Strangers on the fractured sidewalk
slow to check on the progress of
my budded flower,
bruise purple,
swaddled intimately around itself.
Waiting to see if today
it will burst open like an
overripe melon of acceptance.
They whisper to it as they walk.
“someday, someday.”
“maybe you just need
another flower
to coax you out
of your cocoon.”
“I can peel back your
petals and make you
look oh so pretty.”
The silent judgement
of shadows on the pavement
entreating,
demanding,
requiring,
my solitary flower to contort
itself to their expectations
of its worth.
They hold no value
in the sage leaves erupting
around it like a summer storm,
or the roots which have
made a war-zone of the
concrete beneath their soles.
If they knew the blossom
would never bloom,
would they still admire it
for these subtle beauties?