

Creative writing

Valentine

“She’s got green rubber shoes and a blue, paper flower. Pink flowing dress with a small silver like sparkle”

That image wrapped me up in its grip for months after I saw her. She was the ultimate daisy, picked from its blanket of clouds, soon after she blew away and I was never to smell her again. Now that winter is coming the existence of such a beautiful flower is withering and I feel as though I’m slipping away from her.

My ambition is for ‘us’ so I’m going to tell everyone about you so that I can keep the lies in my mind and leave myself outside in the cold. The love that I urn for is the love that I bleed, I’m in the sky serving up a broken heart, your on the ground looking up and all you can see is right through me into space were life is weightless.

But all I can see now is grey faces waiting for yours to light the scene. I push up green fields trying to find you, pathetically attempting to squeeze out a tear, understandably you see, I try to hard. No daisy is the same. The clouds got tangled and caught up in my fingers so that I found hilarity in my actions. For the first time I screamed out in my joy just like the time when we flew off to space, I believed that I’d never forget you and we returned with postcards and moo n-rock. Now they sit in the empty chest-of-drawers, lost but not forgotten.

The memories still brand my brain.

“Oh your staring at my shoes, not crying. Your brushing back your hair, but not crying. But you love me!?”

My soul blew away as you uttered those words through a thick brightly coloured insecurity that was the fog that had manifested it self inside of me. Watched the stars again and felt so light as they disappeared unto the earth to cover your pink dress.

Outside the rain is burning holes, but inside I’m with you eating doughnuts and watching each others eyes. My friends never knew of me as I kept us in a bottle. The transparent glass let me be aware of the world yet it could not kill us as we clung to the sides. I have a lot of questions that I needn’t ask as you answer in a way only I would know. As we went to the movies they played a different film everyday and filled the whole room. In your songs the sun shone on my eyes and made them water I told you, but you knew how to bury inside of my head which no light could ever penetrate. I’m not afraid now, I never was, So lets get the keys and go. We decorated the shed which you lit as we stepped in through the door. That

night was so bright as we led beneath the roof, both bare just as we were born. And outside the rain was burning holes.

I've looked in the mirror and all I see is the wall behind me. Now I can see space with no sign of a star, and a rocket flies past with my friends in the window. I've been so naive, living with a bastard all my life. Why can't he leave me alone! Now the bottle breaks and the shattered glass wounds me but kills us. My brain is a crossword with no-one to solve it, all the films are the same. I sit listening to tapes with a lamp glaring around me and a salty taste in my mouth. I'm so scared of the floorboards and of the walls, even the sky or a gentle breeze. The tools rust in black and white wood with the dark. And the rain burns me as I step outside.

I walked through the churchyard, a bright rug forthcoming my steps. The stars once again fell unto the earth wrapped in a fading light and cotton. The daisies all stand as they hear of your return and look down beneath the green field. The grey faces return as one falls down onto her. So much prettier than me. Now that winter is coming all the flowers should disappear. My mind poisoned with hatred.

As I entomb the memories.

"She's got worn rubber shoes and a brown, withered stem. Dress worn away at the seams as dull as the earth. The bright light now disappeared as it's covered with mud and sun-dried eyes..... Do you know I'm a freak, I eat doughnuts all week!"