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Flowers

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The flowers are gone now.
Petals do not negotiate with time.
They curl inward,
fade,
and surrender with colors to memory.
That is what flowers do.
Yet years later, I remember the giving,
the smile,
the thank you-
the feeling of carrying something fragile to someone who mattered.
Perhaps that is why we keep offering flowers.
Not because they last,
but because they don’t.
They remind us that beauty was never the point.
The moment was.