

iron flower

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stems from
lack of water
from mother

bends from
giving hands
of lover

grows in
tender earth
of others

solid bloom

sticks to
thorny lessons
gone further

glides on
fleeting breeze
“change,”
she whispers
proud petals
nearer
random roots
dearer
barbarous rose
clearer

can't water away
thirty - five years
of barren
or reach for

syrup stigma

waits on
honey lips
insects

turns to
sunlight of
any other

blossom

sheds sepal
flower doesn't
need people

i water feel
she only needs steel

wild rose
scorns same
no change
ground fertile

i other garden.
you,

keep on thinking you self grow.