

Wilderness House Literary Review 13/4

Linda Lerner
For Posterity

We lost it someone said. Every year there's less and less of it. We have to make it now out of what we find in other seasons. In March, I saw a daffodil struggling up from a dirt patch along the side of the road after the snow melted; It was next to the chained handle bars of a bicycle. Someone must have stolen the rest. *The bike? That too.* I saw it for a few minutes. Next morning the flower was dead. Sometimes it breezes in from somewhere, and you think...but no, you probably imagined it. It's the bad air killing it. We did it to ourselves. Maybe we're better off without it. Gets our hopes up for nothing. Today no one can afford it for too long.

What's lost, someone asked in an old run-down bar as far as you could go before hitting the river. A few guys, mostly old, turned around. Someone raised his glass. *Let's drink to finding it* another said. *What? Doesn't matter* and Laughter broke out raising the temperature in the room to the right degree for it.

A group of local artists who meet weekly in a museum were gathering pieces of it all winter to copy as they'd been doing for years with relics of lost tribes in local museums, to preserve what others neglected to save.

They hadn't planned on doing it, but from spring they would move on to other seasons, one step ahead of what is becoming stricken with disease, slowly dying; like scavengers, they looked everywhere, including garbage cans for what people threw out.

They brought the dead daffodil to life, went into the bar where the old men were toasting it, to capture that moment before, *hurry up, it's almost time,* shot out and killed it forever.