

“Loves Her...”

By

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She's the light at the end of her tunnel, head-lamp of an oncoming missile. She's headed straight for destruction, on down the tracks to pain. She crashes, burns, tries again, plucks the petals from a daisy. But every bloom claims "loves her not," and she's so silly - she believes them.

The ring of truth sprouted faeries, and that kicked her to the dust. The sensations are back again - they never really left. Her eyes regard the midnight sky, envious of stars. For once in an "upon a time," she held herself high, and there she was, if not a goddess, at least a human.

And now she wastes away, alive but dead upon the ground. Half-asleep and never noticing, she waits for the ending chime, but it never comes, it never sounds. (After all, if there is no start, there can be no finish.)

She knows those stars were once her friends, and she knows she might join them once again, but does she try? No, never once does she lift a finger except to grasp another stem. Left up to luck, her gamble's gone, and now she knows the answer. She crashes, burns, cries again, plucks the petals from a different daisy. And every bloom knows "loves her not," but that's the question that she gave them.