Flowers in the Dark
by Jacob Barrett
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The behemoth meanders the fields
Gulping up delicate foliage and ailing buds for meals
Unfeeling it devours tasty morsels
Crushing flower petals in its mashing jaws
Seedlings swallowed tumbling into the dark belly of
the creature
And there in the gloomy alcove is a living death
Ere long the seeds take root in damp bittersoil
to sprout.

Flowers in the dark...
Tendril stocks crawl stone walls blooming even when
they are commanded to die, willed to die
Defying the ill logic of the beasts system the flowers
thrive in blackened holes.
Spreading sweet pollen of knowledge to withering
brethren.
No bloom can be contained, not even in the most
somber darkness.
Further on through a shearers hole
Where some power expells a few, shot out to feel
the rays of day.
To sing to the world of beasts foul breath, a
song carried on the back of the honey bee.
Flowers in the dark...