

Lilies

by Cheryl Chambers

Every spring, outside on the back deck, my mother and I have the same talk about how time flies, and she always waves her hand in the air as if swatting at a fly, but there's never anything there. She thinks the lilies will live all summer spread like a rainbow, planted all one color in one area, then another, until the space arcs in a dirt pattern soon to be replaced with orange Enchantments, yellow Connecticut Kings, pink Corsicas, crimson Stargazers. She says next summer it will bloom like blazes, and tilts her head with a half smile on her face. Those aren't even the right colors, I tell her.

