

# Fading Like A Flower

by Michaela Buzsaki Struchova

Another night is coming to an end, the dawn is approaching. I can see the first pink and purple rays of the sun fighting to break through the black canvas of the sky. The beginning of a new day, in which yet again, I feel the life slipping away from my fragile body.

Why hasn't she come to take care of me for so long? It's been months now... The autumn rains were keeping me alive, just like the winter's snowy blanket. But it's the end of spring now, the days are much warmer and the sun is out longer, drying me out to the roots....

She used to look after me so tenderly, preventing me from thirst and illnesses. I loved the way her soft fingers stroked my unblown buds, as if they were stroking a just born being, beautiful but so fragile... Her smile was warming me almost more than the sun above us, telling me that I was something special, something very close to her heart.

"My beloved" she called me, when she stroked my red buds, while the white ones were keeping still, waiting for her attention as well.

She called me by that name the first time when I saw *him*. That night, he appeared in the shadow on the other side of the balcony, standing there still, watching with a soft smile, unbeknown to her. There was something in his eyes that was quite familiar to me. Something warm, gentle, loving...

Only later I remembered that it reminded me of *her* eyes. They had the same expression when she looked at me, putting me to my luscious fresh soil-bed before he came - she was a bit clumsy, but I could feel the love and joy radiating from her, spreading through my leaves and buds, and at some point, she whispered:

"The red rose whispers of passion,  
And the white rose breathes of love;  
O the red rose is a falcon,  
And the white rose is a dove.

But I send you a cream-white rosebud  
With a flush on its petal tips;  
For the love that is purest and sweetest  
Has a kiss of desire on the lips." (1)

And later, when he was kneeling by her side and kissed her hand, I could feel the heat reaching me down to my roots. The way they regarded each other, though not touching me... I almost caught fire...

Such a long time has gone by since then, long months of endless waiting. He came back many times, spending hours on the balcony - sometimes walking aimlessly here and there, sometimes just staring into the city lights, sometimes leaning against the French door and breathing heavily.

I was still blooming a couple of months ago, beautifully dressed in red and white flowers. One night, he knelt to me and with trembling clawed fingers, he stroked the small petals of one of my white flowers. I looked into his eyes and couldn't recognize the being I saw now - his eyes were lifeless, almost blank... The once magnificent blue orbits, twinkling like diamonds, were now very distant, as if in a different universe, and I could see a strange sorrow reflected in them. And then, just when his fingers touched me ever so carefully and gently, a tear escaped his eye and ran down his cheek.

I didn't understand it, I still don't, but I have a feeling I'm beginning to. This aloneness, this thirst and hunger for something you had before and suddenly is gone....

I'm frightened... I don't know whether it's usual for a flower to be frightened, but I am. I'm afraid that soon, I will wither completely and will never see the sunlight again. My leaves are already turning brown and shrivelling, I haven't had water in weeks (it has been a pretty dry spring), I can barely keep upright...

I'm so tired, so weak, so.... alone. And yet...

Maybe she *will* come back to me. Maybe she has just gone somewhere and can't return yet. Maybe all my thirst and hunger and need for her will bring her back, and I will be strong and full of life again. And maybe *he* will smile again and his eyes will be burning bright full of life and energy again. And then, we will watch the night's skyline and the stars together again, all three of us...

My strength is fading, slipping through the cracks of time and space. The road may be long, but I *must* prevail, I must hold on to hope. I must *live*...



(1) John Boyle O'Reilly: *The White Rose*