Eleutheria

by Bill Yarrow

Eleutheria, searching for asters for the wedding of her son, bent in the hedge and thought about the letter she had just received from her father. It was incoherent. Was he failing? Could that be possible?

She watched an inky cloud suck all the color from the trees. She observed a conspiracy of garden moths circle The Rock of Prayer. Walking over to the frog pond, she stared at her muddy self. Something had congealed.

With the wedding a week away, she saw her childhood gone. And now suddenly his had returned. Well, there was nothing to be done. Nothing to be done and still so much to do. She examined her reflection in the water. It began to rain. Her reflection glared back.