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Primrose Path

- "I wish to laze and be pretty,

Sans expectations, sans pity" announced petulantly Rose, a maid of low worth who hardly had time to think. She would prefer observing to scrubbing, stagnation to running, a gown to an apron. Having a devil of a time serving those bottom chairs, she aspired to a life of ease.

- "Oh, my dear Rose, oh,

you of all the people should know

life is short and time is swift,

don't go wishing for your life to shift!" said a more reasonable, housekeeper's voice, already used to the rut of what she deemed a "miserable life" – more importantly – her life. But that very misery was a part of her, it was her! For what would she do without her job and her maids? Yes. It would be such a miserable life, indeed.

- "Beware of what you wish for,

'Tis impossible for time to restore

What was lost in the process, of yore" she continued to lecture her, being her superior and having the right to do so.

- "But, ma'am, my heart aches,

To even think of working for those snakes,

For how many long, desperate years,

All for my destiny's mistakes..."

- "Tis not your heart that aches, but arms!

Instead of talking, you should get to your tasks!

Now, off with you!" the housekeeper yelled and the poor maid shook her head – but nonetheless, she obeyed the reasonable voice and went off to do her chores.

They say that the busiest men have the most leisure, and Rose had taken that quote, perhaps, too much to heart. She was sweeping and brushing, and dusting and rinsing. One second, she

would be rearranging the family photos above the fireplace – the other, she would be polishing the handle of the master bedroom door. It was really a terrible load of work for such a young maiden like herself. Suddenly, with house squeaky clean, our maid dossed down for a short moment. And that short moment was all she needed to spot it.

-“How now! Do my eyes tell lies?

'Tis lady's gown and just my size!“ Rose immediately leapt up from the sofa seat and stretched her arms out to grab it.

Such a red, red, blinding red intensity was covering this elegant garment. Like passionate rivers flowing, obscured by humidity of an occasional sigh, encouraging its flow; like fragrant roses thriving in the place only lovers know; like uncontrollable resentfulness and a swiftly delivered gash giving birth to an eruption of despair. Yes. It is the colour of blood. A garment – red, red, bloody red.

She had quite some time to herself, until her lady returned, so she took it upon herself to try the gown for which she yearned. One sleeve, second sleeve – zip it up – and it was done.

The mirrored image smiling back and observing her seemed almost surreal. But it was her and she was ravishing. In that precious moment, she was all she wanted to be. So, filled with bliss she started her happy dance; and from one leg to another, from a plain maid to a gentle woman, she was dancing the dance of a transformation in the life of temporary elation. A life that was not hers.

And so she danced. From one room to the next one, from one leg to another, and then– she slipped and tumbled through the air and down the stairs, and soon the red manifested in the form of bloody fluid – red. And the passionate river became the grand sea of groans; a small garden of roses – now a sight to behold; and from the resentfulness came to be the bitter envy. For there was only envy. Yes. Bloody envy.

After her corpse had been laid to rest under the heavy cloak of dreary soil, she finally bid farewell to it. After all, she knew not how to care for it nor how to properly love it. Her body, her destiny, her life – sold for a temporary moment of doubt, covet and ultimately death.

And next to the gloomy grave sprung up a rose. It observed occasional passengers who would let out a sigh here and there; it was a sight for the lovers to behold – a sign of their “never-ending“ love; and the very manifestation led by envy. Yes. Bloody envy.

Now it was a beautiful form in the tower of stagnation around which the white birds fly,
where the heavy rivers flow and emanate red glow, and – the omnipresent envy of a previous
life.

But don't past and future go hand in hand?

If you long for one, you fear the other;

And no matter how much you try;

There is no escape from the omnipresent “now.”