

# THE PLANT ZINE




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Would you turn me into a tree or a flower?  
I suppose it would be the one in which you find  
intrinsic beauty.

Do you find beauty in me?  
mean, at least, before you turned me into a tree.

**I QUIETLY WAIT UPON YOUR ANSWER.**

And what should I think of this?

You have turned me into a flower, the first of my kind,  
and then named them all after me.

All because you could not let me go.



**HYACINTHUS  
(TO APOLLO)**

We are spinning tree seeds,  
the name of which I can't recall.



Dancing in the wind,



To burrow into the earth. Feverous. Ephemeral.



**SEEDS**



I stare at the petals of your roses.



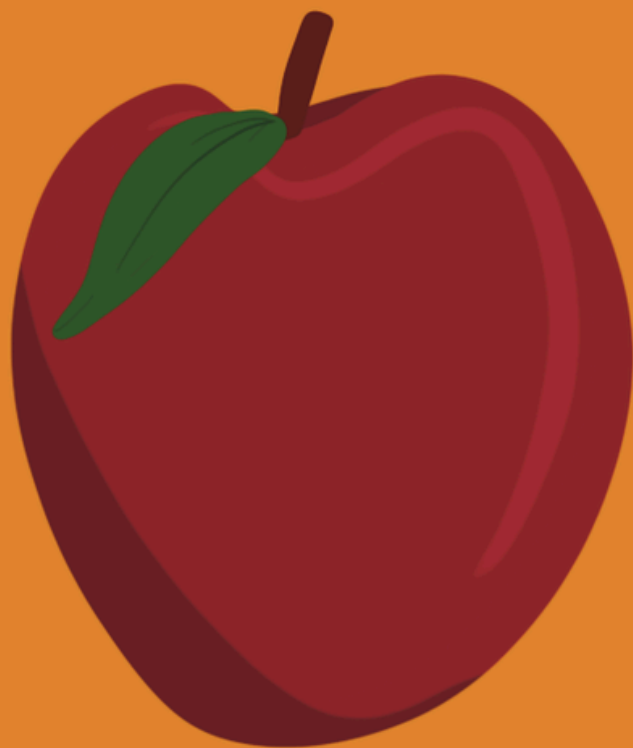
Ordinary angels crucified on  
palm wood crosses.

Enraptured by shades of  
earthly brown.



# ROSE PETALS

Apple? Why is it that you cover  
my face?



The world, because of you, will not  
know my identity.

Ah, nevermind. It's okay. You're much  
more appealing anyways.

**APPLE?**

