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BUYING FLOWERS FOR MY WIFE AFTER A DISAGREEMENT
by Kyle Singleton

When I walked into the flower shop on the corner I thought of what my mother once said to me about gifted flowers: “Always trust flowers given on anniversaries. Never trust flowers sent from an unknown admirer. Trust flowers given after the birth of a child, but don’t trust flowers that say, I remember you. You can trust flowers that say, you’re beautiful, and flowers that smell edible, but not flowers that say, I’m sorry.” Then, I wondered what my flowers would say and if they could be trusted, but I looked around the shop anyway. I saw the lilies that stand in elegy, the frangipanis that toast freshly made vows, and the pink peonies that remind graduating daughters they are still young. In the back stood the orchids waiting to pray over the altars of hospital beds, and the carnations that will ask anyone to sleep with them. And right before I left I found a flower that, when you stare into its nectar, breathes a wild world into your lungs. I forgot to buy something on the way out.