

Spring 5-1-2015

Tulips on Sundays

Samantha Moffet
College of DuPage

Follow this and additional works at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr>

Recommended Citation

Moffet, Samantha (2015) "Tulips on Sundays," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 37: No. 2, Article 49.
Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol37/iss2/49>

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@COD. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@COD. For more information, please contact koteles@cod.edu.

tulips on sundays

When I turned six, my parents divorced. Nasty and bitter, like winter. Dark and distant like space.

Throughout the years she dated, nothing special. No clingers. When I turned sixteen, she dated a man named Lucas. He was like an English James Dean and when they got drunk and passed out during Letterman I kissed him on the lips and he tasted like sweet Moscoto with a hint of Newport smoke. On my eighteenth birthday, after my mother fell asleep, we stayed up smoking on the veranda, outlined by the moon and Orion and he devoured my neck, the scent of Bond #9 wafting off of him and choking me with ecstasy.

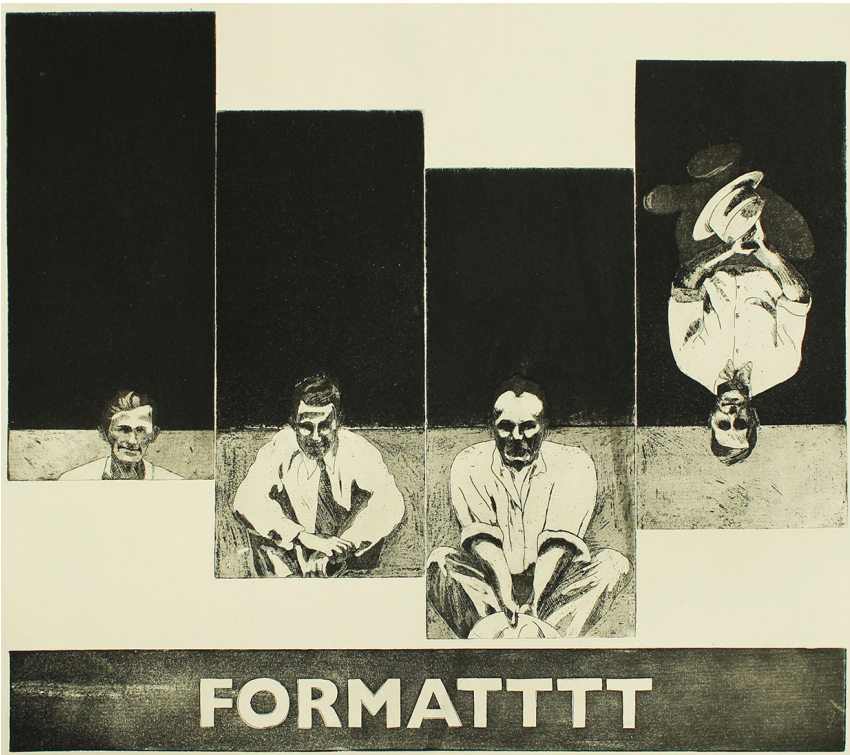
My mom would leave us to go thread eyebrows at the salon where she dyed my hair orange on my twentieth birthday and he'd wake up at noon; black hair tousled and we would kiss in the darkness of the hallway, away from all windows and in our own world. He was smart by keeping us in the shadows, but he was drunk on the taste of my skin and high off the sound of my racing pulse.

My mom knew, just like he knew that I kissed him during those blue filtered nights. She knew just by a simple look he gave me. It wasn't anything special but deep within his icy blues there was that look that Gosling gave McAdams in *The Notebook* before they crashed together in the rain and made pancakes after sex; desire, constant need, love.

He loved me and not my mother and she asked me if he had f---ed me. I said no and I wasn't lying. There was no screaming, no slaps or brutality, just hoarse whispers as she took a shot of tequila and went upstairs, kicking off her red Coco heels and slamming her door shut and locked it. While I packed all my skirts and shirts and dresses Lucas was whispering through the keyhole on her doorknob but no response ever came.

It was quiet for a while, even when I moved into a flat with him, even when he got a job and I got a job and he made eggs and coffee every morning. I would be clad in nothing but his dress shirt and I'd sit on his lap as he stroked the hair that was losing its orange tint and we talked and he'd kiss my forehead with all the tenderness in the universe. I told him I had no soul. My hands still shook.

She refused to see me and I didn't blame her. Neither of us did. I still sent her a present for every mom-related event, some tulips when spring came.



for(matt)
etching with aquatint etching

Jordan Szala

For two years. A tulip every Sunday, which were days she'd take me by the hand and walk me through the park and we'd run from geese and eat melting ice cream with sticky fingers as she tried not to cry over my father, who moved to America after my wedding, the only time he said I looked beautiful. Lucas sent my mother an invite – out of courtesy, though we both knew she'd never come – and what we got back was a bouquet of tulips. The day of my wedding I went to get my roots redone and the woman who retouched my hair had deep lines in her forehead but she had lovely toned skin and winged eyeliner that even Angelina Jolie would be jealous of. When she washed my hair in the tub she kissed my forehead and asked if I got the flowers. I kissed her ring-less finger and said yes.