

# BLOOMING

*Tori Roozkrans*

*Poetry*

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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?