HIGH NOON

BY

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She slowly woke that beautiful spring morning to the birds happily twittering outside

her window and a slight ray of sunshine poking its head through the linen curtains.

Head in her hands she swallowed hard, looked across the room and struggled to stand

up. Moving was an effort, but the cats needed feeding and just the thought of the

warmth from her Morning Mojo tea in her favorite cup, made it easier for her to face this

day. Standing at the kitchen sink, she glanced around the room and eyed her many

beautiful pieces that she had collected over the years. Artists work’s from around the

world, each one had spoken to her, and they were now a bright oasis in her special

sanctuary and she marveled at them, as if she was seeing them for the very first time.

The morning was fleeting and wearily she walked back into her bedroom, straight into

the closet and selected that particular outfit she would wear that day, the one that had

always caught his eye. She brushed her long silky auburn hair and carefully folded it into

a bun at the nape of her neck and secured it with a diamond pin. Carefully she

dabbed at her makeup, making sure to camouflage the black circles beneath her eyes,

a dead giveaway of what her nights had been like. She stood staring in the mirror for

several minutes and wasn’t sure she liked what she saw, but it would have to do, since

she was running out of time. She tried straightening up around the house, but made a

half assed job of it. The dread was seeping in like a pair of wet galoshes.

She never really saw any of this coming, or so she told everyone. Filling her days with

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friends, and committees and luncheons, left little time or room for him. They had both

been married before, neither one particularly happy with their choice of spouse, so

moved on. A mutual friend had introduced them several years after her divorce and they

seemed to have liked the same things, golf, tennis, traveling, red wine, cats…she liked

her life and was under the belief that he liked his. His work kept him on the road but

she never seemed to mind, as he always came home with some new and interesting

story, and usually an expensive bauble for her. She never suspected there was anything

going on, and she just floated along in her happy bubble, until the day that bubble burst.

A close friend had seen him out to lunch with another woman and her vivid description

of the two of them, could only lead you to one conclusion. She never could confront him,

but one night during a casual Tuesday night supper, she just looked at him across the

table and quietly said - I think it’s time for you to go. He seemed a bit confused at first,

then a wave of relief fell across his face. He smirked at her as he got up from the

table, went upstairs, got some of his things and he left.

It was almost noon. Nervously tapping her foot, she waited to hear his car drive up and a

knock on the door. She had gathered up all his things and they were piled up neatly

beside the front door. It was over so quickly, she really didn’t have time to react. She

watched him as he drove off and felt exactly the same way she had when her father had

left when she was eleven. She slowly closed the door behind her, crossed over into the

living room and sat down on the couch and looked around the room, I

think it’s time to paint the room, she said out loud to no one.