And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forests cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief:
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

I wake up to a soft hum of a melody, a tune I've heard many times but can't seem to name. Soon, the hymn stops and is replaced with the trickling rain. Slowly, I allow my eyes to open. I barely saw him at first because of the raindrops in my lashes. He stood before me, the tender light obscuring his face making it unreadable to my already blurry vision. "You've awakened?" he said, his figure shifting.

Snip

I hear the ring of metal touching metal. For a moment, I am confused. The sound brings dread into my form. I suppose it was easily shown in my features for the man chuckles at my direction as if it was a delight for him to see me quiver.

That's when I see it.

The gardening shears.

In the rain it shimmers softly, almost as if it was made from the finest of metals. It seemed almost apologetic to have made itself be seen by me.

No.

To have let me know of its existence.

He brings his hand to a flower in his vicinity and plays with its gentle petals. "Beautiful, aren't they?" said he while the saddest of smiles featured his face.

Snip

He raises his eyes to look at me and I gasp. What a lovely set of greens they were but oddly slumped and glinting of pity. "But always never enough to satiate my crave for the perfect one,"

Snip

In that moment, I barely realized what the man did until I could feel the smooth metal touch both sides of my neck. "You'll do just fine," whispers he. I don't know what happened next after that. All I remember is the eerie ring in my ears and his sad green eyes.