

The Flower and the Sailboat

by Agnes Ezra Arabella

She looked at the flower
that grew through the stone hedge
on a cliff
where the rocks
were stacked to the edge of the water.
It was a polka dot spot of fuchsia,
Petals peeking through the green briar bush.
On the bridge,
Staring hard at the deep water,
Ripples of blue that seemed endless,
She asked herself:
"Should I jump?"
It seemed like a bright thought
And good for all things.
She had been in a fog for days.
And time meant nothing to her.
She stood tall and leaned over
the edge of the bridge,
"Things can change so quickly,"
She thought,
like a hummingbird resting on a flower.
She watched the vast ripples,
waves that led out to a lazy
sailboat stuck for a moment in the wind,
"Things can change so quickly."

