

Perfect Imperfections continued:

The sun was the same, it rose each morning sending the moon on a departing journey. Her heart was new, someone had restored its fire, burning in its hearth, sending energy to her, that drove her fury. The energy that gave her dreams life. Living in her thoughts were visions of things lost and found.

Some people claim that some things come but only once in a life and missing this would be her only bane. To her nothing was as it was, her hope cloaked the uncertainty of the day. She waited, only moving to ease her unsteadiness as she watched. Time was passing, her memories were a sacred collection made up of life's perfect imperfections.

Did she fail in her quest for happiness? Was it she that didn't hear the call? Walking alone in the park watching others and wondering if they could see her sorrow, her pain her longing for something to free her from herself.

It would only be the darkness of sleep that could ease her pain, ease her mind, ease her longing, for the darkness brought things anew. Light would pierce her dreams awakening her hopes for the day.

The trees swayed like animated creatures, their limbs pointing. The trees were perfect they had no sorrow they had no pain they would not long for the hauntings of the past. The trees would sway to their dance living with only one motion of growth, drawing from the sun and its glory. Could the sun be the answer she wondered?

When she looked into the sun it's light hurt her eyes causing them to tear. Her eyes looked into herself causing her to squint in pain. It wasn't the light that hurt her, it was her memories that stung her soul. They burned her deeply leaving the scares that could not be healed or silenced. It was her memories that blotted out her hope for something to free her.

Walking in the park was perfect, children playing parents performing their perfect dance. Mothers urging, fathers protecting. Children played, calling, falling, dancing in the sunlight. They didn't feel the pain that comes with knowing, they didn't long for the things that haunted, they were new and unscarred by life's lost. The children were only starting the journey that would find them in glory or defeat.

She knew that time was passing, her youth was fading, older views, still holding on to better times, her youthful memories gave her hope. It wasn't too late, was it?

A teardrop formed in her eye, was it the sun? No, just a memory like many tears that she had cried, was one of loss of the once in a lifetime event that she had missed. Would there be time left in her life that would allow for her quest for peace in her soul? or would she be lost forever. Lost and found was her mantra, lost in love found in hope.

Hope for the future.