Unopened

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I remember those days where kisses were cinnamon and his hands crept over my body. He would bring me yellow and white daffodils in February and chocolate in July.

The snow globe that sits cold in my cupped hands he brought to me when I had measles in May. The skaters in the glass smile when it snows, just like he and I did in the parking lot of Harvard under starlight.

One day while walking down crowded streets in Brooklyn, I caught him giving daffodils to a laughing woman. A men at work sign blinked red lights in my face. It was May.

A week passed full of silent lies he left on answering machines and those cards that come attached to flowers. The last thing he gave, the letter, still sits, unopened, screaming for me to break the seal. But it will stay

-unopened-

I won't risk more daffodils falling out onto my feet.

-Melissa Slocum *