Walking on Water

She laid there in the sand, broken, abused. Inside and out, she felt like she could fall through the very ground she was upon. She had nothing to tell her that she could stand up. No one was there to hold out their hand. But another part of her didn't want to die. Another part of her told her that it was only a matter of time before it was all okay again. Her bare body felt chilled against the cool winds. A shiver went through her. She wondered whether she should just stay to wither, or get up and try again. What was their to stand up for? Future, change, maybe. How was that guaranteed?

I single tear fell down her face and she turned to watch it fall into the sand. But instead of fading away among the millions of small grains it stood on top. Just sitting upon the sand, holding its own weight. It was strange yes, to be inspired by her own tear sitting on top the sand. But she was. She wiped her face, and rolled over and pushed herself up. She was weak though, so she fell back down right into a field of flowers.

But she tried again.

And again.

And yet again until...she could stand on her own. Each step she took got easier and easier. After a bit she took a full breath of air and looked out onto the promising waters before her. The setting sun looked welcoming and she couldn't help but just feel like she could walk on the water. She took one step onto it, and she found that the water even though it seemed unstable and unreliable she stood on it. She started running, as if the water was solid ground. She felt like she could do anything.

She took a moment to look at herself and realized that she herself was worth living for. As long as she had herself she could do anything. As long as she believed. She believed so much that she walked on water.
Pouring Out the Golden Pot

“I don’t want this anymore!” Daria yelled at her husband. The palace had seemed to suffocate her, the gold had blinded her to what was really important.

“What has happened? I gave you everything! I gave you a golden fortress, I gave you jewels, I gave you wonderful meals and had servants wait on you hand and foot. What more could you want?” Her husband was confused and lost.

“I want something real. I want love. All of this?” She gestured to the millions of riches she was surrounded by. She took a breath. “This is not real. These are materials. I know that I should not feel empty. I want a way to be free. I can't be free with you. You make up for the love you cannot give with gold, and money, and others service.”

“How can you not be happy with riches? That's what everyone wants.”

“It is not. I thought I did, but once I had it I realized it wasn't real. Money is love. I didn't love you. I thought money would make me, but it didn’t. It has darkened my mind. I can't be clouded anymore…” Daria looked around the room and saw a pot of jewels. Her husband gave her so many they overflowed and she started just putting them in pots around her room. They became meaningless. And so did her life it seemed. A pot of jewels could not understand her, nor could the person who gave them to her. She walked over to the pot and looked out her window the the dark open water. She then proceeded to pour the jewels into the water.

“What are you doing! Those are worth millions!” Her husband shrieked.

“They are meaningless to me,” she told him as she watched the pearls and gems fall into the dark ocean below. Then for good measure she threw the golden pot into the water as well.

She then felt free, like a weight had been lifted off her shoulders.

“I am leaving.”

“Where will you go?”
“Wherever makes me happy, I want to learn what fills the hearts of others so that it may fill me. I will live with the common people. Because they seem to appreciate the simple things, like hard work and each other. I want to learn from them.”

“You will throw away your throne and your palace to live with the common people?” Her husband was aghast. She simply nodded.

“Thank you for everything. I will pack myself.” The king just left, shaking his head, while Daria began to pack. She looked in the mirror and the saw the jewels littering her body. She ripped them from herself and threw them out the window. She then loud out happy laugh, the first in a long time.