

## Everyday Perfection

A rose blooms red, a perfect piece of art in a vase of faded pink, Which once belonged to your great grandmother, but now sits in your overcrowded living room, Full of sagging sofas and busts of gods and humans.

Your lazy cat yawns and rolls to the side, falling onto the coffee table that holds the vase.

He rolls right into the porcelain that your eyes have skipped over for so many years, In your world of TV dinners and half finished projects

The vase shatters and the rose falls, and when you pick it up the sharp thorns pierce your skin, Causing you to scream words best not repeated here and curse your great grandmother and the cat, Which stares guiltlessly up at you.

Holding the flower with two fingers you journey into your bathroom Full of old toothpaste containers and soap you never bother to use. The tap creaks when you turn it and the water rushing out is too cold, So you hammer the sink with your elbows instead of your hands, for they are busy, One holding the rose, the other weeping minuscule pricks of blood that wash away under the water, staining it pink.

You pull the plug and the pink stained water whirls into the drain, Moving toward it eagerly, circling around it and diving in, dancing around the drain to a song that only it can hear, Until it bows and exits the stage.

When the sink is empty you turn and leave the bathroom, tripping over a damp towel that lies in the doorway, Next to your thin bathrobe that's stained pink from going into the red laundry a month ago

You find yourself on the ground, staring at the rose that barely avoided gouging your eye. Its crimson perfection looks different close up; you can see lines and dots of different hues. Along the edges there is a brown layer that you can barely spot, even this close.

And as you stand and lean down to pick it up, causing your shirt to slide down your back, You flashback to your twenties, when you danced in fancy clothes with a girl you'd been in love with, And held a rose in your teeth,

Back before you lost your job as a salesperson and started working from home, never staying on one job for very long.

You pick up the rose and journey back to the living room, wondering how you'll explain to your mother, who is in her eighties , That the heirloom vase broke, And also thinking about where you will put the perfect rose.

