

# Clippings

## **Clippings**

*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