

Singed Ribbons

Singed ribbons tighten around a baby's fingertips

Her future already written

Yet still waiting for an inky period to finalize her destined treachery.

White flames march their way up the tightening ribbons, scorching it green.

As it pirouettes along the baby's little hands,

She wards them off with a flick and giggle.

How pretty, how silly!

The burns on the girl's hands traveled to her arms the more she blossomed.

She was constantly in pain, but that didn't matter

Not when she had a field of florals for her to explore each morning

She prayed that every flower would bloom as bright as they were able.

The girl swore she saw the friendly white flames light up the gloomiest of nights

Consistent and sparkly,

Dainty yet beautiful.

With every burn, she would reassure the flames of their goodness.

The pain they caused was created by someone else indeed

She spoke in ballads of white piano keys

And ensured that there were six chairs at a table for three

When the time came, her shattered, pink iris bled into a condemning maroon.

The burns climbed to her shoulders.

May as well wear my favorite blue sweater, the girl would think.

She received plenty of compliments,

Some were meaner than others.

Such a lovely shade (thank you for hiding).

But soon it was time for her to go.

The burns had found a way to kiss her cheeks and paint her eyelashes

That her delicate heart so pathetically yearned to save

Her white gown erupted into those friendly flames

Leaving silver shards of her kindness to cut her feet

She felt her fragile, stolen body sinking to her fate

Her proper smile pulled to tatters.

Pink petals flew through the church windows

Sent to protect her final speech.

Let her continue

The woman's words served as her savior

Let me continue

Despite the story, despite the letter

It hasn't been sent quite yet!

She held up an envelope, it's design carefully crafted from lace

The flames recognized the pattern

The woman tore the envelope and pulled out a yellowing piece of paper.

She begged:

Allow me to experience.

Believe that I can.

Pray that I will.

My dying wish: Let me try.

The petals had grown weak.

They fell helplessly into the blackened flames as they dared to move closer

The lady closed her eyes desperately as she waited for the flames to cease

Though she knew they never could.

A baby awoke in the palm of a flower

She was covered in fresh scars, but they didn't hurt

Her giggling continued

Her eyes hopped through rose buds

Prancing from petal to petal, flower to flower

From baby, to girl, to woman, to lady, to flower,

The storybook had learned she must turn to the last page

The empty back cover greeted her warmly

How would you like to continue?

I want to bless every flower

Embrace every cloud

Dance with every raindrop

Until I am once again laced in stardust

And transformed into a burning ribbon

That my sister may learn from.

Together we shall sing, fingertips linked, heartstrings intertwined:

“Life is beautiful, but you don’t have a clue.”

See for yourself