Poppy seeds

I planted a poppy garden last year.
It is rather small, just two tiny seeds
but I love them all the same.
They were shy at first,
staying buried in warm soil,
fed by an undercurrent of blood.

They have grown faster since,
making the environment more suited
to themselves.The ground moves aside
creating supple slopes with delicate peaks.
Roots bind the soil in sensation and form,
transforming nutrients into flourishing scarlet.

The process of blooming hurts,
stretching and deforming skin and fat.
With a nectar too sweet for consumption
that stays locked within layers of
compacted earth. The petals are most sensitive,
firing signals down pathways of pleasure with but a gentle touch.

They say that Poppy seeds will wait years
to grow, holding out for the perfect conditions.
My breasts followed the same design,
waiting for the right mix of hormones and acceptance
to break the surface. As Flander's poppies flourished in bloodshed,
mine sprung forth from trauma into tenderness.