

Angel Marie

Fiction – “Objects in Space”

Word Count 930

### Objects In Space

The plants hanging from strings on the walls have begun to droop and fade their once spirited shades of green because the blinds haven't been drawn in months - leaving their only source of supplement the sadness within the walls, and the grayness of the shadows that dance across them. The golden picture frames rimmed with vintage carvings of clouds and three dimensional swirls now adding dust bunnies to their collection of details worth admiring (or maybe worth bypassing altogether). The faces outlined within them caressed by darkened silhouettes, consuming the joy that once shone through the colored ink.

Loss riddles these walls, and it rots on them like black mold, growing and polluting any signs of hope, any signs of change, slithering down from each corroded corner and across the wooden floors to where she lay in front of the bedroom closet. Buckled over in front of the one off to the left - the closet prematurely labeled his, as it just so happened to be the smallest of the two provided in their master bedroom. She lay, unmoving, like the rotting corpse of a body left to deteriorate into the ground below her, into the nothingness in the soil, the mother earth she walked upon her entire life. The simple lack of existence that welcomes her so warmly; it is, afterall, the same nothingness that now has hold over her one and only life-long desire - Him.

The magnets on the fridge have fallen crooked, slowly slinking down the metal surface as if they, too, have begun to feel heavy underneath the weight of mourning. *Salem, Massachusetts, Ohio! Welcomes You, Sunny San Francisco.* The striking words, each outlined in thick font and bold shades of orange, green, red and blue seemingly haunted her like a misdirected ghost - all

from road trips or sudden vacations taken with only the clothes on their backs, the money in their wallets and a handful of pre-rolled joints. A mug, shaped like a rosey strawberry, chipped along the rim, sits unwashed on the undusted counter - filled with remnants of chamomile tea, a beverage she couldn't stand the smell of, let alone the taste, one thing of his own she simply could never understand. A book with a golden spine lay face down, Bukowski's *Burning in Water; Drowning in Flame*, opened surely to mark the spot of a reader destined to never return. The poem it lay open upon? *The Flower Lover*. A fitting end.

Pots, pans, knives and forks collected in the sink; murky water beginning to puddle ever so slightly around them - a guaranteed result of the casual *drip, drip, drop* of the faucet above, a precaution once taken for the sake of grueling Chicago winters, now a sign that the room itself has been left abandoned since its former cook last hung up his apron one final time, long before the May showers began to drown its flowers.

She lay still, her cheek pressed up against the coolness of the floor below her. In this position, only the comfort of silence, the comfort of solemn tranquility, came to blanket her. Softly, she tapped her finger on the ground below her, a slight rhythm forming - eventually being lost to the silence, prompting her to soon start a new rhythm, a new cycle all over again. The objects in the space around her that once granted her peace within her home now seemingly mocked her and the state she remained in - reminding her of a young life lived, suddenly lost.

The traffic jams within her head raged on; questions never answered, left to swell with even more unmentioned curiosities, added to the tip-top of the pile up, building up and up and up...she simply waited for it all to crumble down upon her. She ached for it all to crumble down upon her. She had no answers. She hardly had belief - belief that the man she loved and lived alongside for so many years, could be taken from her so easily, in the blink of an eye.

One wrong intersection, one wrong decision, one wrong moment of intoxicated judgment by another - the universe left her alone, a feeling of punishment bestowed upon her weighed down like a thousand cement blocks. The darkness now clouded her head, the shadows that danced across her apartment walls seeping into her weakened mental state - after all, she never had the strongest mentality. He built her up from heaps of abuse, mistreatment and doubt; granted her a new beginning where he guaranteed her glass would always be full ... so long as nothing tore them apart.

Now, like millions of newly hatched spiders scattering in fear, her anxieties and dismal thoughts seemed to take form, the form of the shadows looming over her, drowning her in a mass of black and uncertainty. The shadows continue to dance, almost mockingly, across the riddled walls, across the magnets melting down the fridge, across the ages-old picture frames, consuming his smile reflected within them, the smile that never left his face whenever he stood beside her. From her perspective, where she lay rotting, she witnessed them devour his once handsome face. As the sun sets on, the disease of shade disperses across every photograph of him, dripping in the creases of his crows feet that frame his eyes, dropping into every corner of him, from the arms around her waist to the smile stretching across his face; the darkness of the evening seemed to be taking away her only chance at one final glimpse of her soulmate. Her Forever ended a lifetime too soon.