

Parallel Lives in Red



Once, many years ago,
in another, younger life
we lived under the same sun
but never touched hands.

You, cloaked in the red vestments of faith,
stood at the altar with a voice trained to soothe,
words rising like incense,
each syllable a bridge between earth and sky.
I, wrapped in red satin and lit by candlelight,
sang into the hollows of longing,
songs slipping through the cracks of cabaret walls,
turning into something sacred
before I even knew how notes turned ethereal.

The prayers you prayed became songs,
the songs I sang became prayers.
Your breath, steady and sacred,
rippled through sanctuaries filled with aching.
My voice, smoky and worldly,
rose from a place deeper in my soul,
carrying a wound I didn't know had a name.

You preached about love.
But love wasn't enough
to silence the cold-eyed men
who twisted your compassion into blasphemy,
who made exile into a penance,
your penalty for believing in humanity.
You left the pulpit with virtue raging in your heart,
looking for another message,
to share with a weary world.

I sang about love.
But love wasn't enough
to silence the smiling lechers
who came not to hear but to wound,
who craved an encore of insult to injury.
Their cruelty gathered like rust on my voice
until it broke like my heart.
A songbird in mid-flight,
feathers torn by invisible knives.

So, you no longer preach.
And I no longer sing.

But that was then.
This is now;
different lives,
but not different stories.

Our threads are always crossing,
your crimson robes brushing against my velvet hem
in rooms where neither of us exist,
but somehow we remember.
Somehow, we still meet halfway.

You were always meant to answer my prayers.
Not from a pulpit,
but from across the table,
in the quiet space between glances.
I was always meant to sing your praises.
Not to strangers,
but to you alone,
in the hush after the world falls asleep,
in the way I call out your name
as if it's the last note of a forgotten hymn.

Our parallel lives are never truly apart.
They are mirror verses
of the same unfinished psalm and song.
And now,
in this life,
I find you again.
Not as a priest,
not as a savior,
but as the echo of a vow
we were never meant to break.

Come closer.
Let's look into the future.
There's a man with hands folded in praise,
and a woman with a voice still longing to rise.

Let's sing together, my long-lost love.
You, in the music of meditation.
I, in the blessing of ballads.
And after hearing our song,
the world will sing in praise of us.