

# **EYES OF GOD**

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## Reminisce

A tragedy, just like every other tragedy. I, too, have a sad story. I was nineteen when he had come to me; like the saddest angel, fallen from the grace of god. Never had he smiled and never had he asked the question why. Every time I had stared at his face, I'd want to cry, to embrace him. I had never known why he was sad. But slowly, as I had walked behind him, as I had watched him, his pain drew clearer. For an entire year, I had walked with him in silence. Those eyes...

He came to me when I had lost hope. I was a student at college, studying engineering, away from my home city. Back when I would sit alone in my room and stare at that cracked white wall that stood before me. Oh, how I was back then. Though, I do not deny, I was right about it all. Everything I had explained, all my theories about how it all was, everything I had imagined about the world, all of it was right. I hated everything. And I wanted something no one can have. I was hopeless. I felt hopeless.

The destiny of a man is woven by his own hands. By searching for perfection within this world, my pain grew bigger. I had thought about my friends who appeared to disappear; my definition of perfect friendship. Slowly, one by one, they had died to me. I'd held on to one like the edge of a cliff. But, in the end, he too, had died. All the people I'd met afterwards seemed like empty shells; shallow entities who obeyed human desire. Everyone had died to me. I was in the end...alone.

I questioned every theory made by man. I questioned the laws of the universe. I questioned heaven and hell. Questions of purpose and identity. The questions which I had asked the eternal source of existence had opened my eyes. He, god, to whom I had directed all my questions, whom I had trusted, whom I had hope in, never looked at me with his eyes.

My faith was taken by the violent winds that blew that winter. And when I was at the highest point of desperation, pain, need, she called. She created a happiness in me which I had never thought possible. The hollow creatures around me were again filled with personalities; with life. I was able to see humanity again.

She caused a great story of turmoil and pain, yet a bliss in which I had existed. Being my best friend's lover, his envy worked its worst as the plot intertwined. She was his and not mine. That was the pain which I somehow found beautiful. I was sick. He hated me. Constantly, I drew scars; engraved memories on skin. I loved it... She loved me. I left her. I chose him, because I knew something they both didn't know, something

neither could see. With that, everything disappeared again. They both died to me, again.

In a lifeless field of existence, in solitude, I was lost. Even god had abandoned me. I couldn't bear it. My grades went down and my mirror seemed to reflect the most horrid emptiness, the ugliest being. I struggled as hard as anyone could ever struggle to live. I couldn't bear the thought of life, but in death, I feared hell which I believed in more than a god that would not answer my mortal questions. So, I struggled. My mind twisted and turned; an endless distortion of anxiety. I tried to be the best in something, anything, to compensate my covetousness. In sports or literature, in science and academics, in art or music, in taste and critique, in my judgment or my philosophy, in knowledge or power, in everything I had failed. I had lost my soul again.

Even in my own eyes, I had faded into the crowd. I was an animate stroke of paint in the ever changing canvas of life; aware of the whole. The helplessness I felt was so strong, too painful at times I couldn't stand. I was not in control. I was not the protagonist of my own story; it wasn't even my own. There was no me. I had decided to cry inside. I had hated everything. I had hated the way people talked. I had hated the way they all walked. I had hated the choices they all made. I had hated the intra-perfection of god's creations. I had hated why it all made sense. I had hated why it all gave just reasons for his divine cruelty. My knees had often failed to keep me standing. I'd fade every time I thought about anything. I was always transparent, evanescent as human flesh, and colorless as a human soul.

On a weekend, when all the figures I had known had left to do what they always do on weekends, I sat on the corner of the empty street near my apartment. Alone again. The clouds descended from above. A thick mist lingered ceaselessly daunting me in between the empty buildings. In the midst of the darkness, was a beautiful picture; how the smoke floated, drifting slowly. Clouds I could touch. I looked up at the small waning moon. The white glow gave beautiful shades to the dark sky. I loved it. I hated it. I was confused. I looked at my right hand. There were purple marks on my knuckles. I remembered myself punching the stone walls a year before; walls which I couldn't break, walls which would break me. I felt so helpless, so powerless. I remembered my insignificance. I closed my eyes and rested my head between my folded arms, yearning for a tear to console my cold face.

