

Clippings

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Eddie Arriola

Alone in field stood a Rosebush
Its petals vibrant crimson
Leaves emerald green
Bees playfully rolled in its pollen

The Florist came upon the Rosebush
He loved the blooms as he knew how
"Trust me"

As he plucked them off for display
In their full glory he captured them
Soon they wilted and turned dark
The Florist celebrated them
"Look what this once was"
As he searched for a new flower
The bees moved on
And the husk of the bloom drooped
"What could I have been?"

The Gardener came upon the Rosebush
He loved the blooms as he knew how
"Trust me"
As he clipped off a bloom
He took it home
And nurtured it
Soon it grew roots
Soft and tender
Grasping for sustenance
The Gardener smiled and encouraged the Bloom
"Soon you will be ready for the sun
"You will have bees in your pollen
"And you will be whole again"
The Bloom pushed her roots out

She saw what the Gardener saw within herself
Soon she was in the soil
Drinking greedy gulps of sun
With bees playfully rolling in her pollen