

*Against the dewy spring grass, buds and bushes sprout from the earth with a smile towards the sun. Beds of soil and vegetation are cupped by wooden frames, ready to give back to the mother they were taken from. Out from the beds grow a variety of vegetables, fruits, and flowers. The edible items are shoved off to the side with just enough space and sunlight to grow while the flowers take up the majority of the garden, seemingly placed randomly at first glance. However, a more trained eye may pick up the careful decision of placement and order, guided there by gentle hands; forget-me-nots against white roses and zinnias against asphodels.*

*Facing his back to the light and his face to a growth of azaleas, the Son clutches a bit of charcoal in chilled fingers. Against the creamy white of his sketchbook's pages, the flowers in front of him bloom to life in varying values of ash. He furrows his brow. Something is wrong with the image in front of him. Something lost in translation between the world of green and pink to the grays and whites of his articulated thoughts.*

*Brown eyes flecked with gold flick upwards to the azalea flowers and then back down again to the sheet. A five pointed star shape with a ring of stamen standing to attention and a pale pistil in the center acting as a crown. All aspects are there, condensed into a single bud, lovingly crafted.*

*Brown-gold eyes widen. Yes, that is it. Azaleas always grow in bunches, in multiples. He had only drawn one in its lonesome. The Son smiles and starts to correct his mistake. To the right of his progress he sketches his little flower a friend.*

*The Son bends over to observe his work more carefully. He contorts into a spiral shell, folding in on himself to protect his vulnerable insides to his chest and setting his back to the outside against the strange shadows of the world and the beings who reside in it. His head in his shell, the Son does not notice a form approaching him from the back. On tip toes, dressed with a smirk and blue eyes the first shade of midday, she creeps forward step by step until her breath would tickle the other's neck if she were not holding it. Her hands raise above the Son's shoulders higher, higher. Then brought down in an exhale.*