



SEPARATION

BY

TRENT RHODES

Kristine sighed, sitting up in bed. To her husband, Jacob, it sounded like the usual sound she made before dozing off to sleep.

“Another round huh?” he said, the tone drifting off into his own version of a yawn. It sounded like a loud shout blended with a gargle; full of saliva he had to swallow back down. It annoyed Kristine to no end.

“You know it,” she replied and sighed again, more to herself, an inner, deep whisper that housed the totality of her feelings this moment. Jacob failed to recognize the difference between her yawns and sighs. Sighs were to be acknowledged not mocked.

Kristine turned over, her back facing the man she committed herself to. Allowing her mind to fall asleep, it was her version of escape from that commitment.

She wanted out.

Suddenly she woke up, snapped out of her slumber, but not in bed. She was standing at the wedding altar where she and her husband first wed. The scenery was exactly as she remembered, and so was the man. He looked exactly the same, yet something was different.

“You don’t recognize me?” Jacob said, adjusting his tie and suit jacket.

“Why are we here?” Kristine blurted.

“It sounds like you don’t want to be here. That attitude in your voice.”

“I do, I do…” her voice trailed off.

“No, you don’t,” her spouse replied, continuing her failing sentence. “You never really wanted to be here.”

“That’s not true!”

“Sure it is. Even on the wedding day you felt like you wanted to be, but deep inside something else was going on.”

Kristine looked away, her body unable to hide the truths shouting for emergence. Feeling the urge to cry and no tears falling, she stared back at him. “You’re right. I don’t want this.”

“And why’s that?” Jacob said with a smirk. *Was he enjoying this?*

“Because I convinced myself of a dream that’s not possible with you. Because I have a loving heart, I’m magickal and felt this could become what I’ve always dreamed of having. A large, loving family. A supportive, strong husband. A partner in life who wants to grow with me. I give men chances and my heart is so loving that I see them in their purest form. Then they reveal who they truly are to me.”

Jacob’s smirk became a smile. Kristine ignored it and continued. *Was he really enjoying this?*

“I have a soul that’s wise and smart and loyal and I know there’s a man out there who would kill to have me. He is just not you. Why are you smiling?” She finally acknowledged.

“Because even though you’ve said all of this, which is probably true, you’re still with me. Why should I care what you say if you’re still here? You don’t want me yet you stay with me. How could I not smile about that?”

Kristine stayed silent for a moment. Her intuition signaled he explained the truth.

“It’s true. I’ve separated from you in spirit. My mind is no longer bonded to you. My heart has reached completion without you. But my body remains, and until I decide to cut ties with you in intimacy, I’ll never create a space, an opportunity for the sacred man I desire to enter my life. That’s why he hasn’t arrived yet. You’re a sign that I’ve settled and the sacred man knows I’m not ready until I decide to stop settling.”

Jacob’s smile disappeared. He nodded slowly and then began to fade away, leaving Kristine with the question, “*Are you truly prepared to create that space for him?*”

Kristine woke in the morning, finally feeling rested after so long. Ah, the feeling of closure. She knew what she had to do, why she had to do it, and what will manifest once she’s done it.

T H E E N D