

Yucca Roots (Pt.II)

Inflorescence in my throat
an itch, unruly in its presence.

Chin downturned, hand grazing the folios
poking the back of my smile.
I tugged at the green between my teeth
and felt the pull in the pit of my stomach
heaving through in the anatomy of my ribs
tangled in veins and vines, tendrils of roots.
Weaving as my palms sprouted daisies,
and little leaves.

I had no choice, but to feel it climb up my tonsils
and let it bloom in my chest.
Just a vessel whimmed to hold
the flowers of ancient guilt
budding in the innocence of my ignorance.