

She passed him at the front desk.

But stopped and walked back.

Something had caught her eye and so she returned to inspect the wilting petals of a baby orchid sitting on the edge.

"Have you been watering this?" She asked.

"Yes," he replied. "Soaked in a bowl of water once a week."

"Hmm. Maybe it needs extra. It does have a small pot."

She felt around the dry moss at the base of the plant.

He paused before saying:

"Yeah... I think it might also be at the end of its bloom cycle. The other ones were half open when we got them. But this one was all the way open."

"Oh I see." She said.

"Yeah."

"Maybe we should clean it up then."

"Yeah," as he said this he got up and walked out of the room, returning with a pair of scissors.

He approached the plant and began trimming the dry and drooping petals that had once displayed themselves in an elegant burst of simple complexity.

The scissors went snip, snip as the white and purple fell.

Such a sad yet necessary affair but he knew this was best for the plant.

Once finished he looked up to her.

She met his eyes before looking back to the plant.

There was a somber movement to the way she felt the cuts around the stem.

He looked to her, waiting to be told to throw it out like the old newspapers she'd told him to get rid of only hours earlier.

But instead she looked at him and said, "they come back y'know."