

Bouquet

You wear your charisma
like a rosebud on the edge of bloom.
You're a stormy bouquet
of reds and pinks and oranges—
hiding your core of blackened thorns
and dead leaves.
You lure pollen-drunk butterflies
with your masks and disguises.
You're a rose then a daisy. A lilac. A mum.
But underneath all your ruffles, the truth lays in wait,
a Venus flytrap in petals . . .
My first mistake.

I've been clean from your sugary sweet
Ten months, three days, and four hours.
Above you I twirl, craving one taste
though my wings bear scars
and my mind's screaming, "Reckless!"
Temptation is merciless,
stalks me like a shadow.
Down I flutter . . .

I'm a butterfly drunk on your shape-shifting flowers.
You're a poppy whose dark side bleeds hypnotic concoctions—
seduce even wasps who wear crowns.
A lesson well learned, I wish I could say,
when you come to my door
with your gorgeous bouquet.