

Sufficiency

By Iris Woolery

A flower is nice, I told him. He argued for days, weeks, life. He said I deserved more, but I didn't want more. I didn't need more. Day by day, year by year, his small savings dwindled and grew paper thin. When it disappeared, he started stealing for me. He stole song, privilege, the moon, and everything precious. In the hospital that day, he pleaded to give me one more thing. Breath came, and finally breath passed. A stolen life.

In the sunlight of the windowsill sat a simple white daisy.



Colette Kocek - Self portrait