

Flower Seller

Robin Whittington

Some days I feel like a flower seller.
Someone comes in looking blue,
I offer them a violet, now they shine
like a sunny day, I feel a bit better.

But as more people come,
my stock runs low.
I'm getting worried,
"Will I make it through the day?"
But I don't let it show.

I offer my last roses to some young lovers,
the world seems more gray,
without that vibrant red.

I'm down to two flowers now.
My shop feels so empty,
but a young student walks in,
tears on their face, so I offer a flower
just to let them take.
They choose the one with bright orange petals.

It's their mother's favorite.
I smile as they leave, excited about the gift.

But now there's one flower left
to brighten my home.
I pack up to leave, but the doorbell rings.
There stands a young woman
barely awake.

She asks for a flower, for her mother's grave.
I look at the pure white flower in my hand,
then at the tears in her eyes.
I offer the flower, and she leaves.

My shop is empty now, the world all gray,
and I'm left wondering,
"Why did I give them all away?"

Robin Whittington is a genderfluid electrical engineering major who enjoys writing poetry to unwind. They also enjoy spending time with their wonderful partners, who end up becoming muses for some of their poetry.