

It looms.

The house just below the peak of the hill.

Two-storied.

Two stories.

His.

And.

Hers.

It is pale from the malady that has festered there.

Its windows are hollowed out -pitch.

I stare at it.

I glare at it.

My personal torment wells in my eyes.

I ponder what made her leave—jump ship—abandon her husband and children.

Was her Torvald like mine?

He caresses my hand, lingering on my ring.

He clings to that promise.

He knows me—

Too well.

My gaze drops to my feet

I bury my thoughts in laces.

Torment drops down my cheeks.

Eyes close.

Burying memories of bruises and wounds that never healed—

Buried in a coffin I close with my eyes.

My torment screams as I shove dirt on the knotted pine.

Remember!

Promises, Promises. For better—or worse.

But what about worst?

The wind howls. The dust used to bury my agony stings my eyes.

Daring me to stop.

To remember.

What was her catalyst?

What was the straw?

What made her shut that door?

She starved for so long. Her frame, every thing that made her who she was, reduced to a skeleton.

Reduced.

Little by little

Piece

Surrendered

By peace

Where is my spark?
I am battle worn and weary.
Reduced.
No longer whole.

Promises...

Wind howling.
Reduced.
Tear streaked.

I swore I'd never break.
I battled. Breaking nails, crusted in blood for what I wanted to be right.

It looms.

Her battle is over.
Her door is already shut.

The wind whips through the crack in mine.

I feel his caress.
The weight of the gold—
Of the promise.

It looms.