

6/25/21 Prompt: One Year

April 15, 1913

Union Station, Nashville, Tennessee

Off the train. Pushing, shoving, jostling – the American way.

Her deceased brother's friend. Her only contact in the States. Waiting. Thick brogue muffled by the din of the passengers, the squeal of brakes, and the puff of engines.

Again, he calls. "Oona Ryan?"

"Finn MacDonnell!"

Dark auburn hair, almost chestnut. Eyes Atlantic blue. A knowing smile. Familiar strong arms encircle her. Hay and horses. Tears unbidden.

Home no more.

Breaking away, she fumbles for her handkerchief. She mounts his horse before he swings smoothly up behind her. His arm secures her waist. Vigilant. Quiet.

No Irish Need Apply. No Irish Need Apply.

Hours later. South of town. A grand house cloaked in darkness.

Why did she think she could do this?

"It will be alright, love. They're good people."

For him, she tries to smile. "You're right. And you'll be here...in the stables. We can visit?"

"Of course, we will. Every night after chores. Just like before."

Before...reels, ballads, jigs...Padraig's beloved fiddle. The fiddle that sank...

"Ready?"

A fire in the kitchen hearth. Cook quietly humming. Butler smoking a pipe. Like home...but not.

Three flights to the attic. Small room. Small bed. Small table.

"Morning comes early, Miss Ryan, but tomorrow, I'll see you at seven."

"You're too kind."

"Nah, lass. Least we could do."

Alone, Oona peers into the night. Moonlight on soft, rolling hills. Familiar.

Eyes closed. Stillness.

No rocking waves. No rattling train. No swaying horse.

Sleep. Dream.

Four smokestacks.

Three classes.


Two halves.

One White Star.

One iceberg.

One brother.

One year.

(A: Oona's brother died on the RMS Titanic one year prior. This one was a bit abstract, mimicking Oona's fragile state of mind, but I hope you enjoyed it! It also features the Tennessee Irish and their struggles against prejudice. Many Irish likened the beautiful rolling hills of Mid-Tenn to Ireland )

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