

Flowers

You don't need to place flowers in a certain spot every year on my birthday.

You don't need to raise a toast to me every year on our anniversary.

You don't need to visit a special place every year on the day I died.

You can do these things of course, but I don't expect you to.

Because you can also buy flowers on a Thursday morning and think of me as you arrange them in a vase on the kitchen table.

You can raise a toast to me on a Saturday night and remember the terrible speeches I used to make when I'd had too much to drink.

You can visit our special place on any old day and remember me.

You do not need a special day to miss me.

You can miss me at any time on any day. At unsuspecting moments. On days that hold no significance other than the fact that I should still be there with you.

So never feel obliged to lay flowers on my birthday or to toast me on our anniversary. Our love was not obligational or circumstantial when I was there to share life with you. So it does not need to be so now.

There are flowers that bloom all year round.

So you can miss me as those flowers live.

All
year
round.

