

A Posy or a Wreath

Hannah Enyon

I go straight to Nicol's. I need to order flowers. I see him standing in the kitchen as I pass the chickens. I know he knows something's not right. I tell him. In slow motion. I tell him that Scarlett's daddy has died. He took his own life. On Friday night. He went missing. And they found him in his workshop late on. And I'm shaking. I haven't told her yet. Scarlett, my daughter. **Yes**

I can't remember what he said; just that he hugged the bones of me. I need to order flowers. I sit on the sofa and scrawl down what I want to say and ring my Dad. My head in my hands, trying to comfort myself, the weight of all this sadness. Tears falling out my eyes splashing the notepad, blurring the lines, not even getting the chance to roll down my face. I read what I've written, taking big deep breaths after every other word, running out of sound by the end of every sentence. And when I finish my dad whispers one word — beautiful. **Good**

The only time I heard him say that word that way was the day he first held Scarlett. Beautiful. He asks me to read it again. And I imagine him with silent tears in his eyes. He's found this hard. He's phoned every day and taken to going walking. He walked seven miles for a pint yesterday. He said about going to the funeral but I tell him there will be more folk at it than on this island and I'm concerned what it might do to him. And I remind him about his work. And he said that wouldn't matter. That **was a long time ago now**. I was in touch with the family to say I wasn't able to make it. The funeral. **Yes** If I did go, I'd have to take the boat tonight. It's too much for me to manage. I have to think of Scarlett.

I ring the florists from the kitchen. A fella answers the phone. I almost lose my voice. I clear my throat and say I'd like to order some flowers please, some funeral flowers. And that's it, no amount of biting my lip can save me now. I start crying. My daughter's daddy, has died and I don't know what to send. Our daughter, she's only three-and-a-half, she's only little, so nothing too big, do you know what I mean. And could you add in some red, red from Scarlett. And her daddy loves Liverpool. **Yes** Do you want a posy or a wreath and I can't remember what I picked but he said he'd do a good job. I asked if he could capture her innocence, Scarlett, and he promised he'd make it nice. What's the message?

Aidy,

You will always be a big part of the fabric of our lives.

May you be at peace now and gift and guide us all every day.

Love lives on,

Hannah and Scarlett xxx