

Perfume for No One

Category: Alone

written by Youssef Eid | May 19, 2025

When we moved to this house, the outdoor space excited us the most, and we were constantly there. It was a first for us, and a luxury where we live. The garden provided an escape that I never had before: the illusion of leaving something behind.

Like everything in life, the novelty of the garden wore off. The gardeners we hired often spent more time there than we did. Perpetually manicured, it remained beautiful, but undisturbed and underappreciated.

I continued to visit the garden, but from afar. My bedroom window on the first floor looked onto the garden, and every day when I open the shades, I got a fleeting view.

The garden continued to change—growing, shifting colors. We had many rose bushes, and they bloomed, season after season, with no certainty of admiration. Their petals opened, unafraid of the wind, the sun, the inevitability of falling—unfurling in quiet defiance.

Sometimes I would ask the rose bush: Who are you blooming for? Surely, you could be spending this energy doing something else. Perhaps growing taller. Perhaps making more leaves. Perhaps giving up and letting something else take your place.

I ask myself: Do the roses yearn to be seen like I do? Do the roses yearn to be held like I do? Or do they bloom for no one? Like I do.

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