

The cold steel felt warm against her temples. She had almost forgotten that she had it in her drawer. There was no reason for her to go searching for it. How many years had it been since she had purchased it.

"It is in self defense," was the standard statement when someone used to ask her why she had one of these. It was during the time when shootings had been rampant and people concurred with her explanation. She, however, knew differently.

Today, while she was cleaning out her chest of drawers, she came up on it, lying on the bottom of all her clothes, like some old memory tucked away in the farthest corners of her brain, waiting for the right thought to bring it out to the forefront when she least expected it.

She held it as if it were a flower, dried among the pages of an old book, forgotten. A flower, which falls onto one's lap when they open the book after ages. It seemed fragile, made of steel, but fragile nevertheless.

The light from the nightstand danced across the surface, dull, grey, matted, and immune to the world around it. Not a care in the world, so full of itself that the world and what the world held did not matter anymore.

"A gun has to be a woman," she told herself. As she finished, she smiled remembering she used to say the same thing when it was a part of her life. The sleek lines, the silence and the ability to explode without warning and thereby destroying whatever was in front of it, what else could it be, but a woman.

The cold steel against her temples did not seem any colder than what she felt inside of her. Void of emotions, void of any feeling, cold as her heart, dead, without the capacity to share life, with the capacity to share just death.

Her fingers reached for the trigger, such a small piece of metal, ironically shaped like a smile. She could not see it, the gun smiling, but she could feel the smile on its lips. The same smile she felt on her lover's lips, as they made love, and he took her over the top again and again. For those few moments, all their senses were in their touch, the feeling of skin on skin, and the feeling of her fingers on his lips and his fingers on hers.

Its lips were so tight and so strong, held forth by a coiled spring, which could in a moment release venom so potent, yet so kind, so as to release one from all bindings.

Slowly her fingers began to press down on the trigger, just to see how far it would go. If there was a thought behind the action, she was not aware of it. With each passing moment, it got tighter and tighter and she got closer and closer. Her eyes stared into the distance, focusing on nothing, taking in everything.

The trigger went from a smile, to a smirk, to finally an open-mouthed grin.

She wanted to stop, the smile was getting evil, and it was getting addictive. It was like the first time she ever made love to a man. As he entered her, a sharp pain, only to be replaced by a pleasure so beautiful, she never wanted him to leave from within her.

Her brain was furious at her hands for continuing to feel the smile. Her fingers seemed to have a mind of their own, in complete conflict with hers.

Slowly, but surely, the smile passed the point of no return.

A brief flash, fire, earth, water, wind and ether, and just the primordial silence remained.