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In the Eyes of Love

by Melody Bertucci

Our eyes fell upon one another from across the vast and crowded ballroom and from then on, we were captivated. Everyone else faded away, while we became brighter and the colours on our clothes became more vivid. We became the light that lit the ballroom, our passionate flames and our joyous laughter, became the rhythm and the music we danced to.

We twirled and swayed the night away, lost in each other's words. How could my life have felt so content without him?

But that's exactly it, my life was merely and simply content. It was not a colourful, thrilling, happy or fulfilled life. The instant we saw one another the sparks flew between me and this 'stranger' and never died. They remained strong, bright and thrilling. The sparks and him, they became my everything.

My father was distraught. He had hopes that his only daughter would marry into wealth and put an end to our financial hardship. The news of my engagement to Frederic, a visionary or a hopeless dream chaser as my father would put it, resulted in my disownment. If I was to marry Frederic, I was no longer to set foot in my family home.

Through streams of salty tears and heartbreak, I packed my belongings and left. My Father never even said his goodbyes to me. As I passed his study, he gave me one final look of disapproval and coldly shut the door in my face. I was shut out from him, my family and my home of twenty-one years.

With a heavy heart, I too had to close that chapter and leave all that I'd ever known, behind me. My Frederic was my chance at love, at creating a future and a family. Something that he would depict in his wonderful paintings.

Our visions were always one and the same. The madness and fun of chasing our three children in our garden would be depicted. In another, our dog would be curled up in bed with our two boys, while in the distance I would be braiding our daughter's long, flowing chestnut brown hair, at the foot of her bed. As if by magic his paintings became alive and real. We were that colourful mad home in the middle of nowhere. Our pockets would not be filled with gold and riches, but our hearts were filled with love.

Leaving my twenty-one years behind me, in my family home became less of a painful memory and more a testament of my strength. I chose to live for love, not for money. Mine and my dear Frederic's love will always live on through our kids. We had found our treasure in the beauty of love and we were rich. So rich we could never die.