

## OVERSHADOWING LUST

Stephanie Fernández Hernández

Programa Interdisciplinario; Escritura Creativa

Facultad de Humanidades

A night in a full moon, doors open then close, windows open then close. The air turns humid making it impossible for young April to breath. The Shadow comes and goes. IT comes nearer but in her mind she pushes it away. IT comes and crawls onto her neck. The air becomes hotter and she begins to suffocate. Rain begins to pour over April's sweated face, and again the Shadow seeks for her. She crawls under the moonlight but the Shadow grabs her ankles making April scream and terrifying bats fly away in terror. Her heartbeat accelerates but the rain dissipates her thunderous emotions. IT comes back, the Shadow. This time it touches her bare back. Its touch, hot in desire and cold in intentions, makes her gasp for air but it's useless, she's trapped in a hunter's den. The Shadow lowers its hands, burning April's fragile skin, her arms, then her thighs. She seeks for the moon but it's gone. She tries to run but no doors or windows are visible; they've vanished with the steam and flame of pedophile. Everything has turned into darkness. The Shadow rises, crawls up her feet, then her thighs again. April screams, but the owl's hooting imposes over her desperate cries. The rain pours down again. She's wet in the humidity of the Shadows lust. April curses, fights and screams but the Shadow devours her essence crawling into her soul. April's body convulses in the agony as the Shadow overshadows her innocence.

Silence.

A tenuous light appears through the window. A new dawn reveals the scars left on the satin skin of the emerging daisy, April. The Shadow appears to be gone but it's still close, her shivering and aching body recognizes its proximity. It's only a matter of time when IT surfaces again.