



A Pity by Joy Kuang

Fallen Flowers

Alex Masse

I always take the fallen flowers
The ones that've plunged to pavement from branch
I take them because they've been given to me,
With no need to tear anything free

I press them between my favourite books
With pictures of Pixie Hollow
Ancient ink pressed to secondhand page
And I give them space for a few days,
Let them acclimate, let the harshness fade

Wouldn't you want someone to do that to you, too?
Find you fallen, severed, withering?
Pick you up, dust you off, cradle you in their hands?
Tell you you're beautiful, bring your damaged body home?
I'd like that someday.