

Man Made

my life blossomed on the branch of a summer sapling.
the lilac you planted was so sweet and strong
it almost distracted me from the decay before us.
beneath the beautiful blooms lay poor fruits
pungent with the sweetest of nectars.

i see now that there is such weight
to know someone for who they are.

beneath this beautiful blossom
lay fruit that is smashed and soiled,
pits left mangled, bare, and exposed.
skin and soul pressed to reflect the sole of the
shoe of someone we both hold.

i remember the time i said i hate you,
i am still so sorry.
inside me, there resides my own pit of,
spoiled by guilt.
you have not held me for some time
but i would still know your hand
in the mess of all the others.

i feel you with me everyday.
your silence in my weak defense,
your calloused hands brushing my cheek,
the weight from the way in which you bend.

i know now that a daughter is as
much of a savior as a mother is.

-Jordan Miller