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Glass Prison

The fluted champagne glass shattered at Missy's feet as she realized her life of elegance and luxury would be coming to an end all too soon.

The labyrinth of lies that were her life had come crashing down around her, much like the glass that was still shattering at her feet.

She could feel the weight of the obviously symbolic glass crushing her into finer and finer chunks of something razor sharp, not unlike shattered glass, as the collection of oddly shaped glass objects that used to be her glass continued to shatter; her feet so near, they trembled as if they, themselves, might shatter like the previously unshattered glass had just moments ago.

Looking back on her shattered expectations of an unshattered life, replete with rows and rows of ornate and shatter-proof glasses, she held back a tear and adjusted her glass monocle, gripping it so tightly it threatened to shatter like the glass of which it was, for the most part, constructed, which, at its core, evoked images of her unshattered life which had previously stood in stark contrast to the glass that she had accidentally shattered, in the blink of an eye, which looked out from behind unshattered glass at the shattered landscape of a life she had kept held together for so long, until it shattered, horribly, like the glass she had just shattered, but not like the glass through which she was looking, which had yet to shatter, but seemed to threaten to

do the same as the sound of the shattering glass from the ground beneath her shattered any hope she had of ever putting that glass back together again in anything even remotely resembling its original, unshattered, form.

Pristine. Perfect.

Like her monocle that remained unshattered, even though the still shattering glass at her feet continued to belabour the heavy handed metaphor of her shattered hopes and dreams, of which its unshattered glass could never hope to fully describe.

The phone rang moments later. It was her mother.

Neither of them spoke of the glass.