

Where The Satin Sits

Timeless Tales VI: The Cradle, The Altar, and The Grave

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Upon the top shelf is where they sat, waiting. The only times they had ever been taken down were when my mother used them to play dress-up with me as a young child. Back then, they had a purpose, even if it was wrapped in silliness and pretend. Now, they sit up there untouched, draped with anticipation. Moment by moment, the satin continues to gather dust, and if inanimate objects were capable of thought, I imagine they would be wondering, Will I ever be taken down again?

I ask myself the same question.

Every day, I think about taking them down, slipping them on, becoming one with them. Their purpose is to be worn, to carry a woman through one of the most important days of her life: her wedding day. Yet now, both the shoes and I remain suspended in the uncertainty of the future.

Will a day like that ever become reality? And if it never does, what then?

What will my life have to be?

I remember it clear as glass the way that my mother had laughed when the shoes nearly slipped off of my tiny feet. She told me every woman deserves a love worth taking steps toward. At my young age I had believed her without any hesitation. Back then love seemed guaranteed, almost as certain as winter and summer time. But somewhere between then and now, certainty had gradually become something far more fragile. I find myself constantly staring up at that shelf

and longing for the day I wear them to be set in stone.

Some nights I find myself standing beneath the shelf and tracing the satin with my eyes, just imagining what that day would look like. The soft music. The trembling hands. The feeling of walking toward someone who chose me as certainly as I chose them. Other nights, however, the room felt unbearably quiet, and the shoes looked almost unfamiliar to me, as though they belonged to another version of me, a foreign object in my heart. Time is notorious for having a cruel way of turning hopes into uncertainties. Years pass unnoticed until suddenly everyone around you seems to be moving forward while you remain standing still. Childhood portraits taking space on the wall is replaced by wedding keepsakes. Last names begin to change. Futures begin unfolding for everyone except yourself. And still, the shoes wait. Patiently.



