

A pot of flowers, sitting on the windowsill. They almost glow as the mid-day light pours in on their petals. They stand in a bouquet, blooming five inches up, pink and red, with green stems. They hug close to the glass, leaning towards the light coming in. Their dirt basin is plentifully seasoned with water and compost. They do not dance from within the house's static air, but you can tell the flowers are content.

The homeowner tends to the flowers once a day. He provides them water, food, and life. He enjoys the small act of playing god and the flowers proudly own their role as the products of his work.

Today, the homeowner plucks the flowers from their nestled abode. He transfers them into a narrow decorative vase filled a third of the way with water. He carries the vase outside and into his car, placing it into the passenger seat. After all that time indoors, the flowers welcome the chilling breeze with excitement.

The homeowner drives out to an unknown neighborhood. He gets out of the car, grabbing the vase from out of the seat. The flowers sway with overwhelming intrigue and curiosity as the homeowner moves them around. He approaches a door and begins knocking with his left hand, his right hand providing nesting for the flowers. The flowers look at the door, all of them enticed to see what's behind; This is the farthest they've settled from home. The homeowner takes a deep breath and soon after, the door opens.

The flowers all silently gasp. Could it be another caretaker? The flowers watch the two talk, the one beside the door moving their lips much faster and more frequently. Eventually, after a little back, and less forth, the door person slams their door shut. The flowers lightly jump in shock. The homeowner turns around and heads back towards his car with the vase in hand. The flowers look up at him, leaning towards him to comfort his disappointment.