

But for a Blossom

She walked to a window stained with my soul
Carrying a tired apple blossom and a fishing pole.
She asked, with her head held high if I do recall,
“What can I feel that I can’t see at all?”

The window melted with fluid accuracy
Into a fuel used to power her democracy.
A kingdom spread out before her eyes
And the apple blossom started to spin its lies:

“The world out there is but naught a mirage”
Came the chorus from its toothy jaws.
Unfazed she threaded the blossom upon the hook
And a flick of the wrist was all it took.

He watched as the pink treat sailed out and down
From a long closed window without a sound.
It landed, rolled and stopped near his shoe
The fishing line twinkled like the morning dew.

He grasped the blossom and prepared a thought
Just as the line jerked then grew taut.
The force from up high was apparently unyielding
Unloading tremendous force in the rod it was wielding.

But his grip was solid from years of hard labour
Hence it didn’t do the blossom or line any favour
When the energy reached its maximum stress
What happened next I bet you can guess.

With a crack the pressure was gone from his arm
She fell backwards to no memorable harm.
The blossom was free, so she allowed a tear
Even though she had sought comfort in the fear.

As the blossom in his fist fell to dust
The kingdom behind him turned the colour of rust.
He forgot where he was and walked away
She never got to see his face that day.

She rose to where the window had been

And saw the rust flaking off a beautiful scene.
Towers of bronze were really pillars of gold
They took her mind but left her heart unsold.

A blink of the eye and she was at the bottom floor
The window-hole had become the hole of a door.
A grassy path was her final cue
All she had to do was walk through.