

## Locket

It was a light shade of auburn, rusty and fragile. The sides wore a golden lining and smelled like an old book. Dim light pours through small cracks in the blinds as the evening lingers in silence, and these walls are no longer ours. A distant reflection in the window catches the familiar locket that lays in the depths of my palm and I'm glad we tried. The long chain once fell beside my heart and held a worn photo from the night we fell in love. Fingerprints still remain on the aged pendant. Every inch of this place holds a memory.