

When It Rains

When the flames of love burn, sometimes only the rain can heal you

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Dark sagging clouds were forming over the horizon. Standing in an uninhabited pasture with her hair billowing behind her small frame, she waited for the massive thunderheads to wash away her insecurities and sins. No one would find her in this abandoned area of town. She could probe the deepest portals of her heart without having to wonder if others saw the pain imbedded within. Thunder cracked in the distance and the wind gathered speed, she looked heavenward and watched as the cerulean skies slowly faded to a jaded gray. Somehow it seemed that the sky was telling the story of her life in its colors. Minute raindrops began to grace the ground while tears fell down her pale, flushed cheeks. If only her actions could have had a different outcome, then maybe she would not be in the driving rain hiding her tears.

This forlorn girl was not always like this. She was once happy and cherished. However, nothing in this world ever stays the same. Love found her, but not the kind that many wish for or would admit existed. Her poisonous affair consumed her pure heart and destroyed the innocent soul she once had, blackening it to the core. The person that she put all her faith in, that she loved with her entire being, only wanted to steal away her innocence. He played the character of prince charming well, making her believe in the façade he had created for her. It worked. She fell, hard and fast. All her time became devoted to the nurturing of what she held with her love. Disgruntled friends began abandoning her and her parents became frightened with the dramatic change in their little angel. The sweet little girl they once dressed in pink and flowers was slowly turning into a distant memory. No matter how hard they tried to save her, the devil never gave up his quest.

A smile graced her features as she felt the cold water splash as it washed away the memories of the past 3 years. All that mattered was the here and now. She had grown from her mistakes and was moving on, slowly but surely. Lightening lit up the sky and the wind still raged on., relief was slowly washing over her. If anyone would have passed by, they might have thought she was possessed by demons.

Sex, drugs, and lies ruled his fallen angel's life. Her days started at sunset and ended only when she passed out on a stranger's couch. When old friends and acquaintances saw her the only feeling they could muster was sympathy. She once had dreams and ambition, now all that was gone and replaced with an illusion called love and the question of where her next hit would come from. When the truth was right in front of her, she only shook her head and refused to believe. Her Romeo would never hurt her, or so she thought.

The rain was coming down in torrents and she watched the dying grass sway around

her tiny pale legs. She slowly sank down into the drenched ground beneath her. The moist ground gave her warmth and she relished in the feeling. While she sat in the Georgia clay, she reflected over the course of events that had led her to this secluded area of town. If only fairytales could come true, then maybe this world would not be as cruel, she thought.

Months passed and her parents' princess was gone and replaced by the shadow of a girl. Still disillusioned, she clung to every word that her love spoke. She believed every lie that left those lips as if God himself spoke them. The lies built and built, one after the other until one day that delicate structure came tumbling down. Her fragile world collapsed and with it her delicate mind. The one person she saw as complete perfection was nothing that claimed or that she believed. All along, he used her for selfish gain. Vengeance would one day be hers, even if it killed her.

The skies began to clear, though the rain was still falling from the heavy clouds. The wind had ceased while she sat in the dark, red clay, the tall grass nearly hiding her from the world. Tears still fell from her sapphire eyes and onto her white cheeks. These tears were not for herself though, they were for the one that received all her pain, tenfold.

For weeks, the pain and agony for the years she lost living a lie consumed her. Her thoughts were filled with all the things she could have done and what he did do. Oh, the things she wished to reclaim and erase. She wanted to be complete again, but while his face haunted her memories, she felt that she never would be. The only thing she thought would remove him from her mind would be to remove him from this world. Therefore, after days of plans she waited until nightfall and made her way into his rundown apartment. Stealthily she crept from room to room looking for that insolent fool while trying to suppress the maniacal laughter that was beginning to bubble in her throat. After mere minutes of searching for him, she came across him coming off a high. She spotted the used syringe lying not far from his open hand. His eyes were gently closed and a smile graced his features. Smirking to herself, she crept closer to the bed he was laying on. She moved to the side where he would soon be slumbering peacefully. She lightly kissed his cheek and his eyes fluttered open. A confused look overcame his face when he saw her standing on the edge of his bed. Confusion turned to panic as she quickly unsheathed a silver blade from behind her small frame. As she raised the weapon, the dim light gleamed of its shiny, cool metal surface and a slicing noise penetrated the air as she crashed the thin blade into his chest. She made sure she aimed straight for his heart, repeated reentering the wound to make sure he felt every bit of it. All she wanted was for him to feel all the pain he had caused her to feel for the past 3 years. Without looking back, she calmly walked out of the room, dropping the knife in the room on her way out. As she moved through the doorway, she turned and looked at the lifeless body on the bed and a weight was lifted off her shoulders.

Finally, the sun broke through the clouds and shined down upon this insignificant girl. The tears had stopped falling and relief fully flooded throughout her. She stood up from the clay and wiped her blood and dirt stained hands on her grey and pale blue dress. She looked toward the sky and smiled shyly. For the first time in a long time,

this deceived girl saw the beauty that surrounded her. A light wind came from the north and played with her damp hair. She then turned and calmly walked away from that empty field and the unmarked grave she left her false love lying in to rot. All she could see was her bright future waiting in the distance.

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