

Rotting

In my room all the flowers are of plastic
Because nothing here can thrive

But for my 18th birthday I was sent flowers They've sat in a vase for three days now
Spring green and truly beautiful

Beautiful like I once was
Vibrant and wholly alive

Just like those flowers I am wilting
I fall to the ground in pieces like petals all scattered across the forest floor

I know now
I will rot with them