

L'important c'est la Rose...

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Published on Stories Space on 07 Oct 2017

Waiting for a love that will come one day.

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It's been an eternity since he was sitting on the bench in the pouring rain. It's been an eternity since the skies have forgotten how the blue might have looked. It's been an eternity since Heaven and Earth had been washed together by the ashen grey diluted in every raindrop and every speck of cloud.

He was raining for ages inside. The pain of the abandoned heart was gathering into raging flows, ravaging the soft tissue of the inner landscape. The man sitting in the rain has long forgotten the moment when he finally realized that she wasn't coming anymore. A dark shadow has come between them, erasing the path of light that was once connecting heart to heart, soul to soul. The fabric of the Universe cracked and was torn wide while the two lovers were drifting apart without knowing it.

Only when the silence of her absence became heavy and tangible, the reality of being left sank in his mind. Time halted its flow and the young man's world crumbled. Splinters of Memories were dancing a last tango to oblivion in a slowly disintegrating music. The rain kept falling effacing contours and volumes....

It's been an eternity since he was raining inside-outside. But in the seemingly endless melancholy, the rose remained unchanged. She was resting on his knee, a flamboyant spot of red velvet love. The rose was smiling and somewhere in the mind of the young man an old French love song was whispering new hopes: " L'important c'est la rose/L'important c'est la rose/L'important...."