

Flannels And Wools
By
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Heartache woke him and led him to the lake. He sat upon the dock, wrapped in flannels and wools, the moon peeking, hiding, peeking as he waited.

The mist floated in, parting for her and he reached out.

“Take me now. Please,” he begged.

She turned her face away, hiding her beautiful, sad, amber eyes. “I cannot, My Love.”

“Please. I can’t bear it,” he pleaded. “It hurts...”

“The hurt will leave. I promise,” she sighed as the mist receded, taking her back with it.

He walked back to the cabin, knowing she was wrong.

The hurt would never leave.