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Fatal Floral

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Fatal Floral

Bia Edwards

Crack my skull and from my brain sprouts lilies
white ones, like those at my mother's wedding, pristine but stained with bits of myself,
they like it here and grow like fungus in over saturated soil
their judgement is clouded, but that's okay
at least they're nice to look at.

The societal lobotomies started it.
Roses shot through my eyes hitting the right part of my prefrontal cortex
to sever the connection to reality
and cause me years later to give birth to a garden,
but in winter

when the world is cold and cruel to new things.

This industry loves to paint flowers new colors
until their petals wilt and a new seed sprouts.

They wipe the dirt from the shining new face
perhaps a chrysanthemum, golden and frilled .

While my veins clog with poppies, red ones, an ode to death
since it'll likely one day cause my own.

But at least it will be pretty