

A Flower Near His Grave

It was a place she thought of as beautiful, a place she felt love, hate, acceptance, rejection. A place that was so beautiful, it made her feel beautiful. Boys, boys whose entire being is based on cars and drugs. But somehow she still thought she needed to put her self-worth into his palms. What did she think he'd do with it? Place it in a field of flowers? Because she was in a place completely the opposite.

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“Hi,” he said with a soft voice and a slight smile on his face.

“Hi,” she replied hesitantly, but with clarity. She couldn't figure out why he looked so familiar; *that, my dear, is the feeling of home.*

“You're Ally right?” he asked with confidence.

“That's me.”

“You rode bus 4! You always had a bag of gummy bears.” he said with a giggle. She looked at him, confused.

“I'm Scott, remember? Scott Jordan.” Her mind suddenly flashed memories, memories she'd remember forever.

“I remember! You played the trumpet and wore those little black glasses,” she replied.

“Yeah,” he said with a smile.

“Do you think those little black glasses could charm you into getting some ice cream with me?” he asked. She giggled in reply.

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“I'll take 2 scoops of cookie dough in a waffle cone,” she ordered in her gentle voice.

“Make that two cones,” he said, smiling at her.

“So, why'd you walk up to me?” she asked as they were eating their ice cream on the grass at K's Park.

“I thought you looked pretty while you were writing, which made you look smart.” At this, she smiled in a way she never had. *He thinks I'm pretty?* She thought to herself.

“Smart and pretty is kinda hard to come by,” he said, bringing her back to the present.

6 months later

“Dance with me,” she said over the loud music as she pulled him away from his friends.

“Ally, I make music - I don't dance to it,” he whined.

“Well, you do now!” Ally replied. He twirled her into the twinkle lights and darkness and time stopped. It was as if they were the only ones in the whole world. Slowly spinning, and spinning, it stopped. He pulled her waist to his and dipped her.

“I love you.” He said like he meant it more than anything that he'd ever said.

“I love you.” She replied with overwhelming emotion. She felt as though she was going to explode.

9 months later

“So you kissed her.” She said in monotone. Except that there was so much emotion in those four words. He just sat there on the couch staring at the floor.

“Yes,” he replied coolly, trying to show that he didn't care. She just left the room, sat on her bed and cried. *I'm not enough for him. I hate myself.*

4 months later

“Ally?!” She looked up from the same bench she was sitting on the first time her eyes met his. Only this time she chose to look away, then she got up and started walking.

“Wait! Wait, I'm sorry... I am so, so, sorry.” Scott called.

But she kept walking.

1 week later

Her phone buzzed. “When we were together I was in a terrible mental spot. I needed help and not to be in a relationship. I was admitted to Cedar Springs March 6th and got discharged May 11th. Being forced to go to this place helped me become a better and more stable person. I am now on medication and going to therapy. The only reason I wanted to text you was to tell you how incredibly sorry I am. What I did wasn't mature, or the right decision to make. I lied to you about being with a girl that weekend. I lied about everything. I am not sure why I lied, I can only think it's because of who I was then. I can't beat myself up enough over how I hurt you and how I couldn't treat you. I don't expect you to forgive me or even want you to. You loved me and I broke your heart like an idiot. You gave me so many moments that were special now we can't ever get them back,” she read out loud to herself.

She didn't respond, she didn't care.

1 month later

Ally clicked on the T.V and the news came on.

“A juvenile motorcycle rider was killed in a crash just after 10:30 pm Friday night. Colorado Springs police said the rider was driving southbound on Austin Bluffs Parkway, when they lost control, hit the curb, and were ejected. Emergency medical staff responded to the crash, police said, but the juvenile was dead on scene.”

Her knees hit the floor. She fell to the ground, her scream echoed and carried on.

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Her place was him,. she felt love, hate, acceptance, rejection. For him, for herself. It happened near his grave. She laid on the not-so-field of flowers and her memories came flooding back.

“Hi” he said with a soft voice and a slight smile on his face.

“Hi,” she replied with hesitance yet with clarity.