

my lungs are full of roses by Joy Kirk

my lungs are full of roses
not beautiful, delicate roses but thick stemmed, ugly ones
in my minds eye there is a garden
and they grow in the far back where sunlight does not reach
they grow even when they should not
in darkness, through flood and drought
they grow monstrous with long thorns and untearable petals
years, i have tried to pull them up
but the roots run deep under everything
so that if i were to upheave them,
all else would come crumbling down
my lungs fill with roses
until i am bleeding from the inside out
how oddly poetic to die so horribly by the hand of something so beautiful
if i were a better poet,
i would craft a dozen poems on the basis of drowning in roses
but i am not. so instead i hold my breath
and let my body become petals and thorns and ever growing roots
until i am myself no more