

**Bourne**  
**toWrite...**  
creative writing  
workshops

## Lilies

by Sho Botham

I want to smell the heady fragrance of virginal, white lilies at night, on the other side.  
I want to reach out and feel their strong but delicate, silken petals between my fingers.  
I want to gaze upon their beauty, drinking it in through eyes, that once sparkled with life.

I want to hear the rustle of their leaves and stems as they touch gently together.  
I want to taste anticipation as I wait to welcome these lilies with all my senses.

How will people know that I'm waiting? Waiting for lilies. Waiting for the happiness and joy they will offer me. Waiting for the friendships they will remind me of. Hoping that the solemnness of the occasion doesn't take away my love of the lilies.

There are no lilies on the other side unless you want them and wait for them. I want them so I am prepared to wait as long as it takes.

I can't imagine an existence without lilies. It will happen. Lilies will only last on the other side until I'm settled and no longer new. By then they won't be needed although I find this very hard to believe. How can I not need lilies? This is, for me, the hardest part of my new existence. Somehow, I shall learn the ropes and accept a life without lilies. It might not be life as I knew it but it will be something akin to life, this state they call death.

A party is how my fellow othersiders will meet me. There is only one initial rule and that is, I must go to a party. There transformation to othersider will happen and lilies will be of the past.

Who wants flowers when you're dead? Nobody, or so they say. Lilies may only be transient on the other side. But their effect on the senses serve to remind me of passing from one life to another.

I was transient in that world, like the lilies are here.