The Flower and the Sailboat

by Agnes Ezra Arabella

She looked at the flower that grew through the stone hedge on a cliff where the rocks were stacked to the edge of the water. It was a polka dot spot of fuchsia, Petals peeking through the green briar bush. On the bridge, Staring hard at the deep water, Ripples of blue that seemed endless, She asked herself: "Should I jump?" It seemed like a bright thought And good for all things. She had been in a fog for days. And time meant nothing to her. She stood tall and leaned over the edge of the bridge, "Things can change so quickly," She thought, like a hummingbird resting on a flower. She watched the vast ripples, waves that led out to a lazy sailboat stuck for a moment in the wind,

"Things can change so guickly."