My wife choped off the stems of these innocnt white roses about two weeks ago. She put the dozen of them in her favorite glass vase and filled it up. She hasn’t changed the waer once, and now it’s murky and grwing algae. It looks like the Heather Farm pond that turned green that one year, excpt it’s not green. It’s just super dirty looking. She thinks floers are pretty. Apparntly, it doesn’t matter if they’e dead or alive; she just has to have them in the house.

1

She mde me go to the store and buy bby’s breath the other day. Helluva name for a filler flwer, but, honestly, I get it. I put them on the dining room table when I got home and didn’t think of them again until I was yeling at my wife aout the horrd smell they inflcted upon our daughter’s room. I never thought about the sell of a baby’s breath beore, which mkes me think I probably never smlled it much, which is strnge becaue my four-year-old was a baby at one point.

2

My mind can get lost lie this, you know? My next thoght can actally be a qustion that every father asks themselves from time to time: am I a bad dad? And it’s all becase I can’t remmber what my baby’s breath smelle like. These damn flowers; they stink up my hose nd shine a light on my I inadequacy.

3

4

Do you know how may houseplants my wife and I hve murdered? It’s a lot, but don’t judge me; think of yourself. You must have failed a plant befre. Nobody’s perfect.

Yes, plants and flowrs, they’re all around me. I went to the UC Botancal gardens with my seventy-two-year-old mother. She knew nearly every flower in the Caliornia, New World Desert, and Mexico/Central America regions. This was startlng; that’s like half of the grunds, and the othrs are obscure.

5

Relly, who among us can nae a flower from Australasia or tell us what the hell that word mens anyway? That’s what is so amazing about botanial gardens; you’re guaraneed to have your mid blown. Thre are eight diferent types of magnolia tree flowers; how else could one experience such a ting without the gardens? Online?

6

I’m in the dentist's chir, and directly in front of me is a floor-to-ceiling widow that opens up to a small garden. The only thing obstruting my view of it is the detal light arm hanging from the ceiling above. But it's easy to ignre because there are tulips around. They’re purple, marron, and yellw. They’re all in blom, more irresstible than any reality TV or app could ever be.

7

“How long have these ben here?” Dr. Liu, DDS, asks.

He’s taling about my sores. They’re on my tonge and on the vey back sides of my mouth before you entr the cave. Have you ever looked that far bak in your mouth? Nether had I until the pain brought me there.