

Ya Basta

The flowers were dying.

I stood up from my kitchen table, coffee in hand, and walked over to the flowers. They were once beautiful. Twelve long-stemmed roses, as red as my lipstick was that night he took me out.

He told me I looked beautiful, too.

Now, the flowers were wilting, titled at odd angles. The petals had darkened and curled, their once-smooth surface now wrinkled. I touched the corner of my left eye gently with my finger and sighed.

Maybe if had worn the black dress instead of the blue one? Maybe then the bastard would have called me.

"¿Que? You told him what?" my sister had asked, astounded. "Mimi, why do you always ruin these dates that I set you up on? You know, you're a very beautiful woman! The men are always so eager to meet you! And then you tell them things like this. Dios mio, what would Mamá say?"

"Lisa, I only told him how many kids I wanted to have. And that I don't like men who snore. And also that I would prefer they bathed everyday porque my nose is very sensitive to smells. And—"

"And that you make the bed every night before you sleep in it, and you can only wear white socks, nada más, and that when you notice that your shirt has wrinkles you get hives! Mimi, you will never find a husband who will love you for you, if you keep telling him everything about you all at once!"

"Pero, Lisa—"

"Don't 'Pero, Lisa' me! I'm not setting you up with any more men, ¡Ya basta! That's enough! You're crazy!" And she hung up the phone.

My sister is usually dramatic. I pictured her eyes popping out of her head in fury, just like Mamá. They both pull their hair at the scalp when they're angry, too. Usually because of me.

I don't see why I have to hide myself in order to find the perfect man. I like myself—I am beautiful. I looked down at the floor, then at my coffee, then at the flowers. They didn't last long anyways.

I will find a good man eventually. He doesn't need to bring me roses. Roses just die.

I dumped my coffee into the flower vase. Ya basta. That was enough.



BROADSIDE

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Cora Broaddus
Broadside Fiction Contest
Second Place