Tomb of flowers

Unrequited love is not much different from flowers blooming in your throat; both can asphyxiate and lead you to death.

You always loved flowers with thorns. Every time we took care of your garden, I made a complaint. I used to hate those flowers. Always a thorn or another ended up piercing me. And then, with all the calm in the world, you explained to me for the thousandth time that precisely the thorns made the flowers more charming.

“They are fragile, you know. This is their way of defending themselves. A vain tentative to be safe. Even with countless thorns, many people remain pulling them out of their proper place. But they never give up, keep creating and creating numerous thorns. I admire them. That's why I raise them. I decided to pay due respect to them. Keep them alive, untouched, and beautifully armed with their thorns.”

That never convinced me. I continued to hate those flowers, but I loved the glow they gave lit up in your eyes every time you spoke of them. So every Thursday I continued to go take care of those flowers. Whenever classes ended I repeated that I would not help her on that day. And when I realized it, I was already in front of her door. Looking over the green fence you all soiled. It was the most beautiful scene of my entire day, my heart longed to see it.

I can't shake the thought that there's something cruel about your choice of flowers to grow, especially when they started to bloom in my throat. when roses whites were spat into the sink stained with blood when the thorns pierced my lung. Choking on blood, all I could think about was how this all turned out unrolled. As a seed of youthful love will blossom into flowers that open and take your breath away?