

Bridgette's Lament

Two years and some months
Before this day
She and a fish named Betta
Had made the journey across three states
In a yellow Ryder truck

Her heart had sung with the thrill
Of the adventure and the journey before her
Knowledge filled her with elation
That she would not be held back any longer
 In a shallow, lifeless rut.
She was moving on.

There were a few who understood,
There were a few who offered encouragement
There were many more who offered
Only criticism and anger
She realized now it had been their fear speaking
and acting,
Maybe even jealousy
She knew too, some of the responsibility was
hers.

Really things had been splendid
The stars had lined up and doors had opened
Opportunities had been granted, and kept her on
her intended path
But today, on the banks of the McKenzie,
She only knew sadness.

She was homesick, heartsick, lonely
She was weary with the living alone
She wanted children, a family
A husband with a twinkle in his eyes,
And kindness in his hands.

All her life it had been her dream
As a girl, a romantic unreality
As a teen, a longing to be loved
As a woman, it seemed further and further away.

She was not too old, now
But far older than a child can understand.
There had never even been the false light of a
failed relationship.
Most often she was grateful for that
But now, on the banks of the McKenzie
It just ached

She had come to the mountains this day
Hoping they could soothe her soul;
To be nourished by the rocks, snow, trees and
water.
The winds brushed through her hair,
Across her face
Dancing with the vine maple beside her

The sun sparkled on the river,
And the crested waves pushed endlessly on
She closed her eyes;
Absorbing the sound of the river into her soul
 Like a lullaby
But, she had never had lullabies
And today, the usual magic failed
For speaking in her heart a voice was whispering
"I just don't belong here"

But where then?
If not here, on the banks of the McKenzie,
Then where?