It ends with me trying to be flowers

Samuel Craig
It ends with me trying to be flowers // Sam Craig

It starts with me trying to draw flowers
but the petals don't look right and
the stems don't look right and
I don't have an eraser
so I crumple the paper into trash
and I try again
I draw hearts and eyes and spaceships
and nothing at all
But the petals don't look right and
the stems look even worse
so I crumple them into trash
and I try again
I crumple forests into trash
and hands into fists
and stomachs into fists
and faces into fists
and lungs into fists
and hearts into fists
I try
and I try again
and again
When I grow weary of it
I plant my feet in the ground
and allow my legs to sink into the dirt
then my stomach my chest my head
except for my hands
those tight little fists
like flowers poking through the dirt