Crepuscular rays rest on the once lovely maiden. Pining away in a bay window chair, she gazes with unseeing eyes at the sloping fields and wind-wilted forests that comprise Kent’s countryside. The verdant meadows, lilting lavender, marigold primrose, vibrant fuchsias, ignite in her mind his memory.

She sits remembering him while the day strips luster out of her hair, pulls fat from her bones, dims the spirit in her eyes, highlights the ghost of a rose in her porcelain cheeks, and she no more than a ghost of the rose she once was. A ghost of the rose she never laid on his unmarked seaside grave.