

***Withering Away* by Simone Forrest**

Black velvet covered the mirrors within my home. Any portrait of myself was burned beyond recognition. The only evidence of my existence was a disfigured face.

I used to have the beauty of a flower. Longtime suitors would throw themselves off cliffs after I discarded them. Lifelong enemies murdered one another just to please me.

Once I fully bloomed, my petals started to shrivel up. My glistening skin aged quicker than fresh produce.

Although my tears fell like rain, they were never enough to rejuvenate my body. I hacked off the visible flaws, but I still resemble an overgrown weed.

Works Cited

Forrest, Simone. *Withering Away*. Journo Portfolio, 2024.

<https://simoneforrest.journoportfolio.com/>. 17 July 2024