

## **Amaryllis**

I sat before the broken mirror. Distorted doppelgangers watched me from between the black cracks. I painted my eyes with melted charcoal. I hollowed out my cheeks with the ash from the fire place. Gently, I glued the delicate black rose petals over my lashes. Spiders had spun large webs in the corners of the room. They were as delicate and intricate as lace as I draped them over my body to form a dress. The unhinged cuckoo popped out to sing it's worn song at a quarter to noon. I staggered out of the abandoned home on anesthetized legs, to meet the procession of women walking down the paved, mutilated road. As we marched through the damaged town, the outlying women through matches onto the oil soaked homes. We didn't stop to watch the homes bloom in red and orange flames. When we reached the cemetery, the front leaders laid bouquets of amaryllis, anemone, and a single daffodil at the base of the golden weeping katsura. I felt two calloused palms wrap my bone thin hands on each side, as I stared at the young corpses hanging from the branches by white silken ribbon. Their pale blue dresses gently blowing in the breeze, and their stockings still pristine white. Their bodies just budding in puberty; their eyes wide open, staring off through the branches to the horizon. Another pair of calloused hands tied a white ribbon around the hollow of my throat, leaving the ends to flow down to my waist. I pulled my hands free from the older women, gently pushed my way through the crowd of worn down bodies, and stared up at the corpses. I looked into their reflective eyes, to see my doppelgangers staring back.