

we are all flowers
we begin as seeds
soon, we grow up through the dirt
eventually, we blossom into a grand, bright, and brave flower
all of us come in different shapes, sizes, and colors
you were plucked from the earth and taken away from us
God saw you as a grand, bright, and brave flower
in a world with the wind and storms against you,
He saw you were ready for a home that would take care of you and nurture you
At least that is what I keep telling myself
we are all going to plucked up one day
but, we were not quite ready to see the grand, bright, and brave flower taken away from our lives

-we are all flowers

it is strange how your heart can feel so heavy, yet empty
what a dreadful oxymoron to live

-oxymoron

all of us are soldiers who have fought in a battle or a few
whether it was against anxiety
depression
heartache
grief
here is your medal of service
because i know every now and then,
we need recognition for our battles
to remind us of our value
you are worthy, soldier
you are a survivor

-warrior

“i give so much to people. a home. air to breathe. water to drink. nature. yet, why do people take advantage of me and damage me with war, hate, and foul play?”

-earth

your unwanted touch left a burn on me
when i think of what happened, my throat begins to light on fire
with the flames starting, it becomes harder to breathe
i suffocate and cry from fear and hurt
i want you to look at what you have done since you started this fire
you have hurt me with you wandering hands and uninvited touch
i tell myself, i am lucky
you did not leave anything else behind but a violating touch
however, your touch started a flame
even, the smallest flame can cause the biggest fires

-look what you did