

Broken Vase

by Michael J. Solender

In twenty years of marriage I've seen my wife cry 3 times.

Once was when we were in Vegas on layover from L.A., I told her I thought we should go to the Elvis Chapel and get remarried.

The second was when she saw the neighbor's dog get hit by the recycle truck in our alley.

She cried the third time when during an earthquake last year, a Limoges vase that my mother bought us in Paris years ago fell off a shelf and broke into tiny shards and splinters. She never liked my mother but she loved that vase.

