**In the Widow’s Garden**

Christy Hartman

 My hairdresser’s matchmaking again. Her electrician this time.

 I go on dates, knowing you and I’ll ramble barefoot through the garden afterward. Our footprints visible in the damp grass. We dissect the latest fish in the shallow pool of eligible men. We laugh about skinny jeans, well-done steaks, pinky-rings.

 In our final month together, you told me to search for love again. Magical love, like ours.

 Tonight, the electrician took me to the fair. Lemonade. A rollercoaster. A kiss.

 I run to the garden when I return. Flushed, eager to talk.

 Silence.

 The only footprints in the grass are mine.