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.