The man with the freckled skin and peppered hair
Smiles at the girl with roses in her hands,
Who walked behind her mother
Chanting the same as.
“Flowers for Sale,” she says
After her mother says it in Spanish.
The man comes over to her and tells her he wants three dozen flowers for his wife.
She smiles.
The 2nd bouquet of roses sold ALL day- and the 3rd, and the 4th!
Her eyes chocolate eyes shine
And she smiles, exposing a gap between her front teeth.
She gives him three dozen roses and says thank you
One too many times
And runs to her mama, grinning.
The man walks home,
No wife waits for him—she’s been dead for three decades now—but it would’ve made her proud.
That’s what she would have done.
He sleeps in peace remembering the
Girl’s smile, the little burden he took off her shoulders.