

A Perfect Imperfection

By Rebecca Cyr

The thoughts still linger in the back of my mind, the thoughts that chew their way to the front of it all and stand at full attention. If I wasn't careful I feel others too would see it.

It all started out great; we met at a local book store. I watched her whenever she was there, sitting at the bay window. She would have her legs curled around her with her jacket collar up around her mouth which never failed to make me chuckle because it reminded me of a turtle trying to hide from view. Her nose buried in whatever she happened to be reading at the time, Harry Potter, Lord of The Rings, The Painted Girls, Reckless; it didn't matter. She always looked so peaceful, so beautiful. Her colourful hair, pale skin sprinkled with dark freckles and clear hazel eyes hooded with thick lashes. Watching her went on for weeks until a bright sunny day in early spring she wasn't there. I panicked a little, wondering what had happened. My thoughts didn't become rational again until she had walked up behind me. I still remember her sweet voice purring in my ear. What she said to me I'll never forget.

She said "You know watching me the way you do won't get me on a date with you if that's what you want. Unless you're a serial killer then you should probably just get it over and done with because after all, the suspense must be just killing you." After that she had handed me a well worn copy of The Picture of Dorian Grey and lightly brushed her lips against my cheek. She then carried on with her usual routine sitting at the window.

I just stood there completely shocked with what had happened I had to sit down it took me a bit for all of it to register. When I looked down at the book I noticed a piece of paper sticking out from the rest. I opened the book with the disheveled cover and revealed the hand written note within the pages.

“Please disregard the book being used as the vessel but anyhow please give me a call when you get sick of just watching me from that chair of yours and want to actually talk to me or get to know me.

713-866-6249

Alexandria L Williams.”

Within days we had connected I made my first move when she called saying her car had broken down and needed a ride. When I had pulled up to where her old rusted out 82 Volkswagen Caddy met its demise. She had been sitting on the cement road block wearing baggy purple plaid pajama pants, a thick strapped white tank top and a denim jacket. Her hair was up in a messy bun with stray hair sticking out everywhere as per usual. She was so flustered with the stupid thing that she got it towed.

When I finally asked her out it started out with coffee then that turned into lunches and dinners. I still remember taking her out dancing. She had worn a dress that moved against her body like liquid. She lit up the place she was so beautiful. I just had to sit there and watch her, I couldn't help thinking I can't believe that she's all mine. Nothing ever compared to these moments. Nothing ever had or would.

The sorrows build up in my chest where the butterflies had once soared making me feel as light as a feather on my feet. But we had known what we were getting into and we had wanted it more than anything else in the whole damn world. I couldn't imagine doing this without anyone but her. Her warm smiles that would light up a room, all the failed attempts at cooking that resulted in getting takeout, Late nights spent on the couch with pajamas, blankets, ice cream, ridiculous movies and laughter, all these perfect imperfections between us. It was us against the world right? How did it all go so wrong so fast?

We had married in late September under the old oak and maple trees in the park by the boat house. Where the leaves had already begun to change to the bright colours of autumn and were

carried off one by one by the warm, humid breeze still lingering from summer. I still remember the day so clearly, so breathtakingly beautiful the scene had been. She was the picture of grace and elegance, with a bouquet of sunny yellow sunflowers, bright orange lilies and hints of sapphire blue violets. She wore a simple white dress. How happy we were together. A once happy thought that now causes me indescribable pain. I never could've expected this to happen, I didn't deserve it. She didn't deserve it.

The shriek of the flat line still haunts my dreams as I relive every second of that night. (As if washed with the red with the bloodshed that evening it would take on a burgundy like hue.) The white walls of the hospital a blur as we had raced down to the ICU, both caked in blood. The repeat of the doctor's voice saying, "*You need to wait outside,*" remembering the protest and security getting involved, tearing us apart. Tears ran from my eyes, and the entire world was silent for an eternity for nothing but the shrill resonance of the flat line on the monitor and watching the doctors do everything in their ability to restart the heart that was no longer beating and the lungs no longer breathing. They stopped. I heard to words flow from the doctor's mouth that caught in my throat and sunk into my chest. "*Time of death 20:33.*"

That was it. No more. I sit in silence now, My head in my hands with nothing but these memories to help me along since I will never see her face again, never to touch her soft skin again, never to lay next to her at night and watch the peaceful rise and fall of her chest again, never to have the chance to hear the cry of an infant. It's all too little too late now.

Now thinking to myself, in the end, at least it was me and not her.