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My Garden

Jordan English

You should meet the flowers in my garden and teach them how to be as pretty as you ...

Chapter Two

Synopsis

Michael Florence, abandoned as a child by his mother, left alone with his abusive father, has learned to adapt. After seventeen years of abuse Michael has become a phenomenon, void of emotion and the ability to empathise. He is extremely intelligent and obsessive compulsive. Obsessed with flowers, he was able to temporarily satisfy his urges by working as a florist. However, it wasn't enough and never could be. Michael, discontent with life's offerings, seeks a grander gratification through his pruning of Mother Nature's true beauties: women. This is the story of Michael's first flower, his rose that would ultimately be joined by more flora, creating one horrific, beautiful garden.

Rose

Women are like flowers. At first they are nothing more than a bud, gone unnoticed by a world ignorant to the true exquisiteness that lies within. Then, after years of dormancy, the bud begins to blossom, and it is upon their blossoming that they flourish into a magnificent array of colours and smells. However, like all good things, they eventually come to an end, and wither away. The flower that I held in my arms, this beautiful woman, I knew would never wither away. She was frozen in

time and at peace with the world. She was a goddess whose beauty could never be taken away with old age and more importantly, she was my first. She was my Rose.

As I drove my tarnished delivery van up a quaint little street on the edge of town, turning onto a customer's driveway I wondered whether these daydreams would ever cease. Every moment of the day, every minute and every second I would picture myself with women, beautiful women like the flowers I delivered. It wasn't something I was able to stop, though in all honesty, I was not even sure that I wanted to. Retreating into this world made the stifling monotony of life seem more bearable.

I managed to grip the real world again as I grasped the flowers out of the van. There were a dozen red roses — each a symbol of Venus, the Roman goddess of love. I walked up the cobblestone pathway and knocked on the door. Looking back at it now I sometimes wonder what would have happened if I'd never turned up on that doorstep? Had fate not delivered me this opportunity, would I be walking free, rather than trapped in the confines of a high security prison? I don't live with regrets however, because the woman who stood in front of me that day was more stunning than any person I had ever seen before. Her golden hair shone as the sunlight bounced off it, and her eyes, the windows to her soul, were a pure, innocent and mesmerising auburn. This deity was like no other I had seen and it was only after I had handed her the roses and driven away that I realised I had to see her again.

I saw her every day for the next month. I watched her laugh on the phone, brush her hair in front of the mirror, dress and undress. It's amazing how people these days don't seem to find the need for curtains. She didn't see me though. I knew that we were meant to be together, but I had to wait. Patience was my virtue. Fate would deliver me this beautiful Rose. She would bloom. I just had to wait for the right time, the right season.

Day by day my desire to be with her grew stronger and stronger. Eventually my need to be with her became my every thought, so prevalent that I couldn't concentrate at work. Days passed until it was Valentine's Day, the day that allows people to confess their undying love for each other. It was on this special night that I would pick this elegant Rose.

I visited her house later that evening. I was still in my work clothes and covered with the glorious scent of the flowers I had spent the day trimming. I hadn't even had time to remove the florist's knife from my pocket. I could see her through the window, poised and elegant, her skin absorbing the soft glow of her lampshade. I got out of the van from across the street and walked towards her house, knocking on the front door.

She opened the door and, to my surprise, asked, 'Sorry, do I know you?'

'I'm your soul mate,' I replied. 'I've come so that we may be together.' As I said this, I stroked her arm softly, waiting for her to react with affection, the way she had in my dreams. And yet, instead of tenderness or desire, she pushed me away, her face contorting in disgust and rage.

'You need to get off my property right now!'

At first I felt confusion, but then I felt a surge of excitement flow through my body, exploding through every pore and filling the air. I hit her across the head, rendering her unconscious. This excitement I was feeling was pure, undiluted joy. I looked down at her almost motionless body breathing steadily in a peaceful trance. The goddess had returned to her former divinity. Like a flower in blossom, she was a wonderful creation of Mother Nature, frozen in time.

I pulled out the florist's knife that had remained in my pocket and lent down over her body. As the knife pierced her skin, I felt a sensation that can only be described as orgasmic. Each penetration brought us closer and closer together, her skin parting like the petals on a fresh, wet bud.

I held her in my arms, feeling the warmth of her blood trickling down my hands. It soaked into the white of my uniform, and I watched with a transcendent glee as it changed in an instant into a deep ruby red; the colour of the rose, my Rose. I walked out to my van and removed a single flower, returning with clear eyes to see the result of our love. It was beautiful, glorious, and eternal. I looked at the pool of red surrounding her, and tenderly placed the flower on her chest. A red rose to symbolise the love we had shared.

Rose was my first love, a beautiful flower trimmed and pruned into a timeless masterpiece. It was through our experience that I finally found fulfilment and gratification in life. Rose, had given me something I thought I would never find in life: a purpose. I've always thought that picking a flower delivers much more satisfaction than merely observing it. And so I tenderly gazed upon my Daisy.



Jordan English wrote this in 2011 when he was in Year 12 at Calvary Christian College in Queensland.