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Daisies

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A daisy came through a small crack in the deserted sidewalk. Its presence was noticed by an old woman sitting on the bus stop bench. Her caring blue eyes stared at the white petals; their soft color and delicate frame brought back old memories. At six years old, her stubby fingers pulled out their satin texture one by one. "He loves me, He loves me not." His freckled face transfixed in her mind with hopes that the result would come true.

Ten years later, his freckles had diminished. All she noticed when he stood at her doorstep was his genuine smile and the fifteen daisies he grasped in his trembling hands.

She rose from the bench; her tired legs carried her to the lonely flower. Her small, delicate hands picked the daisy from its unnatural environment and lifted it to her nose. The sweet scent was that of her wedding bouquet. Their aroma reached her nose as she approached her handsome groom. His hands were still trembling, and his smile still so genuine.

A tear rolled down her sun-worn face. On the day he was buried, she placed a daisy on his still and quiet hands and imagined the smile.

The bus arrived, and she rode it home. The special flower needed a special place, and there is where I found it, in my grandmother's photo album next to their wedding picture.

A Monday Kind of Love
Stephanie Hopkint Hughes

Running my fingers through a brainful of words like a jarful of beads, seeking the words for a poem to wear like a necklace, a necklace for a King.
What kind of a king, you ask? Ah, well you may ask.
Oh, you know, King of Thieves, King of the Gypsies,
King of the Road, King Tut, King Wenceslas, King Farouk,
King Pleasure. The Sultan of Swing, The Emperor of Ice Cream.
Here, try it on, you slick lovely wonderful multifarious, salubrious, mendacious syllabub of a guy, you.
Ah, the grandiloquent transubstantiation of the hostess with the hostess.
Moonlight becomes you, Sweetheart.
Wear it for me.
More wine?

Artwork by Deanna Ellis