

Dead Lake of Love

Nervously waiting for his wife to join him, he leaned against the porch post of their twenty-year-old home. He looked to the southern sky and saw that storm clouds were forming. He silently prayed for rain. His prayer was cut short when he heard the slamming of the screen door. Wiping her hands on a dishtowel, she said, "This better be good because I'm right in the middle of cooking supper."

He glanced at her and dreaded witnessing the breaking of her heart. He must lie no longer. Better for her to hear it from him than from someone else. Thunder rumbled in the distance.

His words of confession jolted her and brought her to her knees. Her lake of love for him instantaneously began to dry up like a mud-crusted slough. He once again began praying for the cleansing rain to fill his vast bay of betrayal.

~Cynthia Youngblood
(Word Count: 148 words)