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Pink Remembrances

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LIZ SMITH

Cordelia smiled soft and forgivingly as she stroked his soft spot on top of that brown mass that she always loved. The circles framing her green eyes were no longer black, and now glowed with purple urgency. She stroked Robert's locks, and he knew time was limited. The doctor had told them both extensively about the high probability of complications with her pregnancy. As the months whirled by swiftly, she knew the inevitability. She knew she was going to die. He had confessed the affairs, the longing for sheets and smells that were not her own. Now, overwhelmed by grief and guilt the wetness that was streaming from his blues seeped slowly through her thin hospital gown. Amazingly calm and glowing with death and certainty she wished on stars that he would be taken care of. That he would forgive himself, move on with his life, raise their child, and forget his shortcomings, her misinterpretations, their failure to love one another the way that people should love one another. They had just decided to name their daughter after Cordelia's mother, and the mother of God, the symbol of peace and virginity and purity and as the doctor approached, and the baby insisted, Cordelia pushed and death knocked. She went willingly with a sweetness that swirled and lingered in the air and no one knew what the yellow hue hanging over her meant, but they knew that they had been in the presence of greatness, and had witnessed the beauty of life and death in a single moment.