

She stood at the edge staring into the abyss before her, toes hanging off of the solid ground and into the mist. Ahead was the unknown, the risk, and all that she craved. At her back, was everything that had been and would ever be if she chose it. All she had to do was turn around and nothing would change. She could go back to the comforts and small measure of safety she enjoyed. But that would also mean going back to ache of the mundane, of dreams denied, and the burn of treading a path undesired. To turn back now would be the death of all she longed for. And yet it beckoned, it's call a gentle whisper in her ear, a caress on her cheek like an old lover. It was all she had known and to abandon it was to rip away at herself, to cut into her own heart. Her neck twitched ever so slightly as she fought the urge to glance back over her shoulder.

The mist lapped at her feet, returning her attention to what lay ahead. It was an icy cold kiss that sent shockwaves racing up through her toes to the crown of her head. In that kiss was promise, one of transformation, upheaval and at the same time peace. For while what she faced was murky, indiscernible and terrifying, she also knew it was the answer to her woes. That in the fog was the key to calming the storm that raged within her, one that grew each and every day she remained trapped in the prison of her own making. A prison she had created by denying her soul and what it yearned for.

She felt a warmth behind her as if her life, what was to be her old life, was reaching for her, to pull her back into its familiar embrace. She closed her eyes and inhaled. There was a swirling in her center. At first, she thought it was panic, slick and oily fear curling in her bosom. But then she felt a lightness and a sensation of weightlessness. Her heart was opening. She rose up on the balls of her feet, knowing that she had decided. She spread her arms wide, let out the breath she had held in her belly, and fell forward.