

FLOWER TODAY

Victoria Woods *

I gave myself a flower today,
I think I was right.

The veins stretched indigo through an off-purple petal,
Tinges of citron kissed green the tips,
Underside crinkled like used to be foreskin,
Marvelous androgyny of petal and stem, together,
Unity, life.

I found the flower I gave myself nestling in a
Browned patch of death, once weeds and flowers
Beaten at last.
And I thought of contradictions,
Life sitting in a pile of death, immune beauty lying in a pile
of faded.

Then I looked closer at the celery sunshine center
And noted three brown protrusions, alive and well,
But terribly, incongruous brown,
Matching the decay in which my flower sat.

And I thought

How foolish.

There's death within us all.