

# Love Created

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She was the most beautiful woman he knew. Ronald Casey's life is complete when she's around.

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She was exquisite, a woman of pure creation. Golden shoulder length hair framing the soft, pink skin of her face. Brilliant green eyes bursting with a sparkle that mesmerize anyone near. Full, gloss covered lips glimmering in the light, hiding behind was a smile that can make all the woes disappear in an instant. The rest of her curves down to her ruby red polished toes made her all woman. All the fantastic features, gifts, beauties and she was with him. Ronald Casey, a man in his mind, that did not deserve to be in her presence. In a time of his life where nothing seemed to be going his way, when it appeared life couldn't get any darker, she appeared and brought light back to his life. She was there for him, to listen to him, to make him feel normal and secure. A woman that he could finally talk to without feeling awkward and one that would listen without judgement. Through all the hours of him talking about life her smile is all he needed in return. She didn't need to say anything. Sitting in his small, cramped office cube, taking tech support calls from screaming people all day only made him desire more seeing her again, talk to her again, or just gaze into her emerald eyes again. Ronald felt better about himself she was around. The moments in his life leading up to her arrival were not easy. The slow, degrading health of his mother then her eventual death hit him hard. His father abandoned them when Ronald was young, never came back, never reached out so it was just him and his mother. She was his only real friend so when he watched her deteriorate away there was no one to lean on, to talk to, to cry with. After she passed away he was truly alone. If he wasn't talking about his home life it was school years which was a horrible experience. The bullying, the tormenting, the lack of friends made it the worst part of his life. He wasn't built for sports, didn't have the social skills for clubs, rejected by his classmates, so he focused on his school work and taking care of his mother. He was an outcast. However, getting these out in the open was like they never happened. A wink and a smile is all it took and he knew she understood and that's what mattered. This day was particularly tough, the office environment was beginning to feel like the school yard again. Co-workers ridiculing him, whispers behind his back, his boss always criticizing his performance. When he got home she was there waiting for him to listen and just seeing her there made him feel better. As the day draws to a close she begins to leave for the night. Ronald prepares her departure and says goodbye. She returns the gesture with a playful grin and blows him a kiss. Her hair floats in the air as she turns to

walk away, hips slowly bouncing back and forth with each step. Ronald fills with joy and satisfaction as he watches the most beautiful woman he knows fade away already looking forward to tomorrow. His 50" LCD monitor flickers off as he hits a few keystrokes to shut the rest of the system down. The hum of the computers go silent. The monitor now black. Ronald sits and stares at the blank monitor in deep thought about her. Leaning his 330 pound frame back in his ergonomic chair he says out loud with a lonely tone, "Maybe tomorrow I will give you a voice."