

drooping with tiny pink flowers  
your delicate smell was addictive  
using tiny nails to nip off a jewel  
perfect for child sized hands

she would sniff and sniff and sniff  
like an ear worm for the nose  
unable to bottle your perfume

your flowers would warm and wilt  
in her tiny sweaty palms  
yet your growth was never ending

she repeated her simple act daily  
you were strong and mature  
rich in love

until her father hacked you down  
to make way for a car garage  
you were just close, not in the way  
you could have been saved

your beautiful pink flesh gashed  
needlessly thrown in the fire  
never had she felt such anger

or ever seen thick bright pink wood  
she tried to save your soft interior  
she cried for help, she shouted stop

he harshly shut up her voice  
the damage was done  
she wept and wept tears of rage

unable to forgive her father  
for killing her precious flower  
driving roughshod over her feelings  
axing you, her joy of youth

Jo Beth Gray