



God Ray

By Panos Oikonomakos

The gate just opened!
Someone must be out there.
It has been many days since they last visited the temple.
I could say that, oddly enough, I missed it...

The steps are careful; respectful and measured.
Unfortunately, though, they are far away.
They rarely come any closer. Tis' not allowed by the elderly.
Only the midwife bears this privilege.
Though putting aside the rules, I believe they are in fear.
They are afraid to go against God's command.
It is their duty to safeguard me here, out of harm's way, as long as I am blessed by Him.
Until I bring His gift to the world, they are to offer their honours to this temple. It brings prosperity and good luck, as they say.

The steps are getting closer and closer.
I can hear the old wood creaking faintly beneath their feet, in the distance.

It probably is my midwife that has come to visit me.
Every time she takes care of me, she tells me stories about the women before me.
About how this temple offered them warmth and security. How this place was their calling, their destined home for the sacred purpose they were tasked to perform.
The images she described always made me feel like I was part of something bigger.
But I would love to see the end of my own story sooner. I fear that my fairytale, the one that the girls will hear after me, will be boring and sad. Whenever the midwife asks me how I am and what I've been doing, I can't give her anything interesting that's been going on. Time moves slowly in the sanctuary, but it is not fitting to leave my chamber in the state I am in. Prayer and dreams are my only way out.





Suddenly, there was light!

I can see, from the opening of my door, a shadow caressing the manuals that surround the sanctuary. The midwife would have announced her presence by now. She would not let this inexplicable silence prevail in her presence.

I feel the need to get closer, to see better, to satisfy the curiosity that overwhelms me at this moment. But, that would not have been something my predecessors would have given into. My position is to be unshakable and proper.

In an instant, however, the stranger had already arrived at the threshold of my chamber. A dark, male figure, was standing in the illuminated vestibule, staring longingly into my interior.

"Iris," he whispered softly.

"The outside world is waiting"

I was wrong, after all.

My story was not as boring and sad as I feared.

It was just that it hadn't even started yet.

