



SHORT: PROMPT 4

BY

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Cassandra relived the experience, imagining how it all started as her plane took off. She was there, with him, for several weeks. And now, it would be three months before they saw face-to-face again, before they merged.

How did it begin?

“You know, I never even use these sites,” Cassandra smiled into the camera at the man on the other side. “I feel so nervous right now. I mean you could be a creep for all I know. Is Marcus your real name?”

“Yes it’s Marcus, Cassandra. Is that your real name?” He smirked and there was something about his energy that eased her from a thousand miles away, literally. Knowing her nature to conceal her emotions towards men, she found herself expressing them to this physical stranger.

“It’s my real name but not my true name. To know that you have to know me.”

“Can I guess what it is?”

“Ha! Go for it.”

“Isis.”

“...”

“It’s *Isis*.” Marcus emphasized the name, knowing he was correct.

“How’d you know that?” She couldn’t lie to him, another impulse she felt odd about.

“It’s your energy. Reminds me of the ancient Kemetic goddess.”

“You know about Kemet, I mean ancient Egypt?”

“You can say Kemet to me. I know it as Kemet. We speak the same language.”

“Yes we do...” Cassandra caught herself, snapping out of the emotion. “Ok Mr. Kemetic Psychic, I have to go now. Obligations.”

“Ok, we’ll talk tomorrow. Same time. I’ll message you.” And with statement he smiled, so did she, and he cut off the link.

Cassandra’s one conversation with the mystery man named Marcus transformed into weekly distance meetings. Then video chats twice per week. Then dividing time between the phone and the video chat. Inward, she felt attached to him and it was strange that this man was direct, confident seemingly poised with inner strength. When she did not speak with him, there was wonder, and she wondered if he wondered about her but dared not to ask. Of course, he could still be a creep putting on a front so he could eventually meet her and...

“I bought your ticket,” Marcus said while doing sit ups in front of the video chat.

“Huh?” Cassandra heard him perfectly.

“You’ll be on a plane here next weekend. There’s a cool yoga puja event you’ll arrive in time for. Do you know what the puja is?”

Still processing his words, she replied. “Of course I know it, somewhat. You bought my ticket? Who said I was going over there to see you?”

“You did.”

“Stop playing games.”

“Your energy said it. When I meditated the other night, you said you wanted to see me in-person. And I wanted to see you. The yoga puja is the perfect event for us, don’t you think?”

“You’re so crazy!”

“Wait, you mean to tell me no guy has ever looked at you as a divine goddess in ceremony and offered special gifts to appreciate you?” He finished his final sit-up and smiled.

“Hell no!” She said quickly.

“Well that’s going to change. Next week.”

As if the plane trip wasn’t nerve-wracking, Cassandra’s mind and body felt both numb and stimulated at the puja. Sitting cross-legged, dressed in goddess garments picked out by Marcus (he managed to figure out her size and style during their conversations on topics of the ancient world and goddesses she found fascinating), she was able to see the man she engaged several times per week in the flesh. But she could not, did not (yes she did) want to touch him, for the puja was for the goddesses and it was his role to appreciate her in this event.

Her mind split, a two-way conversation as she breathed in the sage and observed his movements.

“You still don’t know him.”

“But I do know him. I’ve known him for the past three months.”

“And you’re sure he is who he says he is?”

“How can you be sure he’s not? I can feel him.”

“His presence?”

“Yes.”

“His energy?”

“Yes.”

“His body?”

“No. Don’t need to, right now.”

“When will you?”

“When I know the time is right.”

“You’re attached.”

“Somewhat.”

“Not somewhat!”

“Ok fine a lot.”

“What does your teachings say about attachment?”

“It’s a primer for suffering.”

“And?”

“Attaching leads to obsessing and that leads to possessing.”

“And?”

“And I cannot possess that which I really care about, because to care about something is to set it free. To allow it to fly.”

“And?”

“And if it flies back to me, then it was meant to be with me.”

“Good.”

“The call was unexpected, I know you understand,” Marcus said, placing his index finger under Cassandra’s chin. “If they didn’t require the company owner to attend, I’d send someone else. But it has to be me. Have to be there.”

Cassandra nodded and glanced at the plane she was to board back home.

“Hey,” Marcus urged her to look at his eyes. “We’re separating but not truly separate. The time we’ve had here is just the beginning.”

“I know,” she said.

“And you know that connection has no limits, energy has no limits. Physically we’re away but our souls still speak. What do we do when we care about something?”

“We let it fly away, let it be free.”

“Why?” Marcus smiled, knowing she knew the answer.

“Because trying to hold it back is possession and possession isn’t love. When we really love something we set it free and if it returns, then it was meant to be.”

Marcus nodded. “Nice rhyme. Ok, off you go. See you soon.”

THE END