

## Blooms

She bought me flowers.  
I swallowed their presence immediately.  
Their bouquet licked my cheek.

Upright, they blush from their bow.  
Bullet tipped orchids couple green slick tongues,  
nestled between zeppelin leaves.

They rise to reach me sooner.  
My eager hands possessing:  
petal, leaf, stamen, root.

I see her, pinker than skin,  
red lips looped like a cherry moon  
and a half-drunk potion spins me

back, back, back to our room.  
I count each blossom open.