

Bloom

Trent McIntire

Leaves and petals bloom,
hidden in the crack of a burning desert,
 outstretched
on the peak of a broken mountain,
 digging between boulders
 and a ravine wall,
choking on a 5th story balcony,
where no other seed would dare fall,

but where the soil is rich
and black, and invites intrusions,
where worms burrow, bees float
 beside birds who sing
 and saturate the air with life,
the beauty of a single blossom
drowns in a sea of its kin.