

planting and pulling, planting and pulling.

I never asked to be touched.

I never asked for fake roses planted in false promises
to bloom before me in colorful arrays,
ones that convinced me the truth of the matter
lied in his eyes.

I never asked for him to come.

I never asked for him to ask to kiss me,
I never once told him that I was his
until he asked me, in prismatic words,
with a voice hoarse from crying,
if I would consider a life with someone broken like him.

I didn't want him to taint my memories,
the whole year, a blur of
technicolor pansies waiting for
me to fall hard enough into the flowerbed
to discover them turning into snakes.

He was never more than kind,
running his falsities over my flesh
and painting me in watercolors with
brushes, their bristles still stained
and harsh in still freshly crusted blood.

He dug his talons into my sense of security,
ruining the tentative irrigation system I had placed,
letting me drain myself of the negative
outbursts I decided were no longer useful.

Now, I am in a rubber-enclosed box,
there is nowhere for any part of me to run
all of me is trapped in one place, waiting
for the parasites and crows to overtake what
was once beautiful, what pieces of me once were envied.