

Flowers

They stand powerfully with a flirtatious appeal that forces you to look twice.
The perfume captures you,
you get lost in what they awaken.
Mesmerized, I closed my eyes feeling a rush of serotonin.
They stared back at me with kindness.
Full of life and hope,
their colors flashed me with possibilities.
Fragile yet powerful
silent but shared a mouthful.

She threw me into my 10 year old self.
The variety of colors looked at me from the fields.
My cousins and I running around in the wild
stepping all over her without care.
She still grew, each time stronger. As if proving to us that she can care for herself.

She never looked at us with hate.
She learned to thrive in the wild, ignoring our little feet forcing her down.
Today, she grows in solitude
still proving that she doesn't need us.
Give her water, and she'll give you inspiration
give her nothing and she'll still flourish.

As I walk through the park, she smiles at me.
She's always shared gifts if you're willing to listen.
Not the kind that you can hold and never pick up again,
but the ones that inspire you and give you a thrill of excitement.

I am now making my own garden.
Growing my own flowers,
because she taught me that I should cater to myself first.