

Every Day

Every day at 11:35am
a man walks into a flower store.
Three minutes later,
he walks out with the most peculiar flower.

I have noticed this man and his flowers many times.
Walking alone, along the canal,
his scarf fluttering against his coat.

The florists states they receive a special order of his flowers every week.
He gives a small 'thank you' and walks out.
A very solitary gentleman indeed.

On this day,
he exited the flower shop
with his bundle of strangeness.
He walked away from the city,
towards the singular graveyard behind the church.

He walked a well trodden path to a shady area under a big oak tree
where a lone gravestone stood
next to an empty plot of grass
and sat.

He removed the wilting flowers in the gravestone holder
and placed the new ones in.

He started discussing his plans for the day
and how they would have chuckled,
when he forgot his car keys, and had to walk all the way here.