

The Brooch

the oval mirror reflected my hopeful, young face

something old
the glow of my bronzed brooch placed with care in my styled hair
my grandmother's, passed on with the promise of happiness
my wedding day

something new
the dress, white and bright
clutching my slender frame, confident
in the love I pursued

something borrowed
my sister's, the delicate veil caressed my flushed face
like the fragility of my dream,
to be loved, endlessly loved

something blue
sapphire diamonds glisten in my ears
singing with my grey blue eyes
a melody of expectation

a year

and here i sit,
the oval mirror now reveals a different picture
a fearful face, a different fate
losing power, losing purpose
you are gone
i am haunted
by what once was, what should have been
the pain contained by rage
i fix the dulled brooch in my hair

this is not the end.

148 words

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