

Mrs. Ellington

Green, with petals of pink like the fields in Claude Monet's paintings, all like a dream. The light on my skin, warm and loving— perhaps a gift from above like a kiss? Airy and lingering. Laces of white doves, designed with such intricacy and worldly care rubbed against my skinny, pale cheeks. I felt light, like a feather falling so slowly, drifting along the zephyr. Ah! So warm, it feels, so very warm. The water droplets splashed against the puddles; plink! Plonk! Plop! How quiet. Silence was my friend, a dear friend I enjoyed most. Yes, most definitely. I loved it, I do, I very much do.

Water dewes on my skin, tasting like river salt on my tongue. How bittersweet it was! The taste was very much familiar, but it was strange; the sky was clear. I never liked the taste of it. I wanted it to leave, but it could never leave, I don't know why but it stayed with me. Ah, nevermind, why bother with such futile thoughts in comparison to what lies outside the window? So much beauty wonders me. Like the trees, all green, green, green, green. Much better than the dull, grey rocks scattered about— it looked heavy. Heavy on my shoulders, and it feels like my knees are about to give in. I looked away; it didn't make me feel good, it made my heart ache.

My lace handkerchief crumpled in my hand as I pulled it closer; it was what I wanted, what else was there to care for? I, was woven in beautiful dresses of the finest silks. I, was sitting where I was meant to be. I, the wife of the most honourable man. I, the model of all young aristocratic ladies. I, I...— Green, green, green. Breathe in the green that the fields have given me. Ah, how beautiful the sky was this noon! Streaks of oversaturated warm colours, so bright and light and right! A mirror of my feelings. No, no, no. Ignore what comes next when the hour strikes twenty past seven, they're all nonsense. It means nothing, absolutely nothing, all inside my head like that bittersweet taste.

Surely a cup of sugar will soothe me. It was strange, how my heels refused to move in the eventide. "Mrs... -come back... late... Mrs. Ellington!" I blinked slowly, revelling in the last orange streak before black completely consumed all. My husband must be home by now, waiting by the dinner table. I must hurry back. My body moved without thought, like the mechanical churns and

wheels of the metal box. I had to return back to the house now. What came next was a blur; city lights, pedestrians, brick buildings, house, my house. I dragged my feet inside.

“Welcome home... dinner, change... -busy.” Soon enough, I sat at the table. How was my day? “It was fabulous!” I say to my dear husband. “Oh yes love, the view was wonderful! The ladies were right about the flowers, a rare sight indeed. No, it wasn’t that cold, only a bit chilly... Yes, love, you must come next time with me! ...Another meeting? Oh, perhaps next time then.” I smiled as I took a bite; flavourless and dull.

“Mad! She’s gone absolutely mad! Has the devil touched her?”

“Hush! Be quiet you! She might hear...”

“There was no devil. Have you not heard? She was diagnosed with some illness, a rarity in the head, the doctors say.”

“Might be because of her husband.”

“A failure of a wife; how embarrassing!”

I smiled brighter, the meal was so awfully beautiful it was a shame I was full. “I’m very tired after my outing this evening, so I’ll go rest first. Enjoy your meal, love.” Another blur and in my bed I sat. Feathery, soft, cosy; nothing like my husband— I joked. What a funny joke! How presumptuous and silly I am, I laugh; yes, I must be really going mad. I clenched my lace handkerchief closer to me, he truly is everything I just described, he is, he was... he is! He’s a polite gentleman, he is... He is... Oh! Why does my cheeks ache as much as my heart? How strange. It’s all suddenly so quiet now.

My dear friend returned. Why is he back? He is as hurtful as he is comforting. Can he go? But he’s all I have. Is the window open? I hug my blankets, it’s warm, warm like the fields. Warm like the saffron skies, warm like... like the cold bed, like the stale bugatti royale, like the terrifying grasp of my dear friend. I’m so cold now. The window? The window. It has to be the window, surely, please, I pray. I walk over there; was my bedroom always so large? I don’t remember, nor do I remember the dust on the mahogany. Oh.

It's shut tight. The window. Tight, tight, tight. My wedding ring is tight on my fingers. I feel choked. Am I choking? I push to move it but it won't, it won't budge. Please move. Please open. Please. Think green, green, green, green and— rocks. Those grey rocks by the riverside, all smeared with dirt and dust, are suddenly on my shoulders, and I'm falling. Look at the cushioned chairs, the chandelier lights, the lace handkerchief, anything but the sky! ...I looked at the sky.

It is black, gone from all colours. It hurts; my hands are sweaty; suddenly it's all so loud, loud like dinner. “-mad... failure; embarrassing... illness in the head.” Wrong, right, wrong, right, right. My stomach hurts, I'm hungry. I looked at the entrance, it was blurry, I couldn't make out the patterns on the frame. My love? A slow, strained smile crept up on my damp face, “He's here, you're here! I've been waiting. What is taking so long, my love? I miss you. Can you be here? I'm tired of waiting. Please. Please... I don't think I can wait anymore for you... I'm tired.” The room is empty.

My knees caved in. The floor I lie on is cold. Someone is weeping in the arms of silence. Silence whispers; wait for the first light, trees will be green as the sky will be blue. But silence whispers again, more raw than before; wake up.