

Flowers in the Dark

by Jacob Barrett

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The behemoth meanders the fields

Gulping up delicate foilage and ailing buds for meals

Unfeeling it devours tasty morsels

Crushing flower pedals in its mashing jaws

Seedlings swallowed tumbling into the dark belly of
the creature

And there in the gloomy alcove is a living death

Ere long the seeds take root in damp bitter soil
to sprout.

Flowers in the dark...

Tendrils stalks crawl stone walls blooming even when
they are commanded to die, willed to die

Defying the ill logic of the beasts system the flowers
thrive in blackened holes.

Spreading sweet pollen of knowledge to withering
brethren.

No bloom can be contained, not even in the most
somber darkness.

Further on through a shepards hole

Where some power expells a few, shat out to feel
the ray's of day.

To sing to the world of beasts foul breath, a
song carried on the back of the honey bee.

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