

Roses

Lindsay Bird

Love, for a limited time

The roses arrived on February 15 like soldiers
so late for battle they simply unshouldered
their rifles and bloomed armistice.
Store managers threw up their hands
and marked each flower down to a dollar.
Word of the steal swept
through the small town. I lived there. The steal swept
through me too. Wives bought roses for wives,
students bought roses for textbooks,
janitors bought roses for mop buckets.
Roses in beer bottles, chipped mugs, jam jars.
One in a rubber boot, lovelier than a leg.
Roses behind the service counter as I renewed
my driver's licence, my photograph taken in fragrance.
The roses made the news. I was on the news,
holding a rose. We made headlines,
there was so much love going around.