

The Beauty of a Mojito

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Female 21-30

I think it's funny how life can change, you know? Like it feels like just yesterday I was walking around our garden, with my feet wrapping around the run away mint leaves.--Did I ever tell you about the mint?--I probably didn't. When I was little, my mother started an herb garden. She planted rosemary and all that kind of shit, but my favorite was always the mint leaves. Sometimes when I wasn't allowed to be out and I was hungry I would just walk outside, grab a handful of those suckers, sit on the cement and just sing and snack and find new things to remind me to smile. Like the worms or the lady bugs or the roly-polies.

God, I had so much fun out there. It was no bigger of a yard than your car maybe, but it was my safe space. Now, the only time I taste mint leaves is when I order this stupid drink.—And I drink it of course!—But in reality I buy it for the mint leaves. So, please ignore me as I very ungraciously shove my hand to the bottom of this glass. This is my one taste of happiness.