

Waxing and Waning

By Rachel Loveday

It's been a while, but Mary's finally taken me and my long-time companion; the Strawberry scented candle out of the cupboard ready to use.

Strawberry and I clash as she holds us together in her left hand, the unique rose-gold wedding band that she once wore with pride no longer occupies her ring finger, and a bottle of red wine in her right hand.

As she turns, I do too, I see an oriental stirfry simmering on the stove and a table perfectly set for two—She's planned a romantic dinner. It's been a while since Mary has had one of those too. She places the Strawberry and I in coloured glass candle holders. Thank God! The last time we were out for a romantic dinner, we were placed on too-small and tarnished silver candlesticks, the glass candle holders are roomy, comfy and fire-safe, which are great for a long working night.

After a couple of hours, dinner is cooked, Mary has changed into her little black dress—she's all set. Strawberry and I are finally brought to life with one lit match gently stroking our faces. We hear the doorbell ring, he comes in. He's about 6 foot tall, in his thirties, good looking and he's brought her chocolates and flowers. That'll earn him some brownie points. He kisses her on the cheek, pulls out her chair, she sits down and he tucks her chair back in, waiting for her to get comfortable—he's a gentleman.

The conversation starts flowing straight away. They have a glass or two of wine and they take their time eating the stirfry, which he compliments her on. She laughs and smiles, showing her beautiful white teeth, which I also haven't seen her show in a while as he makes jokes and tells her entertaining stories about his life as a travel agent. She didn't even smile at her last romantic dinner. She runs her right hand over her ring finger which reminded her that she no longer wears her wedding ring; she smiles slightly as she has come to the realisation that it *is* okay to move on with your life after an emotionally draining divorce.

Strawberry and I haven't got long to live as our bodies are already half-melted, we didn't work much at the last dinner. I always knew this day would come and that I was made to die. But I would die for Mary, especially for this occasion.

They look happy and my dying wish is that they will stay this way. Every woman deserves a man who truly loves her after all.