

The Flower Plant

Female, Age 22, Grenada.

“The Flower Plant reminds me of when I blossom. I will get picked by a wolf in sheep’s clothing who appears so nice and generous so I will fall right in the trap of the cunning words. The rain would fall and I will be all fresh and ready to go but along the way here comes the wolf.

Any time one of the flowers dies a piece of me dies with it. As I look at it lying hopelessly, it brings back pain and agony in my heart. I will cry bitterly in silence, just wanting to kill myself. The wrinkleness, fadedness of its appearance (look!) makes me sick.

Why is life so messed up? Why does my beauty die? Once I was strong but now I am weak. One good day I will be strong again. One day.”