# Guardian of the Sleeping Flower

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تاریخ انتشار: 14 Shahrivar 2585 باستانی برابر با September 5, 2026 میلادی




He sits waiting on a bench where last night's rain has left its mark. He runs his hand over the .water drops

He pushes a few drops together to make a larger one. He looks at the flower in his hand. The .florist forgot to pluck one of the thorns. He caresses the thorn with his index finger

He feels sorry for it. He thinks to himself, if there is no thorn, who is the guardian of the flower? Why does everyone love the flower and hate the thorn? He likes the thorn better. These people don't get it. They only judge by appearances. He nudges the pebbles at his feet with the tip of his .shoe. He looks at his watch. It's not late yet

He recalls the day they were supposed to meet for the very first time. Since he didn't own a suit, he had to borrow one from a friend. He was ready two hours before the date. The camel-colored suit had multiplied his masculinity. He had never bought a suit because he didn't have the money. Now, thanks to this meeting and his friend's favor, he saw himself dressed in his "Sunday best" .for the first time

That was how his grandpa used to put it. Whenever he saw someone all dolled up in a suit, he’d say, "The guy's put on his Sunday best!" He combed his thick hair. He noticed a few white strands. He smiled with pride. He figured women like this type of man. It made him look mature. .He smoothed the starched collar of his shirt. He let out a breath

"?The voice of an old man pulled him out of his memories. "Would you like me to recite the Quran

In his heart, he replied, "If she comes back, recite it." He stood up. He crouched down on his .toes

.His teardrops washed the dust off the stone