



## Indelible Lines

by Chandra Fifield

Their drinks remained untouched; leaf designs made from powdered chocolate slowly sinking into foam which began to crackle at the edge of each cup. Meanwhile the late afternoon sun cast a warm glow on to the glass-fronted balcony ahead of them. Its skyline view unfolding to showcase a church spire in rough-cut stone, surrounded by a verdant canopy of ash trees. It was peaceful here.

A clattering of dishes and the whoosh of the milk frother behind the counter jolted Maria back into the moment. Thick dark hair just long enough to be pushed behind his ears now, framed the porcelain hue of James' skin. He seemed younger than his years, except for the creases fanning out from the corners of his eyes like sunbursts. Marie used to trace the indelible lines with her fingertips, a lifetime of memories contained within them.

James continued to stare into the distance, his blue eyes like crystalline pools reflecting a thousand past sorrows. Marie marveled at how striking he was and how she was still so drawn to him, even now as the distance grew between them. She longed to tell him what was in her heart but the words were lodged deep in her chest, immobile. She couldn't get them out and guessed it didn't matter now anyway.