

A Loss Of Purity

Jasmine walks through the weary looking park. Singing, songs and dancing in circles while brushing her hand gently against the branches and twigs that were once flowers. Her outfit is as white as the sky (snow maybe, depending on the day) and everyone around her stares at her in curiosity... they are all in black. She spots a lonely white flower encircled in twigs. She gently moves the debris away and picks up the flower. She holds it carefully, almost as fragile as a newborn baby. She stares at it in amazement. She walks over to a bench, never once taking her eyes off of the beautiful creation nor worrying about the strangers around her. She sits down and lays it gently across her lap. A young man comes and sits down next to her. He fixates himself on her eyes and then the flower. She seems intrigued that he's interested in both her and the flower so she holds it up for him to see. He stares at it and then smiles at her. He takes his hand and brushes it softly across her face. She smiles and then places the flower in his hand. He takes it and then walks away from the bench. She follows him. He walks around a tree... teasing her. Her smiling face soon becomes slightly frantic. She chases him, but isn't fast enough to keep up. He throws the flower down and steps on it and then runs away from the park. She falls to the ground near the flower and cries as she tries to pick up the broken pieces. She gathers them and, as she stands up to walk back to the bench, she notices that her once white outfit has turned black... and so has the flower. She looks confused, but looks around at the people walking around her and for the first time fixes her full attention on them and notices the same flower that she was holding that was once white and is now black is the same flower that is in their hands. A blank expression comes across her face as she walks motionlessly away from the park... into the crowd with everyone else.