. The dilemma haunts me; it ravages my soul as I am drawn nearer step by inevitable step.

The closer I get to the source of the beautiful song that sings to me, the less prepared I feel to face it. My tomorrows had been quantified to this point; everything had its place and my routine was effectively carved in stone. As I approach the end of this

newfound journey, the realization comes like a flash of lightning in a summer storm: nothing is definite. Those things that once I took for granted are may not be everlasting. Dreams, hopes and desires that once seemed readily attainable now show their true and finite nature. This is not the world of standardization that once held sway over every aspect of my existence but a world of continuing change and evolution.

I ponder this as my journey continues. If the things I once knew were no longer absolutes, then could the very choices I made from the beginning be correct, or are they wrong as well? Have I traveled the roads and paths of my life only to find out now that I had been going the wrong way the entire time?

Deep inside I know that this is not true. Every moment before has led me to this point. Destiny has its own design and nothing that I have done could alter that. With that knowledge in my head, I understand that the choices I made in the past were the ones that I was supposed to make at the time. I had to experience the things that awaited me; I had to endure the pain and heartache that sometimes seemed overwhelming; I had to be there in order to be here.

A part of me still wonders if even this train of logic is correct. If my soul is torn due to this journey I have now embarked upon – whether willingly or not – then it is entirely possible that it is merely a portion of my self-consciousness that conjured this process of thought in order to validate its reality. If this is the root of the situation, then

how am I supposed to discern the truth? For that matter, is there truth to learn here or is it all a part of some elaborate fantasy that is being woven by forces yet unknown?

At long last the source of the song comes into my vision.

My heart skips a beat. Before me is a creature so lovely that angels pale in comparison. Her hair flows behind her as if tossed by an unfelt wind, clearly displaying the enticing line of her slender neck. Her eyes were half-lidded gems, shining with the ecstasy that burst forth from her voluptuous lips in a symphonic exclamation. Her dress clings to her frame the color of sapphires in the morning sunlight. I falter in my walking as I behold this living embodiment of Aphrodite and desire.

It is while I have halted to admire her that I realize a choice has been placed before me. In a flash, free will has returned, swarming into my head like a colony of killer bees on the rampage. I have the option to continue forth into an unknown future where the possibilities are beyond comprehension. I also am presented with the option to turn and walk away before I reach the point of no return.

The question is: have I reached that point already?

I have come so far on this search for the source of the song that resounds within my consciousness that to turn back now is more difficult than anything I have ever encountered. My soul yearned for answers for the length of this journey and now that

they are within my grasp it is almost unbearable to even consider walking away. Yet a part of me screams that to do just that would be the wisest decision.

If only it were harder to ignore that small voice.

I know without question that the next step I take will be one of the most crucial I will make in my lifetime. If I go forward, I have no doubt that my life will be changed forever. If I turn back, I believe I will always have doubts, and will always wonder what could have been. Within the clarity that began when I heard the first note, I can see the good and the ill with each choice.

Now I must make it.

My hesitation becomes much more pronounced as the severity of the moment cuts into me like a finely honed blade. Seconds stretch into hours within the confines of my mind. An eternity passes before my choice is made.

I step forward.

The sheer presence of the beauty before me envelopes my soul. This is beyond a doubt the point from which I can never return. Her song stills for the briefest of instants as her eyes connect with mine. I am electrified by her stare. All remnants of the man I once was; every vestige of my past is stripped away as that glance destroys my resolve

and causes my walls to collapse in a crumbling heap. I stand before her naked beneath the force of her immeasurable will. I am forever lost to the perfection of her eyes.

The tempo of the music begins to quicken and with it the tone is also different. Where before the song was merely enticing, it has now evolved into something more enthralling and primal. My heart begins to race as I move ever closer to this newfound center of my desire.

With each step I feel my nerve endings awakening to sensations that are now much stronger than ever before. With a startled glance, I realize that I am also now naked in truth as well as in metaphor. My alarm lasts barely long enough for the realization to sink in at which point I accept that such mundane items such as clothing no longer have any real meaning or necessity any longer.

I find myself responding to the soft call within my mind; it comes as no surprise however – there was no doubt at this point that I would respond. Her sweet sound has awakened something within me as well.

