Eat Salad

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It was stunning, a radiant white, the color of life. Its stem green like a field of grass on a summer’s day.

They brought it to me after my mom’s funeral, they said it was her favorite. I didn’t know if that was true or not, but by God was it beautiful.

I placed her, I only assume it was a her because the tips of her leaves were pink, in a vase near the window.

The next morning when I woke, a single petal laid on the table. And every morning after that, a new petal followed.

Every now and then, a breeze would rush in, and take a few at a time. But still, half bald and browning, by God was she beautiful.

She holds the wisdom only a lifetime of heartache and pain can bring. I reach out for one last touch, before she leaves me all alone.

Her gray hair soft as a baby’s, passes through my fingers. Her eyes glistening a farewell. I tell her, “By God you are beautiful. Goodbye mama.”