

Choices

Writer

Morte Sangriz

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The true question is not if she will throw him out, but if she will let him go. Will she open her doors when he comes knocking; or will she finally be set free from all the lies and false promises?

It had been so long since they had fought and this time she hoped that their life could be joined. He had offered an eternity of being by her side; but could not even spend one night without straight up lying. Again and again it was almost too much to take so she stayed up at night waiting; drinking late.

She threw out his clothes and things out the door while he stood there watching with his resentment obvious. Her pale face red with anger and fury, and her slight hands trembling as they packed his things. It was like this every other month. All the anger and lies just adding up; until she, it was always her, snapped inside and realized her own worth. But then after a day or an hour or so, he would return to proclaim his love. And she so enamored with the ideal of love opened her arms, her heart, and her home.

By now even the dog is used to the screaming, the hotblooded threats and insults all part of his routine. He will only interfere if the man tries to strike her, for that would be a new escalation in this dance so tragic. So far the dog lies watching with sleepy eyes as the scene unwinds before him; his black furry head on the ground but always watching. He loves the woman with her soft cooing words and will stay on guard despite his knowing that it is always the same. She is so furious that she cannot see that even if that man does not there will always be someone who loves to see her beaming face.

The house is silent at this moment, and the woman stands at a doorway; looking for more of his things while trying to overlook her heartache.

The man has gone and will surely return with more lies and promises of love.

The black dog lies on the ground waiting and yet feeling glad that his master is not yet crying.

And all the while the girl sits. Watching the pattern continue, hoping, praying that this time her mother will be strong. And not open the door to the man with the lies of love. The girl can only wait to see it through and like the dog is glad that no tears have yet spilt; All she can do now is write, write, write about events that are so familiar and that might fall upon a new light.

She can only hope that her mother makes the right choice, and doesn't fall prey to her illusions of love.

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