

# flower arboretum

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## Germination

Rainy days are the worst.  
Gloomy clouds loom above  
while raindrops patter against the windows.  
But with rain, comes growth.

The growth of a new plant.  
A new idea, a new beginning.  
Water seeping into the soil,  
molding this new seedling into a wonderful  
flower to be.

Patiently, with rain and sunshine,  
The seedling grows bigger. Slowly.  
But soon enough,  
it breaks through the surface.

Lo and behold,  
A new addition to this world  
blooming with new potential,  
all contained in a dainty, green sproutling.

Imagine the possibilities  
and new journeys to explore  
all from one seed.  
Good luck, little one.  
Have fun in your future endeavors.



## Good Afterbloom

A warm and sunny day.  
Birds chirping songs  
and winds whistling along.  
Flowers swaying left and right,  
dancing to the rhythm of spring.

Children running in fields  
while couples pick flowers.  
Humming soft yet joyous tunes,  
singing the songs of spring.

Why not lay with the daisies,  
With their cloudlike fluff scattered about.  
Or run along sunflowers,  
whizzing through them blissfully.

Roll down hills of poppies,  
Oblivious to the grass stains.  
Or sleep in the lavender  
beds of purple, made for you to rest in.

Flowers, nature, and sun everywhere  
becomes an endless peace.  
So stay a while longer,  
good afterbloom, from spring.

## Dogwood

There was a reason she liked dogwood  
and despised the roses.

It was just there, relaxing in  
its white and pink petals.  
A rare sight, yet it was enough  
to make her stop and stare.

All it did was admire her  
from a distance.  
Not beckoning or demanding  
her attention.

In the background, it lingers,  
basking in the sun calmly.  
Loving her while  
she's in her moment.

The roses are pretty, yes.  
But what lies within are thorns to prick her.  
Unnecessary pain  
just to admire its bud.

Dogwood isn't a common flower.  
But it's hers.  
Always caring for her needs.  
Its branches become her second home.

## Picking Petals

Eighteen petals in a daisy.  
One by one, each petal is picked.

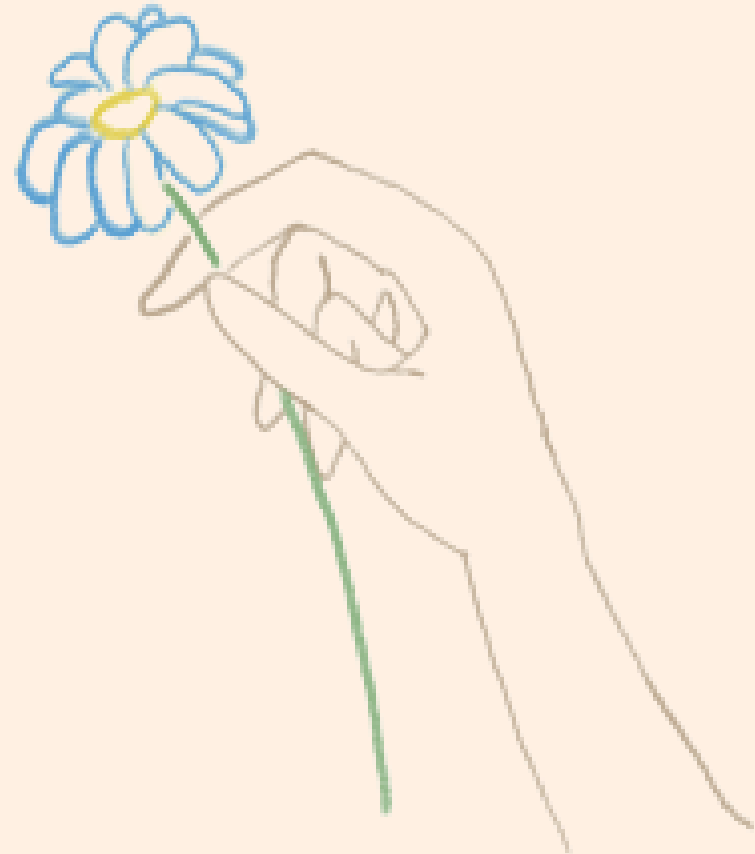
Spending hours with you,  
gathering small flowers in a field  
and laying on the grass  
is the best afternoon of all.

