

The Rose

A lady patron sent me
a rose, a lone rose, in
care of her friend. I smiled
at the most beautiful ⁱⁿ
red, and in return I sent
her two pieces of peanut
Candy, also in care of her
friend, who was as lovely
as the rose. After a
few days the lady came
in and told me that the
Candy I sent was very
sweet. "But the rose you
sent me was much sweeter."
I said, "besides, the sweet
fragrance ^{of} rose still lingers
in the air after the blossom
has withered."

"You are poetic," she commented.
"But one thing I regret."
"What to it?"

"You sent me a lone rose."
I smiled. "It makes me
lonely too."
"Is that why you sent me
two pieces of Candy?"

"I don't know," I said. "Two
to even number, a symbol
of good luck & to be sweet,
it symbolizes companionship-
ship."

She let her head hang
low, her eyes smiling. Our
conversation was interrupted
when I left her to greet
the guests who had just
arrived.

Later, I asked myself
why the lady sent me the
kiss that I understand, is for
love. I had ^{no} thought
that she would love me.
Of course I had no idea
whether she asked herself
why I sent ~~me~~ her the
candy, the sweet thing.
Harmless flirtation, I
suppose.