

Blooming

Why do we love when we know it will hurt us?

I have found myself analysing this very question for endless hours. Love is a vulnerability that wounds our fragile beings. My mother herself fell for the innocent disguise that love conceals itself in; I will not let it seize my freedom too. Love blooms innocently in the fresh spring mornings yet wilts away in the deep nights of the winters. The feeling lingers, haunting you, reminding you that you opened yourself to the deceits of devotion.

My head and heart were hung low this morning, as the clouds were shielding the sun and the book in my hand lay unopened. What was awaiting me downstairs could not be ignored any longer yet, I yearned to stay in the comforting silence of these stone walls. In our small neighbourhood, a mere hour's horse ride to Paris, the grass was always luscious this time of year. The trees were standing cautiously in the light breeze as they brushed against the frosted windows. The sheets lay unkempt, and my legs tangled together in doubtful hopes of warmth. My hair was dishevelled and dull, and my skin possessed a pallid tone consequent to the morning chill.

I trod cordially towards the kitchen where my future lies impenetrably. The hallway is dismal, with picture frames hung awkwardly along the corresponding walls. The faint flicker of the dull lighting above is almost unnoticeable, unless you are in no rush like me. The aged carpeting beneath makes soft sounds and the door creaks open with an uninviting spirit.

As you do not know me, you cannot form opinions about me; I suppose that must change. Yet, you cannot expect my life to be intriguing enough for your enjoyment as I am only the young age of 15.

I fulfil my time with reading and writing along with the pianoforte. My room accommodates the most bewitching piano that plays the keys gloriously off-key. I spend many days frolicking and singing with the birds that enjoy listening to the deep tunes of the piano. It fills the empty halls with warmth and passion. It feels almost like magic.

I take time from my day to embrace the nearby lakes and animal life. I find it helps me feel serene in this desolate world. My hobbies aid me in escaping the inescapable, feeling anything at all.

The tea sits harshly in my hands, causing discomfort throughout my body. The hot air floats towards the roof as the dim lights flicker. A continuous thrumming echoes through the painfully silent room. My hair sits on my neck uninvitingly bringing an infuriating feeling over me yet, I simply am too exhausted to do anything about it. The eyes of people around me itch my skin.

I need to get out of here.

“To be quite frank Dottie, we worry for you. Where are we to place you following the ill news of your late mother and father? Your mother would have desired you stay with her Mama-”

“I’m sorry, but please may I go?”

Silence. An outpouring sigh full of emotions crept across the table.

“Dorothy, the war has wounded us all, but we have no choice but to move on.”

“I wish to retire to the gardens.”

An irritated exhale.

“Go. But do not wander near the fencing; *It’s not safe these days.*”

A flee from the table, which you would not be aware of, consists of multiple adults expecting me to partake in their discussions. The ghosts of my father and mother lingered uneasily throughout the room. I tread carefully away, in hopes of diverting their attention to anything but my presence.

I sit in the early afternoon warmth, attempting to bring myself to a reasonable conclusion.

The steps beneath me, sit under a delicate canopy of flowers and vines suitable for a comfortable bird's nest or two. My head pulsates with vexation as the earlier discourse swirls throughout my mind.

Is this all it is to be? Am I to sit miserably, and desire for nothing more than to be anywhere but here? I simply will not allow myself to remain, drowning in my own immense agony.

“You cannot hide from your destiny forever, Dorothy. God created a life full of love for you to discover. Promise to me Dot, that you won’t let others steer you away from destiny.”

Her fragile voice echoes through my soul. I remember the evening my mother whispered that to me with desperation plastered across her face. She was the image of natural beauty. We sat in the front yard with an unknown feeling in our chests as we soaked in the remaining light. The sun descended into the night’s horizon. Meanwhile my father’s blood was to lay stained on French soil eternally. He died that evening.

My mother died a week after we were informed of his passing.

Love. It drove my mama to her sorrowful death.

I never promised my mother. I had no inkling of belief that love was a part of my destiny.

The agonising suffering, I witnessed my youthful mother go through was enough to banish love entirely from my heart. Their love for each other was unbreakable. It was almost something to be envious of.

An individual plants themselves alongside myself on the steps. Their warmth is welcoming, and their gentle presence causes my eyes to glisten with heartache.

“Dot ...what are we to do with you, my love?”

My monotonous life was suffering an absence. The gaping hole where my parents' guidance once lay yearned. The intensity of my feelings burst. my mental barriers subsided like the wind.

“I want to be loved.”

“Why Dorothy, love is with us always. It’s been with you since the dawn of time. It’s in the trees, and the folds on your books. It’s in the footprints you leave in the dirt and the marks you leave on others' hearts. You are love itself my dear.