

I am a flower by P. Reeves

Yes I know
I don't look like a flower
Yes I know
I'm five foot nine
Yes I know.
But I am a flower
a wild flower.

And you could
Crush me
With your boot
Or you could
Pick me
And I could die
In a jam jar
On a shelf
Out of the rain

Or you could
Stand
Very still
And watch me
Blossom.

The choice is yours,
Because I am a flower

A rose... no...
A harebell or a foxglove
Or a gypsylace...
Or a dandelion
With ragged yellow hair
Or petals of mist
In the summer,

It doesn't matter.

I am a flower
And I will grow
With or without you
If you just let me be
Me.

I might even
Shower you
With the odd
Petal...