

P-problem in the Meadow

I r-recite the blooming blossoms in a vibrant field.
“P-pansies, P-primroses, P-peonies.”
Birthed in the unkept soil. They didn't try
to produce, yet they did. Sh-shouting,
Cognac, Lavender, Lilac,
at the passerby that admire
their screams for attention.

I force a f-flower to my tongue. I want
to be able to shout as they do.
Bitter-sweet aromas fill my mouth.
Fragmented colors restrain my nervous lips.
My tongue wrestles the remnants
of the once lovely glass. Staining my mouth.
D-dyeing my blood. They ravage,
binding my tongue still. I try to vocalize
my pain but my words
fail to gain m-momentum.

The wind's howl
exposes my naked, wounded tongue.
Wounded by the failure of words.
Its slander entices the
flowers to sway. Laughing.
M-mocking.
Convicting me
because I cannot
p-produce words
as effortlessly
as they can c-colors.

--Daniel Orona