

Memory Story

By Willow Hart

When I was younger, smaller, what I saw was way more imaginative than now. I thought I lost the memory to time! But when I was watching the graceful sky, "A radiant sunrise," I muttered under my breath, playing with my treasured wedding ring. A tiny, barely visible hint of a smile appeared on my weathered face. Then came a young boy with glass-like skin whose hand had a delicate wisp that had a familiar glow. "What's...that?" I would ask the small boy wonderingly. "A wisp," he'd answer, "It came to you!" The wisp whispered a memory of my deceased lover. A tear ran down my wrinkled cheek. I wiped it before the smiling boy saw. "Why to me?" I asked, "Why would he know?". I thought "I'll take it." Before I could say goodbye to the small boy, the wisp recovered the memories from my past, the memory I thought was replaced by others. I looked at the face of the boy it felt familiar...? "Come in boy, do you like tea...?" I would smile fully "What's your name...?" "Carlos...yours?" "I'm Lara..." the wisp was on the table I would move the wisp into a broken box. The freshly poured tea would steam like a sauna. The rain would patter on the window like a heartbeat; the silence was deafening. "Your house is unbelievably beautiful..." the voice would hit me like a train. The voice felt like hope! "Why are you out alone...?" I wondered about his parents, are they worried? ... "Do you know where your parents are...?" I would ask, imaging a worried couple. He'd look down at his dusty feet "I-I don't know!" he'd cry. "Don't worry dear!" I said, taking a sip of tea, trying to comfort the boy.