

A Flower

The florist darted around the small shop, clipping a stray leaf here and rearranging a small blossom there. She had abandoned helping me 10 minutes ago, having resolved herself to flitting around me, her keen eyes watching and waiting for any sign that I may be close to a decision. All of the different smells had assaulted my nose the instant I had entered the shop, cursing me with a throbbing headache that did not aid in my task of picking a flower.

What flower do you choose for someone who means the world to you? What delicate little blossom would signify to the world that this person was loved and cherished beyond all else? Roses seemed too cliché and overused; the same can be said for carnations. *Perhaps an orchid or a tulip?*, I thought to myself, my eyes finding and lingering on the flowers I could identify.

Lilies. I almost cried when I recognized the petite pink and white little flower in the corner of the shop. She loves lilies. I walked over to the little bloom and stared down at it, as if I could will every ounce of love and every tender memory into the plant. Maybe then it wouldn't look so much like that pathetic little tree from the Charlie Brown Christmas cartoon. It would have to do, but I was sure that she would love it just the same.

I dug through my pockets and found only enough change for the single lily, suffering a disgruntled glare from the florist at my meager flower choice, then walked out of the shop of suffocating fragrances. The weight of the lily in its simple little pot felt heavier in my hand than it should.

The drive to the cemetery down the road took longer than it should, the weight of the little flower pot increasing with every passing moment. I walked slowly to the spot where the newest tombstone gleamed in the misty air and the dirt was still freshly turned from the day before. I placed the lily in the soft dirt and wiped a stray tear from my cheek.

I looked down at the pink lily and its reflection in the polished granite tombstone. "Happy Mother's Day, Mom."