

## The Mourner

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## The Mourner

by [BearAndHoney](#)

### Summary

The mourner stands in the open, partially hidden in the smoke. Holding out a bouquet of roses as they wait for their loved on to return.

### Notes

Huhu!

it's been a while since i posted something and i remember (in time!) about the smoke and roses week, so this is my thign for the first day. It was fun to write :D

Day 1

**Roses | Smoke**

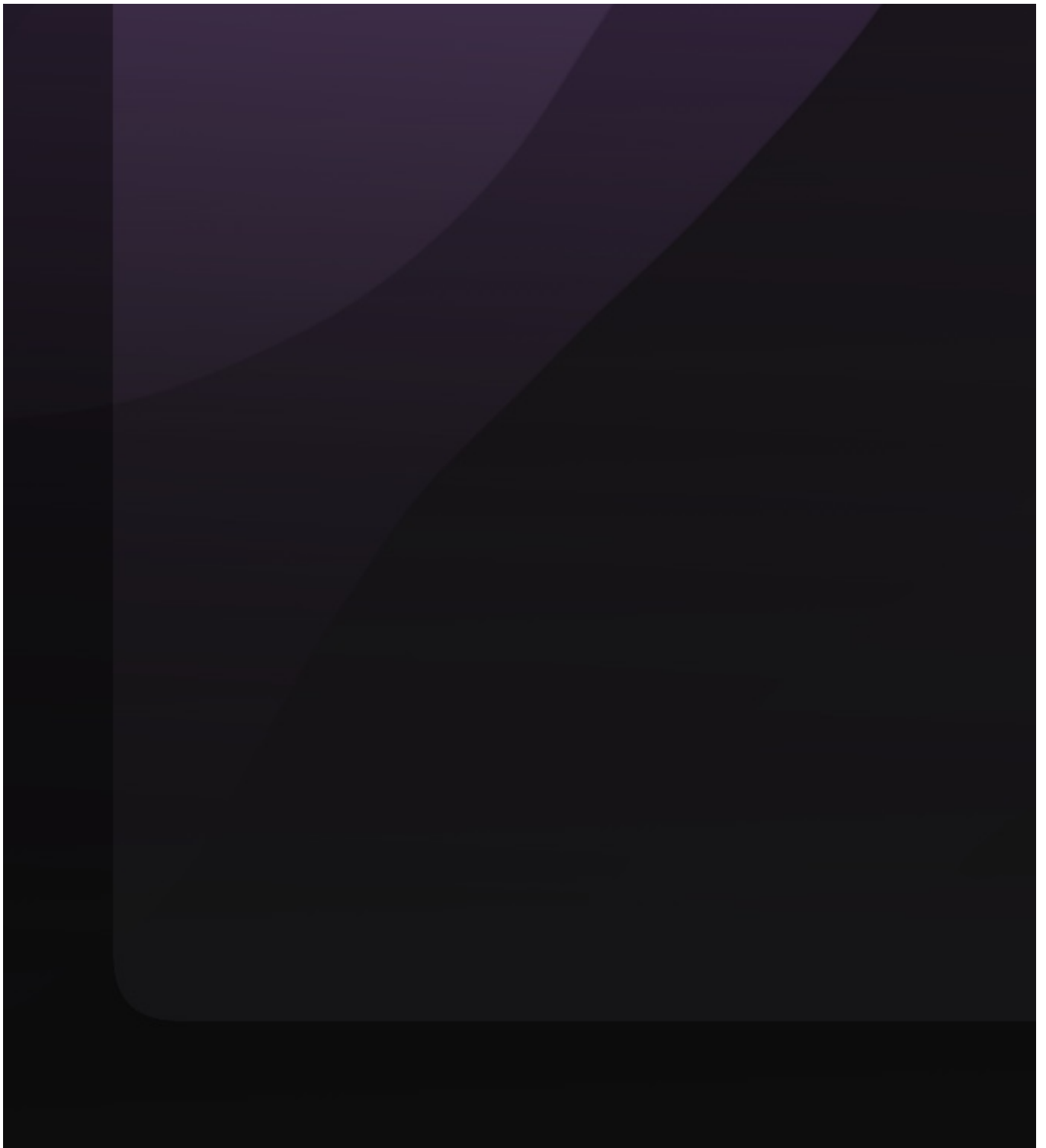
- Bear

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)









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Somewhere in the smoke, hidden underneath the smoke there is something that is waiting. Waiting in the rain, waiting in the sun, just waiting. Waiting for the one that promised them love to return.

Somewhere in the smoke, hidden underneath the smoke there is something that is watching. Watching the people that pass by, watching the people that try to come closer. Watching if they can spot the one that they called their lover so long ago.

They hold a bouquet of roses. Gentle like something precious, tight like something to never let go off. In the blurry smoke filled air, the bright red is almost glowing. A beacon of light, of hope that their lover will return.

The roses are wrapped in black paper. Something to remind of mourning and burials. Something to gently wrap a deceased loved one with it. The paper makes no sound in the gentle wind lapping at the fog.

The figure has stood there for as long as anyone can remember. Since the beginning the mourner has stood in the fog waiting for their loved one to return. In the smoke that shrouds them. Smoke that killed so long ago.

The mourner cries no tears. They only stand and wait for their lover to return.

The elders say that the mourner lost their lover to what they call The Maze. Something built to house thieves and murders and those who should have been hung. But how could someone mourn a criminal?

The children say that the mourner lost their lover to The War. Something started to help the people, the poor, the less fortunate. But how could some mourn a lost soul?

No one knows how the mourner lost their lover. The mourner doesn't speak. They stand still, holding a bouquet of roses, shrouded in fog, in the smoke of something that hides from the eye. And yet the eye can see their pain and their suffering.

The eye can't see the tears that stream down their face.

For their lover will never return.

## End Notes

liek i said this was fun to write, i first drew the cover for this and then wrote a story base don that picture, which isn't how i ususal do things.

if you enjoyed it (or if you didn't) let me in a comment! :D

- Bear

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!