There are three candles arranged before me. As I watch, they drip artificial tears of wax. Flames extend from blue into flickering gold and waver with my breath. The candles are slowly melting, their fire consuming them. Soon they will disappear and the flames will drown in pools of liquid wax. But right now, they stand in brave, flickering contrast to the sullen and empty day, crying outside.

 A mysterious halo emanates from the flames, growing larger the longer I stare. I am transfixed in its depths. Like the candle’s flames, the love I have for you flickers in the depths of my heart, growing weaker. Time melts the candles, as it does my love, your absence smothering any remaining fire. You are disappearing before my eyes. Soon the candles will no longer burn and my love will die. Only a charred wick will remain, waiting to be lit again. Goodbye.