

Thoughtless offering

Appalled I see the garish blooms
Simmering crudely on the soft stone
Anger clenches its fist in my chest
This thoughtless offering for my
Green fingered sister
Hurts beyond words
I crouch and tug gently at the grass
That grows above you
Your voice rises to comfort me
My mind entwines with yours
And I think
How you would hate these plastic flowers