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## Offering

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# Offering

by Earl Coleman

She complains “And is that all I get for putting up with you,” confronted by our crystal pitcher overflowing with a mix of hothouse tulips in their finest colors, separated by some baby’s breath? “Some flowers once a month? Does that make up for everything? Why do I get a feeling you’ve done something wrong?”

I think to tell her, but I don’t, that she is better off than all the rest of us, who put up with the shit life dishes out, when we’ve done nothing that can warrant it, and get pieced off by flowers scattered for us in their brilliance in the Spring, then die away real fast. I get the feeling that life’s doing something wrong.



*Photo (detail) by Joel Kendall*

