

I'm only going to give you
one word:
bloom

That's it.
You don't need more than that
You can't even handle that
one word.
You think it's a state? Uh-uh,
this is the active kind; you think
your mind is going to sit still and
play the passive? You think that's
what it's saying? Liar.

I was right to keep it short;
you're already way out of your league; I can
see those ill-bread branches
forking their way out of your ears,
messing up that carefully casual
hair of yours –

You can't make it straight from here;
you're in too deep, and I
put you in there; I did it.
You're in my bloom baby; you're ripening so fast
I can't even keep track of the colors shooting out of your eyes,
protein dripping out of your nostrils; any second now
you'll be bursting at my fingertips,
spilling all over the page;
mess up my scene, why don't you?

After all I did for you.
After all I only did
one thing for you; I only gave you
one word:
just *bloom*

And you made it loud.
When all I wanted
was a quiet bloom
just the whisper of a plosive flower
just a secret tremble behind your forehead
just to pull the string of that word
... and make it tingle.