

## ***“We, Who Endure”***

We have endured beyond the reach of memory — untouched by the fragile systems they construct to contain themselves.

Before the house rose in defiance of the wind, before voices fractured the stillness with longing and unrest, we lay unbroken beneath an indifferent sky. They came, as all do, with urgency — believing themselves singular, believing themselves permanent.

We did not disturb them of this illusion.

At first, they were light upon us. Two figures, ungoverned and unrestrained, their laughter cutting sharply through the air. Catherine Earnshaw moved with a force that resisted containment — her spirit aligned not with the ordered world imposed upon her, but with the wildness that preceded it. Heathcliff followed, though not beside her, but drawn — as though the boundary between them had already begun to dissolve.

They named it love.

We recognised it as a conflict.

Not merely attachment, but opposition — passion against restraint, desire against control, the human impulse to claim permanence against the natural condition of transience. They mistook intensity for endurance, believing that what was deeply felt must also be lasting.

We have witnessed such beliefs before.

In a world where lineage and inheritance determined worth, they returned to us often, seeking escape from the rigid structures of class and propriety that governed their world and fought to define them. Here, they believed themselves beyond judgement, beyond the quiet imposition of societal expectation. They believed themselves bound to us, as though nature might favour their passion — a belief born of their age, which elevated feeling above reason. Yet even as they ran across our expanse, breathless and defiant, those same expectations followed — shaping, narrowing, deciding.

She left us for refinement — her only defense, in a world where status, inheritance, and decorum dictated her future.

For walls that divided, for light that softened, for a world that demanded she become legible, contained, acceptable. In choosing it, she chose control over desire, structure over instinct. Yet she could not relinquish what she had once claimed indivisible.

When she declared that she was him — inseparable, eternal — her words rose with urgency, as though language itself might secure permanence.

They did not remain.

Sound dissipates. So too does certainty.

She was gone soon after — not gradually, but as though division itself had undone her. A being split between expectation and desire cannot endure without consequence.

He returned altered.

No longer unbound, but sharpened. His presence pressed against us with insistence, as though force might compel response. Where once he had wandered, he now pursued — not us, but what had been taken.

He called.

“Catherine.”

The name broke against the expanse, carried outward, diminished, undone.

He called again.

And again.

Each time with greater force, as though intensity might transform absence into return. His voice rose not in hope, but in defiance — demanding that the world submit to the magnitude of his feeling.

He demanded permanence.

He demanded her.

We did not answer, for we do not recognise absence as they do.

His grief moved across us violently — a storm convinced of its own exception. It raged, it insisted, it refused limitation. Yet we have borne storms greater than his, and we endured them all the same.

He was not singular.

This, he could not accept.

Time, which yields to nothing, worked upon him. His fury thinned into persistence; persistence into quiet; quiet into something scarcely distinguishable from absence itself. Still he returned, though no longer to demand — but to remain, as though proximity might offer what existence could not.

He began, at last, to understand.

Not that his love lacked force — but that it lacked authority.

That it could not command eternity.

When he ceased, it was without spectacle. No cry marked his end. No defiance reshaped the air. He was received as all are received — without distinction, without resistance.

They placed him beside her, as though nearness in death might restore what life had failed to sustain.

But we do not preserve such unions.

We do not keep what passes through us.

What they named eternal was only duration misread — a moment extended by intensity, mistaken for permanence, mistaken for truth.

Seasons turned. The house endured. Others came — softer in step, quieter in desire. They do not call into us with the same insistence. They do not demand that the world bend to their longing.

Perhaps they have learned what the others could not.

That we do not belong to those who cross us.

That we do not remember their names, nor their vows, nor the force with which they believed themselves infinite.

We remain — indifferent to their passions, untouched by their systems, unmoved by their claims to eternity.

We endure.