

Wilderness House Literary Review 21/2

Katrina Fjeld
April Showers

The dirt.
That's where you found me.

Frail green stems,
sole survivors of a storm,
dared to break ground once more. Shivering in a wind,
I still hadn't learned to trust.

The ground was cold, goosebumps prickling my legs. But the sun brought
a steadiness.
thawing ice settled deep within, seeping down to nourish new blooms.

Still delicate, roots not yet set.

Your outstretched hand,
heat surged through fingers intertwined, I mistook it for life.
An invitation to romanticism I craved, and I followed.

Secret gardens.
That's where you took me.

A rose plucked in its prime,
my face flushed at poisonous promises Bright as the blossoms
surrounding us.
A cool breeze racing up my back as your lips touched mine.

You compared violets to my gaze As I drank you in,
Your words taking root beneath my skin,

The drought turned me desperate for even a drop of rain.

I fell,
watering your ego with praise I didn't believe.

Wilderness House Literary Review 21/2

I flourished under your attention,
A cultivated spring I thought was our own. A hand on my back as you led
me out, Locking the gate behind us.

In ruins.
That's how you left me.

Just like the ones before.
A cleansing rain turned monsoon, snapped sprigs floating in the mud.
My growth reduced to debris
in the absence of what I surrendered.

And when the storm faded to gray skies, nails cracked in hardened earth
again.

In soil still sullied by your touch, I planted the rose,
a fragile wish, some of it was real.

I wasn't sure if I hoped it'd take root, or if I wanted it to die too.