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Unclenched

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Unclenched

by Ariana Davis

Tighter and tighter my heart gets. A hand crushing the pulses of my veins. As I stand on the platform, I feel my feet get deeper like sinking sand. I keep kicking like I'm treading water. Drowning as the water is flowing into my lungs. With every breath, my chest gets heavier as the water fills me. The sand continues to rise.

Fighting. Gasping. Slipping.

Every breath is a fight, as my arm reaches out for His hand, missing it by fingertips. Running towards the King and one wrong step, I fly back. Running like a rubber band is wrapped around my waist. No escape. One slip is all it takes to be ripped back to a non-sacred place. Flying back into what is tempting with a higher desire than the last. You think it's all in the past until the sniper pulls the trigger. As the silver bullet strikes your heart, any speck of hope there was, is now drifting away with the river of your tears. The million-dollar shot to the heart; hitting you like a bull with horns of fire. Trying to hold on to the rope that will save you. Fighting for your last living breath.

Darkness, you see. Cover your eyes like a curtain. The last thing that leaves your gasping lips are four simple words. With your last breath you say, "Lord, I need you". The sand then begins to slip away slowly. pebble by pebble. Rock by rock. The grains of sand slip away from the clutches of your beating heart.

Unclenched you become from the forces that used to devour you in the midst of the darkest times. The last breath taken was the first words spoken. You requested a life preserver to be thrown to save the unclenched heart. The weight is lifted, and you let out a gasp of relief. You have been saved. Once clenched and tied down to the desires of many, now free to only desire One. The King who wears a crown, not of the finest gold and jewels, but a crown of thorns. He reaches out His hand giving you a new life to gain.

The clouds unblock the light, and a beam of heat comes upon you. You become blinded by the shimmering golden gates which are laid upon the highest clouds. You hear the hinges give off a tiny creek as the gates open and the angels sing, welcoming you inside. Your vision soon becomes blurred by the emotions bottled up inside. Suddenly, you are on your knees on the flightless clouds beneath you. As you pour your heart out, the eyes upon your face begin to see clearly. You see a Man with leather buckled sandals in a white cloak standing before you. He takes you by the hand, and at the moment you are home.