

I Killed My Succulent

Sinéad Mulcaire

Sickly vines creep up the frame of my bed,
Pinning me to the paper-thin mattress.
They worm their way into my head —
A desert where dreams come to die.
I can see the oasis, just within reach,
But the water evaporates at my desperate touch.
It always does.
Is it my fault that my hands are burning?

Happiness is a flower I am trying to grow,
And even though it is a futile thing to nurture a flower without water,
I will keep shoving the seeds into this barren ground —
No matter how many times the petals wither before my eyes.
No matter how many times my poison kills it at the root.
And maybe one day this wasteland will look like a garden,
Maybe one day I will finally bloom.