

Sulfur and Wishes

by Christina Meyer

Some mornings he would wake up with his hand in the curve of her side. But her scent would awaken him further to his reality. This was not his wife. No, the woman he vowed to protect was asleep in the arms of another.

Lost to adultery, his dreams fell to the cold winter ground like one last leaf striving to hold on.

Beneath the snow hope remained warm. Spring came every weekend when Joy was in his arms again. The smile of his little girl let him know love was real. Most women would come and go, but being a strong man to raise a good one is what mattered.

