

# FLOWERING WEEDS

JORDAN BOWERS

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Blooming and bursting from the Earth,  
blossoming into the beautiful  
sunshine flowers of our  
childhood.

Plucked and picked  
with the innocent and ignorant  
precision of a child, collecting a  
bundle and calling it a bouquet  
to show the ties and trust of our  
friendships  
and what we believe to be  
love.

In our darkest days  
when the sun sets,  
we didn't wish upon a star.  
We took our souls,  
entrusting them to the  
wish granting seeds of  
the dandelion  
to solve our problems and  
make our dreams come true.

In times of need  
it was the greatest gift  
a friend could give,  
whether it be the sun or the moon  
a flower is a flower

until innocence blossoms into maturity.

Your garden filled with sunshine and moons

has begun budding elegant beauties of  
roses,  
orchids and  
lilies.

As your garden grows you learn that  
sunshine is suffocating your roots  
and the moons shorten your life,  
inhibiting you to grow.

You learn your childhood flowers of  
sunshine and moons were never  
flowers or wish granters,  
but weeds  
forcing you to wither.

Death of innocence  
isn't realizing the flower  
is a weed  
and wishes  
don't come true.

Death of innocence  
is having the courage to  
pull out the weed killer,  
force the sun to set  
and the moon to fall.

I believed you were a flower,  
trusted you with my wishes.  
Now, I realize you're a weed,  
and I'm more than happy to kill you

and let  
my garden  
flourish.