

flowers & letters



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what a flower means

You place flowers in a woman's arms when you want to make her feel like a girl. The flowers you pick are not in semblance of her blue eyes, red nails, sweet scent of the morning rise. The flowers are a reminder of the fragility of a female existence, of the ability of reliance and dependence, of reassuring your woman of your never-ending love.

Once a year in the second month, I receive an offering of flowers and the subsequent wilt of feminine essence. The flowers remind me that if it all gets too much all of a sudden, I could simply let go, fall in his arms, and live the rest of my life in the warm embrace of love. That is until the scent of the petals fade and back in this illusion do I find my body first, and my femininity second.

The words of *self-reliance* have found me in unplucked moments: assortment of objects left on my table, habit of movements carried by my body, action of intentions performed undoubtedly for a hidden audience. There is self-reliance in seeking to the self for understanding, and others for expressing. *To be with people for them, not for what they can do for me.* I seek people to be in their presence or simply to enjoy our unified presence. I do not seek others to share of my days or my stories, stresses or worries.

I love in the same way. I love to love them, to have them speak their thought aloud in the way I write of myself to myself, and to reveal to themselves their uniqueness, with myself simply an occupant in the room. I aim to be a mirror to those I love to simply have them see the beauty of themselves in complete clarity, through the eyes of a being they trust if a mirror is too daunting for themselves to admit in front of. And so, my mission is to have people heal themselves. I lend my ears and my words and my presence and my embrace for the simple release of themselves in front of themselves. They are not alone if I am there but I am only a mirror made of the truest materials. I will not hurt, but I will reveal yourself to yourself. And as I see my role fulfilled, I celebrate with the final release, and there I go.

Now who is to blame for the last memory of bleeding stalks in the missing shadow of my presence. I cannot stay forever if it is in my duty to heal people. But I must, as you must also, remember that I am myself, too. I am a self that has her thoughts and her words and her worries and her fears. I have my own type of mirror: my pen and paper. I write when I need to reveal myself to myself. I invite the thoughts in as I take my seat by the corner and watch the scene play out. In this moment, I am nothing but a messenger of these thoughts, a recounter of these events, an observer of the scene. I watch myself play herself from a separate sense of self. And what do I see but clarity in my actions and intentions. I see the steps

necessary to move forward, to unload what is unnecessary, to continue on my own. This is challenging, but it is necessary if I must resume to my occupation of being the revealer to others. I must always ensure I have listened to myself before leaving home to listen to others.

And so, that is where I find myself now as I write on my windowsill and look at the slowing city streets. I find myself loving people in flesh when needed and up to their completion. Beyond, I love from a distance. I may leave petals and blood behind but I care from a distance to make sure all I have helped reveal, remain.

I do not love to be loved. I do not open my heart to have it filled by another. No, *I love because I do love*, because I can hear and feel this feeling that is worth all the pain and delusion of something less, something more. I love because I can and because I want, not because I need, nor must.

If I have loved you, I have cared for you as I do now from a distance still. I did not love to steal from you, nor break a piece of you to take for myself. I did not love you to open you up and leave you scarred with confusion once so clear. I did not love you to use you and pull you through every peak and valley of mine, to step on you when unsure of the ground beneath me, or throw to break the illusion of a serene heaven above. If I have loved you, I have done it for the pleasure of

caring for you as another being with another set of beliefs that have formed and expressed your self at the moment I met you.

To love truly is to love for love's sake, not for your sake or the other's praise.

I have learnt that you must first be self-reliant if you must attempt to truly love another for the sake of love.

I believe I love for the sake of love. I write for the sake of myself existing. I live for the sake of reflecting the best out of people to themselves. But once a year do I get reminded of my ability to ask for forgiveness, support, care, dependency. Once a year in a gift of a flower do I find permission to live like a woman and ask for love.

pomegranates

mid-blare, full-glare
and

a walk in the garden reveals
pompous, fragrant, bolstering,
ruby red raindrops
spurting on trees, spilling on leaves:
this pomegranate blood paints wombs
every month that you love me.

mid-night, full-fright
and

a walk in the garden deceives
shrivelled, weightless, worthless,
crippled curling canisters
drying in holes, dying in graves:
this pomegranate stone stains tombs
every night that you leave me.

her name was Daisy

there: a meadow
(behind the trees)
that she walks to

to pick the flowers
(those soft petals)
that call her thoughts

to wring, and
tie, and hang
to dry, and
left, to die.

there: a meadow
(behind the leaves)
that she escapes to

to undress herself
(those poor petals)
to join the flowers

she wrung, and
tied, and hung
dried, and
left, dead.

before bloom

limp flower,
limb wither,

I have borrowed this shelter
enclosed safely in its petals

yet here I lay once more:
rotten flesh on rotten soil

dead flower,
dead flower.

one flower, perhaps

I
in the shadows for long
alone and longing
I see no light, no depth, no soul
no one to help me walk my way

but night fades to day
the light comes before
my eyes that wake, my legs that walk
there are people here, have always been here

and so I ask
for a simple word
“one flower, perhaps”
and what I receive
a bouquet of light

“I am not ready for a bouquet of light
I am not ready for an embrace of love
I am not ready to give it all for one”

so I say;
and so they say

“goodbye then”

and again
I find myself
in the dark
now awake
and knowing of my loss.

.....

after bloom

we walk the path
waiting for flowers to bloom.

we pass the path:
the flowers have already bloomed.

epilogue

I, as a flower, would like to be loved in that manner. I do not wish to be loved by ownership, nor duty, nor expected beauty of my petals that will wilt with the seasons or the dramatic cut of belonging. I am a flower that shall bloom and wilt on my own, as I share my days of beauty with you. And you shall be your own flower, too, exploring with curiosity the world that opens to you as the seasons pass. We will not pluck each other to die, nor glorify the petals we once had. But we will hold one other in roots, to let born and bloom, wander and wilt.

We will know of one another as an offering placed in one's arms and our blossoming together as a gift for another's love.



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