

PLANTS ARE SIMPLE
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Plants are simple.

Bury a seed
Give it sun
Cover it in water
And it will grow.

Easy, right?

Well,
My plants are dead.

Or rather,
I wish they were dead.

They sit on their butts
Constantly whining for water
Bearing empty fruit with bitter taste

To which my tongue has gone numb
But I eat them anyways.

I'm fortunate they give any fruit at all

I live on their fruit
And they live on my care.

But lately we have not been so kind to each other.

It scares me but,
As the days go on, it gets harder and harder to tell
the difference between myself and my plants.

We both have the same bend in our backs,
The same gross gray leaves,
And the same weak and weary soul.

It's sad.
Not sad, silly.

I'm comfortable like this.
It's easier.

I don't really want my plants to grow,
And I don't want to either.
I'd rather sit and whine beside them,
In this moment forever.

But alas, no matter how horrible a gardener I am,
time passes and I grow.
And my appetite does too.

Today I'll plant a seed,
On the hill closest to the sun.
Shower it in water,

And hope with all my heart for it to grow
To be the strongest, kindest fruit tree.

Simple.