

SOME FLOWER: A long walk with gimpy boyfriend and pinned to his lapel. Yet you may be holding and hoping to discard. Throwing a bundle over your shoulder into a sea. It is pink and ruffled. A cupcake occasion will be half-eaten still partially held in its casing. Is left on a sidewalk from wandering and a bit of brunch.

In these matters, peddling makes for a blossomed bee in a pot. The tea will be steeped for a clock kept ticking past the hour even when the bells have forgotten. And for such whistling, pollen clings to the nostrils and a recitation of bedtime prose. It was as if she wasn't listening.

I did not expect every petal as every petal but forced it. Papier mache suffocates its mold though supposition leads to rain and the smell of dried rose hips to dancing and a chance of red on the west lawn. I want white but when there are no pronouns or second persons. Regardless of sex it will purse and open. This is a she is a he is a.
Forget me.

Michelle Fay Deschenes