



The Man of the Daffodils

Daffodil yellow. His favorite color.

He wore a yellow shirt with blue and red flowers the first time he took her to lunch. He liked that she drove a sporty yellow car with a maroon racing stripe. "It suits you, sporty and light." Light and shadow and color are his friends and enemies. "If I could resurrect one person, it would be Monet. He understands light."

In the spring they would take walks around the pond behind his office. It was there they discovered the daffodils rising randomly among the weeds and pampas grass. "The yellow of the daffodil is one of my favorite colors."

Months after they had said their good-byes, she had a dream. More than a dream. More like her desires left her body. It was night and dark and in her backpack were dozens of daffodil bulbs. She found herself at the pond trudging to places that would go unnoticed by those who do not walk. In these places she planted the bulbs.

A month went by and then another and then a year went by. It was spring and in a stairwell, she going up, he going down, they met.

No hello. Just a question.

Did you plant the daffodils? he asked. No, don't tell me. I like to wonder about it.

She looked at him then looked away and said nothing.

It was nice seeing you.

And now, when she sees a daffodil, she wonders if he thinks of her too.

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