

Sonnet Scroll

Old Maid

By Bruce Bennett

The term had always irked her. Who were they to tell her what she should, or shouldn't, have done? Her life was hers. Suppose there *had* been none who'd ever pleased her? Ever found a way to win her heart, or knew just what to say to make her want to share her world, and run that risk of life together? There'd been one, of course, one time—she still relived that day, that hour—but that was so far in the past she barely could recall it clearly now. She was content he was the first *and* last, though when she thought of him she wondered how *he'd* thought about that time and how things were, and even wondered if he thought of her.