

A Little Love

There's a small purple flower, who goes by the name of Lavender that's often overlooked by the garden's house's inhabitants. It sits in place willingly yet bashful. This is all it's done for days, weeks and years. He doesn't shy away from the other plants but his favorite time of day is when he unwinds out and up as high as he can to bask in the slight sunlight he receives.

In winter months he huddles close to soil to keep warm and somewhat dry. Other flower members of the garden wilt all too quickly due to being overwatered by rain. Lavender's adopted a way of surviving, mimicking soldiers in World War II laying flat on a hillside to avoid mortar or gun fire. The rain and winter season is his war zone.

His short slender frame once kept him from standing out but as he's the only flower of his patch left, he's hard to miss even from the slope of the driveway. His petals are dark purple at the tips and change to a lighter shade as they go in towards his pistil. His stem is always two shades of green no matter the season. A pale green near small leaves that come out of the stem, a forest like green near the bottom of the stem and up towards the stalk. Every morning he stretches out his petals, opening them individually with a slight pop, that to him, sounds like a water drop leaping into a pond. His stem cracks as he stretches out to see what might've changed within his point of view.

Today, spring has arrived which means it's Lavender's 9 and a half birthday, twenty-fourth birthday in human years. He's never paid any attention to his longing, nestled within his roots. Since the loss of his companions however, today he feels lonelier than ever. It's at this unpromising moment that a red spec catches Lavender's attention.

The red spec slightly blocks out the sun, gradually growing bigger until it's blocking his view of it completely. Lavender is annoyed at the spec for interrupting his train of thought. Slowly he stretches his stem to gain the upper hand and once again absorb the sun's rays. He stops when he see, exactly what the spec is. A ladybug. Lavender's never seen one so close. He sinks down into his stem a bit, feeling the color of his pedals begin to brighten.

Lavender continues to sink, trying to get down low enough to blend into the earth as to observe this ladybug from a...sheltered distance. The ladybug flutters about from leaf to leaf, from blade of grass to stone to stone unaware of her fan.

Lavender turns his head in order to gauge via the sun, what time it might be. When he turns his head back, the ladybug is hovering in front of him. Her tiny antennae tickling his petals as she moves in close to get a better impression. Instinctively Lavender begins to move his petals out lifting his stem so she can have an easier perch. The ladybug moves her antennae around a few seconds more and steps back to fly out.

Lavender carefully begins to move so he's as close to her as possible. The ladybug hesitates for a moment before placing a leg in the center of his petals, then another leg and another until she's resting comfortably, on him. Lavender extends his petals farther out to give her room to walk. The ladybug bats her wings three times before tucking them away. Her antennae caress his petals, slowly, as if she's rubbing the soft top of a blanket as she begins to fall asleep.

Lavender gently lowers himself down so that the top of his stem rests on the inner edge of the garden edge. He adjusts; to be sure she'll be kept warm by the sunlight, before allowing the rest of his stem to contour and rest in the dirt.

Here on his birthday, Lavender's loneliness was lulled by his newfound love for the ladybug.

-Gustavo Lomas