

An ancient Egyptian myth reawakened in London

The bright bathroom light hurt my eyes as I sat looking down at my hands.

Outside the rain clattered against the window as heavy as the night when I found his severed arm in the parking lot.

How do you respond to finding a part of someone you love torn to pieces by violence without caring that those fingers had caressed you, loved you and taken you to the heights of passion? With gulping shuddering breaths filled with rain, cold night air, shock and emptiness.

My Bel, my beloved.

He was beautiful. His face was long and elegant, set with deep brown, middle-eastern eyes and framed by flowing midnight black hair. He was my love and my life, my soul-brother, my heart, my passion, my joy and my breath.

In the car park I had found more. A foot under a car, a leg, his heart, and his head under the rubble in a builder's skip. How do you cope with this? You don't. In shaking spasms I held each part out in front of me as though the touch of the flesh was foreign to me.

His brother had met Bel that evening. Had tricked him into turning up alone in a car park down by the Thames. He had wanted everything that Bel had, the power, the material wealth, and even though he wasn't untalented or well off he had a dark streak and a violent temper.

His brother had rung me afterwards on the mobile from his red Ferrari, laughing and proud of what he had done.

When I had found all the parts I took them down to the edge of the river. The tide was out and it was safe from prying eyes. Carefully and quickly, worried that the police would find me and think I had committed the murder, I placed the 14 body parts out in order on the black mud. Overhead a shadow against the orange neon lit sky flew a lapwing giving a haunting cry.

'Oh my poor Bel' I whispered as I sat there huddled and cold. And in the depths of my soul, within the shattered edges of my heart something stirred. Magic, deeper and older than the world of men seeped into my being. Through my cells, an elixir of fire, it spread gaining momentum, filling my heart and rising to my throat. In a shriek of wild ecstasy, incantations and golden energy gushed from my mouth in waves, encircling and lifting both me and Bel from the ground.

And then Bel's eyes opened. My Bel. He lived!

Within the energy we had touched and I breathed golden life into him as we kissed. His arms, now strong and alive encircled me in their warm embrace. My broken heart cried my need for him and my body responded.

'Issie' he whispered 'You are my heart'. And with his urgent hardness pressing against me, we abandoned ourselves to the energy and the night.

The rain had cleared by dawn and Bel had stood to take a look, his beautiful body golden in the morning light. He turned and gently said

'It's time for me to go'

He reached out and touched my heart, 'But you always have the magic inside to visit my realm'. And slowly, behind him, a tear formed in the fabric of the world warping the background of river and the London Eye. And as he stepped through I could feel a warm breeze scented with spices and flowers.

Time was up.

I looked down at the pregnancy indicator kit. The magic of our night together had kept my mind, my heart and soul from breaking. Two weeks had passed and I now sat on the edge of the bath in the harsh fluorescent light. The rain had stopped. And the test showed I was pregnant.

I opened the window and breathed in the fresh scent of wet concrete and brick. High above the London rooftops hovered a hawk silhouetted against the rising sun.

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