

Growing Pains

I plucked a flower off the stem and it fell to pieces in my hand, crumpling into itself then turning to dust. I watched the powder fly into the trees. But my mind stayed captivated by the once budding leaves – an orange-yellow masterpiece that put the setting sun to shame. They're beautiful. Bright enough to demand your attention, but delicate enough to fall apart with a loving touch. They bloom for the shortness of a day and creep silently back into the darkness to get their beauty rest. When I look to the rest of the dying bush, I think that I, too, must be a Daylily.



I crumple in on myself on the couch, not as elegantly as the petals but with enough of a passing grace to let myself rest awhile. Lifting my shirt, I hope to see the eruption of lava that swirls inside, but it's just flat pale flesh. Inside, crimson tidal waves thrash against rocky shores, kicking up at the surface like a growing fetus. Surely, birth would be like a smooth wake in comparison to the inconsistent surges of rapid current inside me. Like powdered slopes, steep and winding, I run down each white line with steadiness. Ripples in a woman's body feel a lot like the in between of seasons changing form. It's you, but is it? You've been through so much, and what have you left behind? Are your roots still grounded? Can you recover from the pain? Probably not. So, can you live with its presence? Will you let yourself bloom again, even if it's just for a day?