

## Symbol of Love

By Rachel Loveday

Every day is the same. I am lying on the pillow, content in the deep sleep I have been in for the last eight or so hours, not wanting to move.

Then I hear it “Beep, “Beep”, “Beep.” It continues to make that same sound, getting louder and louder until she finally hits the snooze button, beating the life out of me in the process. She gets out of bed, ties her hair back, the length of it suffocating me as she wraps layer after layer around me until she finally gets up into a messy bun and puts her gown on.

She walks out of the bedroom and catches up with her husband, places her hand on his cheek and kisses him. The short stubble feels like sandpaper, hopefully he will shave today. Poor man, if only he knew what was really going on.

The next hour consists of her frantically getting the kids ready for school and getting ready for work. Spilling peanut butter, milk and coffee on me in the process. She gets an even dirtier cloth to clean me up. I suppose I shouldn't really hope for anything better. She's always treated me the same, she hasn't noticed that I am beginning to tarnish.

Once she drops the kids off to school. She gets ready for her “big meeting” that she told her husband about.

It only takes her about ten minutes to arrive at his house. The time it takes becomes shorter every day. She adjusts her rear vision mirror until she sees her whole face. Runs a few fingers through her hair, reapplies lipstick, a bit of breath freshener and turns to smile at the young man walking towards her. He smiles back.

It is then she remembers to rip me off her finger and throw me in the bottom of her handbag. I've become acquainted with her mobile, make-up and day planner. I'm usually stuck in here for a few hours, but I've learnt to stop counting.

When I hear the sound of the zipper and a strong light is blinding me, I know she's back. She looks back in the rear vision mirror again, performing almost the same routine as she did earlier. Running her fingers through her hair, reapplying lipstick and checking for any obvious signs of a rendezvous.

However contrary to before, she carefully slips me back on the finger I have been home to for many years and she takes one last look in the mirror and runs her fingers through her hair again. Looking and maybe even feeling a little guilty. She drives to work and continues her day as per normal. It's a long day of hovering over a computer keyboard and colliding with a ceramic coffee mug before she picks up the kids from school and

waits for her husband to come home.

It doesn't take long for the night to end, so we can go to sleep and start a new day and the same routine all over again.