To Have Never Loved

By : sdavis8966

a woman contemplates suicide

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She stood quietly weeping in the chapel as she watched the bride enter the room. Knowing her tears would be thought tears of joy she felt her life become darkened by sorrow. The bride wore white, a thorn in the weeping woman's sol as she had seen them descend, arm in arm, down a staircase dressed only in robes. Her brain tried to fight back that moment but she knew that image would haunt her forever. It was in that moment that she realized that she loved the now groom. Looking back she could see many times he had tried to arouse her interest in him but she had been damaged by evil people in the past and now because she did not recognize his advances they had cost her everything. The groom took the bride's hands and spoke vows the weeping woman had written for them. For a second the bride turned to look into the eyes of the woman an unmistakable look of triumph in her eyes.

After the reception the woman cried bitterly. She took out and looked at the pills in she had retrieved from the medicine cabinet. Inside their beauty was hidden the secret of their deadliness. The bride and groom had given them to her before they were married, to ease some pain she had in her back. Now with determination and great sorrow she threw the ills to the back of her throat and swallowed. A warm sensation washed over her consciousness as she realized with great relief the fact that she was going to die. She felt no fear but walked silently to her lonely bed and lay down.

Her landlord found the note she had written before she had taken the lethal overdose. It read simply,

It is NOT better to had loved than to never have loved before.

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