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Premonitions of Winter

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Premonitions of Winter

For winter comes

To bring Spring fruit

To tell the tales

Of love that's lost

And lives that wander

I had fallen to slumber on the lounge in my day room. I had never imagined that carrying a child would wear me thin like this. Two months more and I would see my child. I wished for a son; a son would please Louis. And I want to please Louis... I want to please my mother.

My thoughts melt away in the late afternoon sun that warms my face. I'm no longer in my rooms. My feet touch dewed grass and a wind whips at my quoin. The sky is so clear and blue above me that it feels as if I might be swallowed up into it. The sun shines above, but my skin remains cold.

I've been cold every day since I left my home. Nothing seems to warm me. I thought once Louis truly bedded me, that would warm me up; instead he no longer touches me, treats me like glass. I feel as if I'm standing at the precipice of everything, spinning around on the top of the world, the only thing grounding me here is the dew soaked grass. Except that the moisture creeps up my foot to my ankle.

When I look down there is a sea of blood at my feet. The thick substance spreads around me and up my legs as it congeals. I lift my foot, at least I try to lift my foot. I begin to sink further into the gurgling puddle. I open my mouth to scream, but no sound comes out.

I struggle until my head is swallowed up by the red tide. As my vision is blinded, I bolt awake. My eyes open in the bright sun of my day room. With a gasp, and a pain deep in the depths of my belly, I am brought back.

Wander not my soul

For in you lies two lines

One of Winter

One of Spring

And both are dead

The dream isn't something unusual; I've been having strange nightmares for months. Louis says it's because I'm being over dramatic, been watching too much television, but he's not here most of the time, so what the hell does he know.

I do what I do whenever I have nightmares. I smooth my hand over my stomach, reminding myself that Louis hasn't even so much as kissed me so there's no way I would be pregnant. Then I turn over in the dark and close my eyes. But I don't sleep. Not after this nightmare. What was it about having the same fucking name as some stupid Austrian bint that has me so rattled.

Yeah, I may have her name, but I could care less about what fucking Marie Antoinette did. It's not like we have anything else in common. At least, that's what I tell myself as I lay awake trying to talk myself into going back to sleep.

I always managed to be the freak; I was the freak at the orphanage, I was the freak at the whorehouse, why should it be any different now that I was a kept woman. Louis didn't even

touch me unless we were out to some event or what have you. It's because I'm a freak and he knows it; but at least I'm the best looking freak, otherwise I know I would never be here with him.

Not that I'm really with him.

**For Winter comes
After the Fall
To freeze the blood
That feeds the Spring**

It wasn't until the next evening, as I was pulling on my thigh-high boots that I heard the door to the penthouse. I'm sitting on my huge plush bed in only my underwear when he pops his head in; I've got a sequin mini skirt and a backless halter top laid out. With Louis gone, he is most of the time, I had planned on going out; there were clubs and casino and parties. And I had nothing better to do.

"Louis," I smile awkwardly. "You're home early."

"Change of plans," he said stiffly with his own awkward tight lipped smile. "Put on something elegant. Be ready in ten, we don't want to be late." And then his face was gone and I could hear him walking to his own room, presumably to change.

With a groan I do as bid; I slip my lithe form into one of the ball gowns that sits in the back of my closet. I spend the remainder of my time trying to tame my blonde curls; as I stand in front of my mirror the reflection I'm faced with what seems like a mirage. I was a whore. So

who was this princess looking back at me? I should be wearing that mini skirt. But Louis needed this other girl. Louis wanted this other girl.

“Where are we going?” I ask as Louis straightens his black bowtie; I want to reach up and fiddle with the stray curl that’s hanging in my face, but I can’t find the energy to care any longer.

“Versaille gardens,” he says curtly. “There’s a new Austrian Ambassador, everyone’s very intrigued. He made a name for himself, some big business man. The party’s to welcome him to France.”

Oh goody, I think; this was how I had met Louis, a boring political party. As Louis finished primping, I closed my eyes to the thought that even though this was better than how it had been, I was still just a whore. A whore in a blue ball gown.

The storms of Spring

Bring new life’s breath

And chokes man’s plans

Till all falls to blood