

# She Is Mine

*Kaylee O'Donnell*

As the early morning sun shone on her golden brown eyes, it revealed pools of manuka honey; with opalescent flecks of honeybees scattered throughout. Her cheeks rose red; imitating the flower itself. Her lips contain a cupid's bow so strong, when I dream of her kiss fiery passion shoots into my lungs, burning my throat; leaving scars in its wake. Her hair incases her face, the colour of apricots, peaches, and plums resembling jam in its sweetest form. She's nature's finest artwork, a mixture of Autumn leaves, and Spring flowers, Summer nights, and Winter rain.

She is mine

While all my world is seen through gloomy shades in dark pockets of the street, her eyes show me what the world looks like through rose coloured lenses. Even on my darkest days her warmth embraced me like hot tea on a frosty morning. She uses colours in ways I never thought possible; she uses rainbows to paint portraits, each one of my imperfections she perfects. When she's a part of my world it's like watching a kaleidoscope while on acid. Colours bounce along the road, jumping car to car, to the people on the footpaths; colours splatter everywhere.

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We finally are one. Icy fingers elegantly laced together. Cold arms intertwined. Brittle bodies shared. I knew her like the back of my hand, leaving her now vulnerable in my arms. Sometimes I felt that she knew me better than she knew herself, always looking over her shoulder, her keys clenched in her fist; second floor flat key, postbox key, car key, they all lined the inside of her fingers. "Shadows in the dark that's all it is" she reassured herself when she saw me following her. "Wind in the trees" she said when she heard me breath. When she heard footsteps, she ran.

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The dip between her shoulder and neck powdered with perfume, her scent smelling of roses intoxicating, bringing me ever closer. Dusk had settled upon us, as the rain set in the aroma of petrichor rolled over the hills, overwhelming my senses. She had made it back home to where she was "safe", her second floor flat. She left her keys on the kitchen bench and headed to the bathroom where she jumped straight in the shower, where she



tried to cleanse her mind of the odd happenings that night. She hadn't shut the front door, nor had she latched her bathroom window. She saw me.

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The melancholy of the witching hour. As she ran out the door in nothing but a towel, she screamed for help. As she met the stairs some say she slid and fell, others think she was pushed. Her head hit the stairs, all those pretty colours that she had shown once before came forth once again, painting the walls in patterns I could never forget. Her sombre and odious blood dripped down the staircase seeping into the cracks, staining them. Her colours were lifeless.

Her eyes; black like the voids of space. Her cheeks; pale, reflecting the morning moonlight. Her hair; now the colour of the sepia paintings on the wall, sodden in her own blood. Her lips; a broken bow, leaving the fire to die out in her heart. Her body; so beautiful, yet lifeless.

She was mine