The Promise?

Glancing at my left hand, I see my naked 3rd finger; I can no longer refer to this finger as my 'ring' finger. Agonising pain slices and sears through my heart as I recall the warmth and excitement that the little band of gold once gave me. I recall the feelings of joy, pleasure and belonging that the loop of love gave. Once, belonging to another and now belonging to… no one.

I should feel 'happy' others say; it was 'for the best' they preach; that gold fades and it would eventually leave its mark upon my skin. Nevertheless, they do not feel the colossal grief and pangs of loss I feel for the comforting touch on my solitary skin.

Thinking back to the moment we met, my heart pirouettes. Surging butterflies infect my stomach and I feel giddy. Tom, my lost love, had been trying to pluck up the courage to talk to me (or so he testified later) and I had been trying to catch his eye during my cousin's wedding (something which I never recounted). Finally, after many a unit of alcohol, he made his pilgrimage to me. Infatuation hit us both hard. Then time slowed and we debated, discussed and shared our dreams.

Now time sprints by as we argue, abuse and attack each other's dreams. Loathing is hitting us hard.

Who will get the wedding service which we lovingly used every Sunday? Who will get the wedding service? Who will get the bloody wedding service which is a constant reminder of our failure?

The plates shatter and splinter so attractively on the tiled floor. Congratulations on your Wedding Day Bin, I hope you enjoy my present.