

My Time Will Come

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Submitted: October 7, 2006

Updated: October 7, 2006

these are the moments that i will remember forever. They are all short but have so much meaning to me.

1. Jealousy

Jealousy

As I watch them, tight in each other's arms, my heart wrenches. Tears cascade down her cheeks and all I can feel is jealousy. Only jealousy. No one will ever hold me like that. I will only be used. His arms tighten around her, his expression grim. The tears slow and she looks up at him, both oblivious to their surroundings. There is no one else in the world. No one else matters. No one else is needed. No one else can fit. She turns her head to lie it on his chest and our eyes collide. I am being accepted into their world, if only for a moment. I smile weakly, my only attempt at comfort. The crowd pushes me on and I walk away, leaving them. My time will come.

2. Love

Love

Lightly he cups her cheek in his hand, one arm wrapping around her waist. Her hand holds the umbrella steady as rain pours down amidst the fireworks. Their lips meet, both oblivious to the teenage girl watching them. A tear slowly drips down my cheek to mingle with the rain. Love. Beautiful, pure love. A diamond ring glints on her finger and I notice how one of his knees is wet. As if he had been kneeling. Their lips part reluctantly and his eyes meet mine. He nods slowly and we share a moment of understanding. I smile a congratulations and a small smile is returned. The girl turns to find out who he is staring at but only sees the rain. I have already vanished. Returned to the bright light of the ball room. My time will come.

3. Pain

Pain

He motions wildly as she stands back a few feet, tears dripping silently down her cheeks. He doesn't notice. Turning his back on her he continues his rant, not hearing the slow crack of her heart. I feel everything. All of her pain, suffering. She gags quietly and I can see her heart lying on the ground being smashed to pieces by his overly large feet. She opens her mouth to respond as he pauses but as he turns the words catch in her throat. He sighs and reaches out to touch her. To comfort her. To heal the damage he has already done. Her hand connects with his face and the tears cease. There will be no more tears of sadness. Only tears of pain, missed understanding. I shake my head scornfully at him as she pushes past me. Her time has come.

4. Death

Death

As the numbers in the line lessen, she moves up, patiently waiting her turn. Face screwed up in anguish, she is past tears. I silently step out of line and move away, turning just as she slides her hand down his cheek, whispering sweet nothings in his cold, pale ear. No longer being able to handle the sight of her ancient face lined with pain, I turn away. Speeches are said and the limos are filled, laughter filling mine, all pain forgotten. The limo pulls through the gate, circling once, twice and the rain pours. Stepping out into a puddle of mud, her face appears through the mist. Watching one last time as he is lowered into the ground, never to return. His time has come.