As I hold a daisy in my hand,  
I pick at its petals,  
asking if you love me or not,  
Without letting it hinder my feelings for you.

Soft, miniature fingers  
caressing my own  
all while intertwining its stem  
with more of its new friends.

“A pretty crown suit for a pretty princess...”  
You say, placing it on my head  
with a smile brighter than the sun above.  
It was your way of saying, “I love you”.

Holding this little bouquet in my hands,  
nothing else can go wrong.  
The flowers are blossoming proudly  
but you're the one I'll always pick.





## Loves Me, Loves Me Not

Eighteen petals in a daisy.  
One by one, each petal falls.

He loves me  
for my laughter,  
but he loves me not  
for the silence he left.

He loves me  
for bringing him joy  
but he loves me not  
for taking it away.  
No slice of his happiness for me.

Once a small, white flower,  
simple as can be,  
Now I'm this bland, empty stem,  
drained of your love, hopes, and dreams.

On and on and on,  
I continue to pluck its petals,  
hoping to land on love,  
eventually ending on not.  
But the petals turn brown in my hands

Because I do love him.  
And it turns out,  
he does not.

## Hanahaki

I always loved your blossoms,  
blooming with joy  
and dancing with color.

Though I never thought of you  
planting your invasive vines inside me.  
I'm left to rot and die  
from Hanahaki disease.

My lungs fill with petals,  
painted with my blood.  
Ironically beautiful  
until I cough it all up.

What I thought were your hands  
holding onto my heart,  
were thorns squeezing the life out of me  
and puncturing me from every direction.

You ask me "what's wrong?"  
while looking into my eyes.  
but all I see in you are  
the broken promises and lies you fed me.

Why must it be you?  
Why break me down like this?  
Treating me like your flower  
when I was only a weed to you.

So congrats, I'm dying.  
As I lay on this operating table,  
it hurts to think about forgetting you.  
But for once, I choose myself.

I hope it was worth it for you  
to wilt me away.

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## Forget Me Not

Since we parted,  
It has been a rough phase.

But do not grieve for me.  
Instead, celebrate what we had.

Remember our moments spent  
in happiness and tranquility.  
Let that soft yet nostalgic feeling  
fill you up during your lows.

Throw away the bad times,  
but remember the lessons learned.  
It has shaped us into new people  
As we find someone new to embrace.

Although I'm no longer present,  
I hope to remain in your memories.  
Hold that emotion of our former peace  
close to you so you don't forget me.

You've become my souvenir.  
But in every special way,  
I'll never forget  
the love you made me feel.

## Withering

Time flew by too fast.  
Days, weeks, and then months.  
I get the feeling  
that I'm beginning to fade.

I'm trying harder to hide it  
but my petals are gone.  
Exposing all of my  
secrets and hidden truths.

My colors are fading.  
My petals are wilting.  
My stem is frowning  
and my leaves have fallen.

You can apologize all you want  
or shower me with pitiful sympathy.  
But it's tragic that it can't be helped.  
It was an inevitable end that I have to accept.

I'm sorry for your loss.  
I'm sorry, I've given up.  
It's time for me to be free and finally  
let go.



## Returning to My Roots

Since the beginning,  
pushing through has been important.  
Blooming at the peak  
while putting on your best show is key.

Through the harsh winds  
and cold winters,  
I persevered and kept pushing  
to fully grow into who I am now.

Hot days in the sun  
and gloomy nights in the rain.  
It was worth the effort  
as long as I made others happy.

But all beautiful things come to an end.  
I promise it'll be okay,  
there are more flower fields  
waiting for you.

When the time is right,  
I will be reborn as a new being.  
For now, I bid you farewell, my friend.  
We will meet again soon.