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uk

A Flash of Orange

Free-standing,
Dusty,
Its glassy face expressionless.
Peaked... pointed,
Sharp.
Its oak frame layered like her
once-upon-a-time wedding cake.

She stood in the room,
Face as glassy as her twin.
All lace,
Now ripped.
Now torn.
Tears flow,
Stain the watching face.

She stumbles,
Bony fingers grip.
Wild.
Untamed.
But now the image shimmers.
The church,
The man she was never bound to.
And a flash of orange.

She is kneeling,
Eyes streaming.
A day so perfect,
Now a day so wrong.
The face is identical,
Share the deep pain,
Once more.

She trips,
As she moves.
Mournful grieving still not over.
But time repeats,
And now she is swallowed,
To join him.
In a flash of orange.