

Symbolism

Because perhaps we were that shell in some way; the shell that you brought me back from a trip you took to Scotland without me. Bought rather than found; as it was too big, exotic, to be found on these shores. Like the shell of a giant snail, resplendent spirals of white and orange. Ostentatious, I thought, if a natural thing can be that. It was a gift given with love that sat for years gathering dust on the dining room shelf. This shell has come to represent the tenuous and troubled connection between us, the push and pull of our years-long friendship. How a clairvoyant once said we have travelled through many lifetimes together but still things aren't resolved. And now I find the shell in the bottom of the box it got thrown into, in the hurrying panic of packing up to move; one edge broken, jagged, and it's much more beautiful than I remembered. And I am filled with remorse for the disdain I showed it all those years when it was still whole.