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The Rose and The Poppy

By Adrianna Puente

I am
not a ravishing ruby red,
or a semblance of purity white.
Not the flower you give to a lover,
or a token of comfort you give to a friend in the hospital.
Nor am I a symbol of romance of new moments to be made,
of old memories to be cherished.
Though I am not a beautiful rouge,
Buds picked to be set onto a bed of down and wine;

I am wild in fields of green and blues. Electric orange-like tangerines in an orchard of trees, my skin's perfume meshed in the summer breeze.

Most times I am forgotten. Rarely chosen for eager hands on Valentine's day but I am my own.

In a potpourri of our colors we each wilt between dried petals - scenting rooms with our fragrance.

Rotting into umber.