Once I have come close enough, she stretches her arms out towards me invitingly. I fall into her embrace welcomingly and return it with an enthusiasm that matches her own. Even though her song has no words – at least not any words that could ever be uttered by the tongue of a lowly mortal man like myself – I can hear her encouragement

through it. The things that she tells me thrill me to the core; my anxiousness becomes more pronounced.

At her insistence, I begin to move my lips against her neck, sensuously trailing lower so that I can kiss the inviting ridge of her collarbone. Her dress dissipates like a heavy fog in sunlight as her song becomes tighter in its composition. I feel her firm and perfect hands close across my shoulders, pulling me closer to her and guiding me onward.

With caution I raise my head and brush my mouth against hers. Her gently pointed tongue darts briefly from her teeth to mine before it wraps my own in a miniature version of the embrace we now share. With some amazement, I notice that the song I have long been hearing is coming not from her throat as I originally surmised, but from her heart directly to mine.

The music continues to increase in speed as I run my hands across her smooth back, gently massaging the slight curve where it meets her hips. Her enjoyment is evident as she presses against me, her breasts a comforting weight on my chest. She rises to her knees, allowing me to caress even lower, savoring the mild shivers that run down her spine as I drift my fingers slowly down the divide of her bottom. Her hand makes its way between us and grips me as well, causing me to mimic the shivering she exhibited only a moment before.

Her song and her kisses become more insistent as she begins to move the hand that holds me slowly, pausing occasionally to squeeze gently. I feel myself stiffening beneath her touch, blood flowing into that part of me from a heart that is beating so hard I fear it may explode from the effort. I pull back slightly and begin kissing my way down her chest, flicking my tongue against the space between her breasts before taking her nipple into my mouth and sucking softly.

She releases me and moves her hand to the back of my head as her back arches, pressing my lips firmly against her as I run her nipple carefully through my teeth as I suckle her like a newborn babe. Once I feel it begin to harden, I move to her other side so that I can give that one the same attention.

The tempo of her song continues to rise as I make my way further down her body, pausing to playfully kiss the indentation of her navel. I continue on through the soft down that covers the most sacred aspect of her being.

Wishing to savor this experience for as long as I can, I teasingly trail kisses across her inner thighs, smiling as she flinches in ecstasy. A part of me realizes that I may now be hers forevermore, but for this instant she is mine as well – utterly and completely. I can feel her anxiousness pouring over me in waves.

Finally, I can control myself no longer. I lean forward and brush my tongue against her, thrilling at the slight moan that escapes her lips and amazed that it only

increases the earnestness of her song. Again I flick my tongue against the essence of her womanhood and relish in the taste of her sweet nectar.

Time seems to stop as I continue to pleasure her with lips and teeth and tongue. Her song has begun to reach a fever pitch when she finally pulls me upright again and draws me into her.

It is as if I were sliding into some exquisite oil.

Her warmth surrounds and covers me like a glove on a cold winter's morning. A soft moan escapes my own lips as the sensations touch my consciousness. I have never before experienced such pleasure and my greatest fear is that I may never feel it again.

She moves on me slowly at first, allowing each instant of this wondrous union to burn itself into my brain. After a glorious eternity, she begins to move faster, falling into perfect rhythm with her song that has not ceased its quickening. My heart continues to race, and for the first time I notice hers is as well. Our breathing has become labored also, coming in short bursts and pants, yet the music continues to swell, coming faster and faster and faster. As it reaches its crescendo, I can hold on no longer.

My release is like a star being born in the heavens.

The song wavers as she rides the waves of her own climax, shuddering in pure ecstasy as she clenches around me, squeezing out every last drop like she were starving for more. After a time, the song begins to even out, dropping back to its original tone and tempo. The only difference that I can hear is the slight note of contentment that seems to ring throughout it now. As she slowly slides down so that her head is cradled in the nook of my shoulder, the song fades to silence, replaced by the soft sounds of this beautiful creature dozing against my chest.

In the moment of reflection before I join her in the lands of Morpheus, I realize that a part of me is now gone, never to be known again. Soon I will return to the lands I once knew and this entire experience will seem like a dream from the deepest of sleeps, but one thing will always remain certain: even though it may have damned me, if ever I hear her sweet song again I will return without fail until my dying day.

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