I walk across the meadows in the starlight. Everything is a blur. The horizon is the woman who I long to meet. Dark space flow between me and the horizon, clouding my vision, but I still see the glowing aura in the distance – only if I squint. The luminescence that I see is the only hope to keep me sane. Branches sprout out of the ground and grow high and tall while I am short and insignificant, but the image that I can barely see views me as the tall Hyperion surrounded by shrubs. That’s why she is my horizon.

As I cross the blackness blind and only seeing the faint glows of the nightly forest, I lose sight of the aura which is my hope, but I trust in fate that I may find her, so I don’t panic. I keep on searching the roots and branches which are clouding my vision, but the sky is dark, and the moon is nowhere to be seen, but my horizon isn’t there to comfort me. I now start to feel uncomfortable. I don’t usually lose sight of her for this long.

I don’t see the light at the end of the tunnel. I only see darkness, and the forest blinds my vision of her.