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It ends with me trying to be flowers

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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