3-27-2019

Clean

Gina M. Quatrino

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he loves me.
she sat at her kitchen table, staring at the fresh bouquet.
her arms folded, she fumbled with the fallen petals.
he loves me not.
she let out a sigh and leaned back in her chair.
the window was open, letting in a crisp breeze that made her feel nostalgic.
she watched the curtains dance,
imagining that they were arms
reaching out to hold her.
he loves me.
she wondered if he was thinking about her,
as she sipped her coffee,
which was far more cream and sugar than anything else.
he loves me not.
"this is silly,"
she thought to herself, tossing the final petal over her shoulder.
and yet,
she couldn't help but peek behind her to watch it float to the ground.
he loves me.
she rested her arms on the windowsill, watching the busy town below her.
she listened for the sounds of life starting again.
the babies in their strollers, crying.
the bikes racing against the cobblestone pavement.
she watched people hug, kissing each cheek.
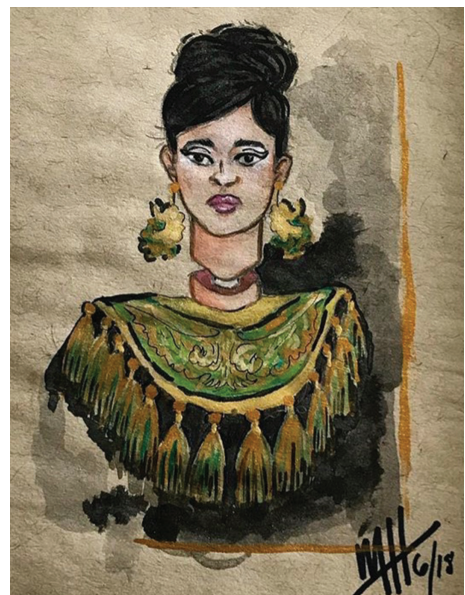starting over.
he loves me not.
she knew in her heart this was true,
but she still waited
for the last petal to fall,
she watched it float to the ground
so soft, yet so sudden.
he loves me not,
and that's okay.

Lauren Mara Headrick