

60 Seconds

Joe Freidhoff

A man stands with his wet black hair matted to his forehead, eyes cast downward towards the sextuplet of red and yellow tulips lying gently in his hands. Kneeling down, he scatters the perennials about, his knees dyed in the rich blackness of overturned earth. His lips move inaudibly. Taking both hands, he sweeps his bangs in two and runs them over his ears. Shaking the water off his hands, he returns them to his face and wipes his brow and flushed cheeks. His hand is now upon the upright stone and slowly his head comes to rest on the coarse rock. The wind tugs and pulls at his black canvas jacket, unable to bring him to his feet. His calves are soaked with mud thrown upwards from the impact of raindrops. His hands, salmon pink, clutch the sides of the marker. And the water from his hair is pouring over his face and falling to the ground in a trickling stream, creating a tiny pool of rain and tears.

As I shift my focus forward, I see through the batting of the windshield wipers that the light is no longer red. I slowly accelerate, reaching my hand down for the volume dial on the radio. Shutting it off, I shift in my seat, trying to get more comfortable for the ride home.