

Of Wood and Ivy
by Macha Lopez

I once crawled and kissed your stony feet, twisting my tendrils around your gables.
Slow, gentle, but with intent. Look at us now, dearest. Our love is green, lush, for all
to admire!

Your guests hate me, but I cling to you always. You were my home before you were
theirs—a romance decades in the making.

So why this sudden fever, dear?
Don't I keep you cool through such summer nights?

"Taste the wind," you whisper.

I taste ash—a cigarette, forgotten on your porch.
Blazing through your wooden frame already, tickling my leaves.

You're burning, love.
Let us burn together.

Written for the 2024 NYC Midnight *100-word Microfiction Challenge*
(Round 2)

Genre: Romance

Word: "intent"

Action: twisting