

Encouraging Healthy Growth

Cecilia Durcan

Hunching over the sink, I begin
To cut away drooping leaves and browning stems
Just like my mother taught me to do

I snip, and each flower becomes shorter
A little less complete than it was the moment before
The rotting roots already forgotten

Sacrificing an iris petal, I pare, I shear, I whittle
So that what remains will last a moment longer
In the vase, on the shelf, in my mind

I fade

I survive