

Perennial

It was June when the Flower bloomed
In the strange way that flowers can,
But seldom do.
It lost its frail petals,
Its thin stem.
It sprouted legs,
Eyes, hands,
And mind.
It wandered the fields aimlessly
Thinking of

“The doctors say if he stops now, it will kill him;
He has become dependent.
His path to sanctification is littered with desecration.”