

The Little Pink Strip

By Timothy J. Muise

The first time I really talked to her, I mean TALKED to her, she had a small pink streak in her hair. Just a small dyed patch is a cute little style cut she wore with such easy class and beauty. Being the arrogant and immature thug that I was I criticized her unique coif. I was a fool and did not see, in my selfish ignorance, that she was flying her flag; she was displaying her real value. She was pure gold in a tin world.

Some things in life baffle you later on down the road. I don't know why she liked me, can't figure it out for the life of me, but I did have a good sense of humor and laughter was a big part of my day. Maybe she liked that? I don't know. What I do know is that she gave all of herself to me and I was truly undeserving. Her love steamrolled me, and I needed nothing else but to be with her, in any situation, and things were grand. She was more than I knew could be. I never imagined that another person could make me feel like the world had ceased its spinning. I was centered in her and she rose in my west and set in my east.

She once made a dress. A real couture, red carpet design. I was asked to come to the show where she would model it. I drank beer and whiskey with my friends and we made a comedy trip out of it. To say the least I was a fool. When I saw her come down that walkway, all grace and elegance, I immediately sobered. It was an epiphany for me, a Goddess truly lived on earth, but the jester I was in those lost days of youth could not properly behold the Queen of Hearts. The revelation soon lost its luster (she never did) and I went back to my empire of dirt.

To at least have been able to love like that, even if only for a brief period, is a gift of incredible proportions. Some would argue it is better to not love and lose, as the pain of losing can be so severe, but I am of the opinion that my experience with that kind of love taught that such love does exist. That knowledge rubs the edges off of my jadedness. That experience gives me hope for the future; hope to search for another gemstone in my mountain of loss and despair. I can meet the new sunrise with a desire to go on.

Today when I see someone with pink in their hair I smile. It is oftentimes bitter sweet for me, but I enjoy it; I feel alive. My Goddess still lives somewhere, she is a gem in someone else's crown, but I am certain she shines as brightly as ever. Nothing could ever replace her in my memories, and would not want that, as today my memories are one of the few things they have not been able to strip me of. I hold onto that vision of her, smiling like a comet's fury, coming down that fashion catwalk. My own super model, glamorous actress and elite princess all wrapped into one perfect package. I close my eyes, envision her soft hand in mine, and make my way through the world of dreams that saves me today.