Close Encounter

We couldn't quite make him out. As he neared us, his pace gained speed but we knew this was without intention. His ebony hair danced in the breeze while his long silhouette elevated with every step. Finally he was within our recognition.

We questioned our sanity when we realised that the identity of this legend had escaped us. Dreams became reality as we approached. We suppressed the timid refrain; by allowing the beckoning prospect we managed to fulfil our suspicions.

After an awkward but positive utterance, his smile became infectious. His bony hands slithered around our bodice as a photograph captured the moment forever. His presence evoked superiority- humbled by our confidence yet smug with the attention. This mixture was perfect as it anointed him with the values of honour and benevolence worthy of a God- befitting of his status in our eyes!

We stood tall and proud, shadowed by this righteous being who had blessed our midst. It was particularly satisfying to ponder on the fact that he was conscious of his duty, but unknowing of his effect on us. He could only imagine what his mere presence could do, yet this was no match to our ecstasy.

We watched him stumble away while we reflected on the situation that was now a powerful memory etched in our subconscious forever. This memory would grow to become an ancient dominance in our minds. The day we met Nick Cave.