

MOTHER NATURE

Flowers for the living
That's what my Grandma always said
Why would you buy flowers for the dead?
Flowers are just like you
and I
They are fragile
The way the petals flow in the wind all around
Yet they fight
when you try to pull them out of the ground
They flourish when given what they need
But crumble when deprived of love
Imagine how they would shine
If when someone got a flower
they carried the divine
responsibility
We are dulled when those who have us neglect us
Are we not worth more than a flower?
Are we not as beautiful?
Why can you routinely water your flower
But not feed my mind?
What if you saw my heart turn brown
Would you face me towards the sun?
Would you care for me
Or would you look at me and run
Would you throw me away to fend for myself
To replant myself
To reattach myself to the roots you ripped me from
Why is it that when a flower is snipped
Thrown into the unknown it dies so fast
Leaving me unequipped
Yet a planted flower that is nourished by its caretaker
continues to come back
So take care of what you are given
Cherish what you have
What if I need you
Would you help me
I need help
Please

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE

Death

It comes in the most unexpected times

Taking the ones we need most

Death

the violence is like a crippling old man

Falling

Breaking

It's a fire that blows its own light out

As she sits there thoughts run through her head

She can feel the cold crawling claws

Bruising her brain

Her mouth slowly turns numb

While fleeing thoughts of her life flash in her brain

She remembers

Running on the warm summer day down the beach

Sun burning her flesh

She remembers

Mama calling begging for the bank to let them keep the house

Just one more month

A week

She remembers

The freezing showers she always feared

Prickling her pinky toes

She remembers

Changing her brother's diapers at three in the morning

While mama's working

She remembers

Mama creeping the creepy man in the house

Again

Please not again

She remembers

Mama's so pale

Mama why are your eyes like bricks

She remembers

Mama poking her puny arm

Life

There are so many things you wish you could say

Life

Tie those loose strings like soccer shoes

To make it through the game

Life

before you lose the ones you love most

Life

Get up it's time to fight one more day

Life

there's always more to say

Life

Stop what you're doing and think is this the
Life
I want to be remembered for
Because it's more than the things you say
It's what you decide to live for every day