

Nary a Word Said

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Every day I look into the mirror and wait for it to talk back to me, but it, too, is giving me the silent treatment since you left.

one shot

Chapter 1 of 1

Every day I look into the mirror and wait for it to talk back to me, but it, too, is giving me the silent treatment since you left.

The door hasn't opened since you left. I refused to leave in case you came back. Of course, you never did; that's why the door hasn't opened again. When you found out, you were silent. Your eyes were blank and withdrawn. Your breathing was vocal, ragged and harsh. Now, the only thing left in the house that can talk back is the mirror, and even it is silent. It was all my fault. I shouldn't have let you go. I was stupid, careless, thoughtless, and I was weak. No matter how I try to explain the situation, it always comes out worse and worse.

Each day I do nothing except get more and more drunk, more and more depressed. No one comes to see me. I'm sure they all know by now that you've left me. They might even know where you are, what you are doing without me. Every day I look into the mirror and wait for it to talk back to me, but it, too, is giving me the silent treatment since you left. Still, I stand in front of the hearth, talking to the ancient, framed piece of glass that you so loved. I see my surroundings differently, as if the walls were mocking me for not being able to keep you here, the door smirking at me for letting you leave, the curtains gloating for shielding you from my view. The mirror never says a word.

AN: This is Twilexis' prompt. Sorry I didn't use the dialogue, but it just didn't work out that way. "I see my surroundings differently, as if the walls were mocking me for not being able to keep you here, the door smirking at me for letting you leave, the curtains gloating for shielding you from my view..." Thanks, as always, to Slytherinlaurel for the beta. She's the best!