

Depiction of Her Love

by Celtic Spirit

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Chapter 1 of 1

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It had been three days, midnight black but yet they were days. Tired of the entrapment of the four walls that secured her house, for it would never be home again, she took her black jacket and left.

She walked slowly through the garden that she knew so well. It was public, but it never failed to give her peace of mind, never, until today. The woman walked by the beautiful ensemble of orchids and didn't even look at the single pink one that she always took time to talk at; she never registered the scent of the singing jasmine, nor the dance of the softly blown hibiscus. The youth made her customary walk untouched by the joy and light of what she went to see.

As she walked to her house, in a deserted street, the sound of glass being crushed reached her ears. She stopped and looked back. The noise stopped. Nothing was with her but the darkness of the waning day; the young woman continued, and the creepy noise of glass returned to haunt her. She sped up her pace and then suddenly turned, standing still. Once more the noise stopped, and no one was there, only the advancing darkness and red little pieces of something in her wake. The girl resumed her speedy pace, her heart throbbing in her chest, hysteria and fear lacing their ice finger within her. The woman's urge to run won, and she dashed to the secure four walls of her house.

The frightened girl entered and locked the door. She breathed deeply and removed her jacket; noticing it was wet and covered in the same shards she had seen in the street, she moved to stand in front of the hallway mirror.

As she stared wildly at her reflection, an agonizing scream rippled through her body, leaving her trembling. Her reflection stared back at her with a hole in the chest, her heart missing. Only a few little shards remained in its place, her blood dripping to her clothes. She then realized the little red pieces were her heart slowly breaking and falling to the ground lifeless, and useless, and the sound of crashing glass was her heart touching the floor.

Suddenly her door burst open, and men dressed in red and white entered and headed to the living room. She screamed at them that they had no business barging in like that. She followed to where they were agglomerated around the couch. As the young woman reached the sofa, her protests died in her throat. Lying there was she, holding a picture and a dead red rose; nothing out of place but the tear-streaked face. One of the men rose, telling the others she was dead. As he crossed the floor, the man passed right through her. The cause was never found, but the woman walking in the garden and talking to the solitary pink orchid knew the reason.

No one ever told her that having a heart of glass would make it so easy to break; especially if she offered it to clumsy people known for letting things fall. She smiled and shook her head... She used to believe one could not die of a broken heart.