

Orchid

Ivory petals whisper promise through the glass
Broken, I cross the boulevard, skirting discomfort
My face blinks back at me, drenched with the depth of my emotion
But I push past disgust and drink her moonlight calm.

Because she's beautiful and graceful unto herself
I want him to have her as he's the same
One plus one equals two; it makes sense mathematically.

I dress her in rainbows, ready to be received
I'm as proud as a mother watching her daughter go to prom
But his voice on the phone, the petals burst into flames and wither
Ashes churning in the space between us

Then silence. He retreats.

I dig a grave in my center and gently place her there
Holding her blossoms in my bitterness
Like the lotus in the dung, she absolves my incontinence

The fabric of our trust unravelling
A ball of string tossed between a kitten's paws
Gnawing on my edges till I'm reduced to cottony glue
That sticks to the roof of his mouth
The consolation he won't spare