

# The Garden of Glass

by Ivy Thorne

The greenhouse had been abandoned for years. Ivy pushed open the rusted door, its hinges groaning in protest. Inside, the air was thick with the scent of damp earth and decaying leaves. Shards of broken glass glittered beneath her feet, reflecting fragments of sunlight that filtered through the remaining panels.

She had been here before—years ago, when the glass walls still stood unbroken and the roses climbed gracefully along the trellises. Her mother's voice had filled the space then, soft and soothing, naming each flower as though they were old friends.

Now, the roses were wild, tangled in knots that defied the careful pruning they had once known. Ivy traced her fingers along the brittle stems, wincing as a thorn pricked her skin. She pulled back and examined the tiny drop of blood blooming on her fingertip.

It was fitting, she thought. Beauty and pain, tangled together.

Ivy moved deeper into the greenhouse, brushing aside vines that hung like curtains. At the center of the space stood a table covered in dust and scattered with shards of glass. Among them lay a single porcelain vase, cracked but still whole.

She picked it up carefully, her fingers running along the fractures. It had belonged to her mother, a gift passed down through generations. Even in its brokenness, it was beautiful.

Ivy knelt and began collecting the scattered pieces of glass. She wasn't sure why—only that it felt right to gather what had been left behind.

By the time the sun dipped below the horizon, the table was cleared, and the vase sat proudly at its center, reflecting the faint light that remained. Ivy stood back and breathed deeply.

The garden wasn't what it had been, but it could still grow. And so could she.