

M. Sauvé short story exercise inspired by “Roselily”
inspiration text “Til I am Myself Again” by Blue Rodeo

I had a dream

The sky was falling. Literally falling. It was blue-purple. That kind of weird-sky evening that indicates mythical creatures actually rule the heavens and tonight is art class. She sat on the park bench, listening to her iPod. Her generation’s way to be among people and still be invisible. She thought of the evening sky. How if she had her way, it would always be red. For some reason this comforted her, even though it was only true a few times a year. Well, the few times she actually noticed. Really looked up. And really looked, that is. Drank it in. It was a shame she only remembered to pay attention when she needed her dad. He used to say ‘red sky at dawn, sailor’s warn, red sky at night, sailor’s delight’. Delight. Good word. Starts with d. Like dad.

That my house

Was still full. The creaks and crevices in the wood seemed to speak in the silent spaces between she and her mom now. Strangers separated by a river of grief. Neither knowing what to say to the other. Music helps. Like aloe on an open wound. They were at once tied together, a figure eight, eternal, and at once twin isolated ends of infinity. Her mom had been a real beauty. Everyone said so. One of those Hitchcock ‘ice blonds’. She used to tell the story about how, even at only eleven years old, she had old Mr. ?? wrapped around her little finger. Just a bat of the lashes and any candy she wanted was hers. That’s the problem with beauty, when you take it for granted, you never have to work for anything. And life always seems to work out for you. Combine the steely exterior with an inner sense of self-entitlement and you see the problem. Now that he was dead, she was fragile in a way that surprised no one but herself.

Was on fire

Anger. Bitter resentment. The kind that only grows out of the rough cement of real heartache. Like those tiny shoots that push up between the cracks. Determined. Stalwart. Plucked. Regrown. Stubborn. Hanging on. Hanging on to anger and blame is easier than forgiving. Forgiving requires an open heart. A full heart. A heart that can fly. Not one that’s drowning.

People laughed

While it burned

I tried to run

But my legs were numb

I had to wait

‘till the feeling returned