I looked at the empty streets again. I wanted to scream, but I knew that my physical pain didn't compare to those who could find no food, those who could not hear or see, those who have had no family, no love of any kind. I wandered off to the meaning of the words I thought about. Hate. Love. Pain. My eyes stared endlessly at the empty grey color all

around me. A strain hurt me in my chest. I clutched where the pain struck with my right hand. I saw the scars on my wrist. I remembered friendship and greed. For them, I had burned myself, cut those burns, and burned them again.

I remembered that they'd all left me and I wanted to cry. But I never did. I never screamed.

That night, he came to me.

## **Gabriel**

He was fairly tall. He had perfectly straight shoulders. He had dark, black, hair. He had showed no sign of age. He had white skin. He had two blue eyes; two thoughtful blue eyes that would scare demons and create currents of fear within all souls. Every time I would stare at them I would want to cry. An angelic creation. But, there was no innocence, there was no mercy in them; in his eyes. There was only sorrow and pity.

Like a ghost he came to me. As if the mist knew he was walking, it drifted away, just enough for him to walk through. At that instant, I thought he was a god. Divinity in human form. Perfection in the most perfect form of its most imperfect perfection; a god as his own creation. I wanted to stand but he wasn't god. That thought was only that; only a thought. The phenomenon before me continued pleading with me to stare, respect, and try to understand it. I tried to describe it. I tried to describe that path the fog had cleared on which he tread. His divine walk, his even steps, his confident shoulders, his poised head, they would make me wonder. Only seeing his figure, the dark figure that came closer to me, which had a strange incandescent yet black color, and I felt a presence that scared me. I envied him.

He came closer. Like curtains, the mist behind him fell and closed. I wanted to stand but I was still weak. I marveled at that invisible charisma that floated around him; wisps of magic. I looked away.

His footsteps stopped as he stood before me. I was scared. I turned my head and looked up at his face. I wanted to stand. I couldn't. The angel's voice spoke to me. His first words to me "Come with me, Envy..."

I was surprised and confused. "Envy?" I asked.

He looked at me. I knew why, somehow. Attracted to this power, I stood and followed him as he walked away. Later, I noticed a man walking beside me. As our eyes met, the man spoke "I am Fear. Nice to meet you." As we walked the man raised his hand to shake mine. This

man didn't interest me; not tall, short blonde hair, human eyes, dull eyes...

I raised my hand and as I tried to say my name, I realized that I forgot all the names I had ever known. I stuttered.

"Envy," the man said to me, telling me my name was Envy.

I could not think about anything except how I'd suddenly forgotten my name. I looked up ahead and he walked in front of us. His black coat wavered gracefully as a sweet cold gale blew.

I would take one look at him and fall into endless thoughts. I would be mesmerized and I always wondered why. A divine creation, an angel of undeniable art. A beautiful poetic mixture of sadness and evil, of pity and hate.

When I couldn't think anymore, when my comprehension reached its limit, I realized that I had walked so far away. I lost track of time. For a moment, I forgot everything that burdened me. Only for a moment, I forgot everything I ever knew. He puzzled me. The image I'd wanted for myself. He was everything I wanted to be as a human. I wanted to leave that impression on who was around me. I remembered that I wanted to have such undefiable gravitational power. I wanted that hidden strength.

There weren't enough words to describe the feelings that I'd felt or the things I saw. But that day, everything had changed. I asked for his name "Who is he?"

"I don't know..." Fear, that dull character, replied.

"Gabriel..." I suddenly said.

"What?" Fear asked.

The angel stopped. For a moment, he stopped. He looked back at me. Fire. I felt fire in my chest. I clutched the pain. I saw the scars on my wrist. I remembered my name. Then, I said "His name... It's Gabriel. And I am...Daniel."

He started walking again and we followed. And for a second, my life, my future, flashed before my eyes, inside my mind. I was filled with so many emotions. I saw so much. I believed everything because I knew that it was all real. I had no future. It was as if I had died; what that kind of knowledge does to you. I decided to throw it all away, to throw that emptiness, and follow Gabriel.

## **Anguish**

For a year we moved from city to city, from country to country, from continent to continent. I had seen so many skies, so many different