

Wallflowers

We are corollas on snow paling to posthumous art, and we are great for photographs. Decorated as growth serums, we age backwards and bottle flames to burn forever. Shoot at us the arrows; we'll transform into dahlias in ceramic vases, scented candles, oriental perfumes. Sandalwood incandescent, we exist in mellow whispers, gentle as touch, always moist at the corners, eager for kind eyes. Stitch us into garlands. If we were roses, we would politely eat all the thorns, and break into petals—for bridal showers, cake dressings, potpourris. We are exotic, swear to God, history knows how useful we always have been. The decorated spice trucks, the packaged tea bricks, the auction evenings and elite soirées, remember the blood voyages and the wars waged for a taste of us. In crossing over, we have died and kept ourselves alive. We have always been renewing in papers and planes, but we are not figments of fiction. Read us, we make cameos in literature and introduce new flavours, colours, sounds from the lands your ancestors breached.

All of them came on boats.

We were always good for business.