

***It is said that the moon was formed when a small planet about the size of Mars, Theia, collided with Earth. Fire burned our planet, nestled in a crater of passionate destruction. A union was written in the very stars.***

—

Dear Gaia,

**Dear Theia,**

Was it you I saw the other day, dancing in the black expanse? Your hair red in the wind, your eyes twinkling blue, you held my hand, dragging me through purple fields. You were smiling so bright, you invited me for a kiss, and then you were gone. My love, you were gone, and I holding ash.

**Yet is ash not what we hold dear?  
When fire is gone, and no warmth is found?  
Is it not the trace of what we want?  
For fire is fleeting but ash remembers.**

I remember when we first met, your golden skin in tepid glow, your dancing voice and snow-capped dress. Bounding against the stars we flew, trying against wars we grew, you against my lips I drew.

**And your silver, charming smiles, that ivory hair, those angel wings  
Drew me in, a siren's hymn, your touch so soft, my precious one.**

Was it you, the other day, who touched my cheek and whispered a song? Who sent a bird for company? From purple skies, I glimpse your home, your long-gone hands which held me tight, your distant gaze and blue-tint heart.

**What was my home now is my grave  
What were my hands now are dust  
What was my gaze now is memory  
What was my heart now lies in thee.**

Never can I forget your face, when I told you my name, how your eyes broke wide, how your feet carried far. That burning pain, how I miss it so! For love is love, and all between, you would come back, but now not so. Crying into the night, heartbreak burned so bright; crying into the sky, watching those stars fly.

**So I came back, moonstone eyes, I returned!  
Vowing never to leave your side,**

**We consumed the fruit of love  
Even as its thorns tore our throats.**

And yet, I see you still. My love, my honeysuckle, my primrose, my dandelion, I see you there, in the fold of the forest, in the divergence of a stream, I see you still. But your scent has gone, and I've had to move on, but my sweet azalea, your touch lingers still.

Can you still hear me, desperate and in love, despairing and broken, desiring and beaten? They said our love was a crime, my golden carnation, so we burned all the bridges, stranded on our isle.

**All that burns must consume, and unthinking, we paid no dues,  
For love is a crime on its own is it not? To give your soul,  
To give your heart, is that not a traitor's mark?**

Vividly, water and flame! Luscious, your hands in my hair! Then nothing. We bounded, free at last, but then we fell. Our wings failed us, my honeyed iris. We fell, we crashed, we burned, we died.

**Like everything that must exist, our love brought moths and smothering eyes,  
And when the cage golden opened, we took off, in love and in flight,  
Unthinking as we touched the stars, as constellations turned to dark.**

I screamed, I recall. And as darkness engulfed us, you smiled. There was nothing I could do, but you held me tight, my dahlia, and your kiss was bittersweet. Your eyes were loving, but my tears were acid. In the wake, you knew you wouldn't be there. Love, the sky wailed as I held you.

**And the ground soaked up blood and tears,  
Drinking to our pain, drinking a chalice of lovers' grief,  
Caressing your cheek with a dagger'd hand.**

Blue-tint dress, brimstone smile, wilted petals all along. Only debris was there to testify, only debris left of our fight, only your now-cold body in an open meadow, those swirling vines that you called home.

You'd call me your silver fox, Gaia, and you'd kiss me. We'd laugh as we braided our hair, don't you remember? You didn't shy when most of you should have, and even when love ate your flesh, you didn't waver, Gaia, oh Gaia.

**My silver fox, my argent heart, my titanium rose, I whisper your name  
And when you repeat them in the night, carving in our sacred tree  
The names you long for me to say,  
I cannot help but shed a tear.**

My love, my love, what have I done? I sit here, rereading letters I will never send, words you will never read, and tears blend with ink, ink blends with blood, blood spills from my hands, tainted red. Love and death, you'd say, are as dangerous as they are kind.

But the difference, you said, was that death came swift and love kept on burning—burning until there was nothing left.

**Yet we danced freely as inferno blazed,  
As diamonds melted and sapphires flowed,  
As rubies danced across our skin,  
And as my lips grew cold, bejeweled,  
The gemstone of our love like dust.**

So I ask myself, was it you there, dancing and smiling? Or is it just your memory living on like echoes rebounding against the ravaged confines of my heart? The world keeps turning round and round, impervious to your void—yet the empty half of our nest holds me, chokes me, drowns me, etching sorrow into my face and dulling the silver of my hair.

So let me kiss you one more time, my daisy, my hyacinth, my hydrangea, my poppy.

**My firefly, my fox, my butterfly, my bird.**

My light and my flower and my daffodil. Gone. Blown in the wind, you drowned while I watched.

**My argent foxglove, my ardent lover,  
Believe me when I say that it's alright,  
Because love means giving it all,  
Even if only to burn and to fall.**

Your eternal moon,

**Your loving Earth,**

Theia.

**Gaia.**