Flowers for Our Dead Lovers

by Nathaniel Tower

i.
We brought flowers for our dead lovers. They smelled them and thanked us for the gesture, but we could see suspicion buried in their eyes. They figured we were up to something. We couldn't blame them. There was plenty of precedent. Disappointed, we left the flowers and marched away to our new lovers.

ii.
Our former lovers brought us flowers. We said thanks and smelled them, but we wondered why they brought them. They must've been up to something. They were always up to something. Still, we felt bad when they marched away, heads down in that dejected fashion they always had when they couldn't please us.

iii.
When we met up with our new lovers, they wondered where we had been. We were late they told us and why hadn't we brought them anything. The words hesitated on the way out of our mouths. There was nothing we could say to justify our crime, and we couldn't shake the feeling that somehow they knew where we had been.

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