

Glass Rooster

by Judith A. Lawrence

She insists on mailing me gifts for every occasion. She can't afford them, living on a minimal income in a senior high rise in Florida. She shops at local second hand shops, and when one of the senior's dies, she scrambles with all the other old ladies to grab whatever of their belongings turn up for sale after the family has picked over the best.

They arrive with the ghosts of the previous owners who leave a trail of whispers when they think I'm out of hearing range. One small resin bird jumped off the book shelf thrice until I found a spot it agreed on.

Miniature angels hang from my Christmas tree each year. Winged babies on teaspoons line a mirrored shelf. The fat chef plaque hangs on my kitchen wall. The gifts from my sister continue to arrive on birthdays and holidays, always a surprise, with a twinge of exasperation on finding the perfect spot in my overcrowded lair for the new acquisition.

I open the latest gift for Valentines Day. It's a red glass rooster, its feathers glistening with spots of green and yellow. I decide it needs the sun to sparkle, and sit it on the window shelf next to the African violet.

The African violet seems to enjoy the company. It blooms unexpectedly in the cold draft of the windowsill in winter.

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