

Diana
by Alex Bengzon

Mornings are usually easy.

Breakfast is fonder than the emptiness of the Ritz and forbidden boundaries, and it isn't fair. William is being difficult; Harry is even more difficult, their father had said. They hold too much love for their mother and it hurts to be elsewhere. She counts the seconds, minutes, hours until she can finally embrace their childish limbs.

They bring in chicken and oatmeal for breakfast. What an odd combination, she thought, but it reminds her of home and her children and *him*. Her mind wishes to neglect instances that remind her of such. The room is too big. A chandelier hangs from the ceiling, reminding her once more of home and she resists the urge to seize the vase sitting on the table and hurl it towards the ornament, smashing the damn thing into pieces of nothing.

Mornings are difficult like this. French people are kind and strange all at once, it's more than she can tolerate. Paris is beautiful, but not like this, when everything she loves is somewhere else.

Her thoughts drift. The bathroom is still too big.

She grabs a towel. Baths are calming and it doesn't remind her of anything. She sits in front of a mirror, applying powder and lipstick to her face and it feels disgusting. It makes you look pretty, she told herself.

Now the car is too small. It smells like leather and it's moving too fast. She hears the rubber wheels attempt to stop itself from running into a pillar, or something, she can't see. It's tall and dark and she thinks of William and Harry and *him*, and she doesn't want to go. It's red and sticky, limbs spread across the dashboard in an unusual manner that's much too frightening.

Midnights are difficult, especially like this.