The Flower

by Lorenzo Sewanan

The woman maneuvers her hand,
Light and brown. The first drop
Shatters the stagnant water,
Like the silver bullet
That settled into her flower's heart,
Into its pink spaces. Undisturbed,
The woman touches the stone,
“Rest in Peace: Amelia.”

Its angles dissolve in the flux.
Memories ripple in time,
Amelia, Amelia,
The most beautiful flower
She had ever seen.
Amelia,
Whose green eyes shone pink
In dimmed purple light, that day
When the rain fell,
Dissolved the textures of her face,
Amelia, Amelia:
The amethyst star herself,
When the woman loved her,
In the soft rain that fell.

They stood trembling,
In the valley of their pleasure.
She and her flower met.
Searing passions, in the dark,
As the petals pulled apart,
As she reached inside of her:
Blossomed their desire, spaces filled
With pink-stained syrup.

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The flower lies broken now, submerged
Beneath layers of memory and desire.
She smiles, stands up, and raindrops
Collect.
She remembers the taste of the flower,
Pink-stained, Amelia,
Sweet nectar, Amelia.