

## KISSES OF GLASS—HAIBUN

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Jessie's crystal vase once sat alone on the corner table. Time had overlooked its usefulness. Homeless dust enhanced its unique curves. Last week, she removed the vase, washed it, and filled it with water for a long-stemmed rose. The rose was unusual in appearance. It blended in with the décor of the foyer. Its fragrance flirted with her nostrils.

The rose opened over the next few hours. But this joy was temporary. The water within the vase grew stale. Buds fell. The rose's head began to droop. Its petals and leaves fell alongside the vase. Jessie took the vase to the kitchen and placed it on the countertop. She carelessly threw the rose into the garbage, not noticing its petals falling to the floor. She was ready to pour out the water until her cell phone rang. She walked away, but returned when she heard a crash. Her vase lay shattered on the tiled floor.

She wondered how could this happen when her vase sat by the wall. Jessie took out the dustpan and sweeper, and began to clean. Glass fragments were touching the petals. On a second glance, Jessie stopped. She couldn't deny that the fragments were shaped like hearts.

shaped like crystal hearts,  
the vase touches the petals—  
the rose kissed by glass