***Coral Hull***

# BLOOM

bloom, begins my flourishing/ the sun
jumps down my throat,
i grow at a
fructifying rate,
ripping up drainpipe,
tearing through concrete,
dropping
boughs & lifting limbs/
it is a strange
spring, of coming out seeds, of rising
damp into the world/
hot & florid,
catapulted,
activated, into attractive
flowering/ a season of preposterous
thriving,
filling in space with bloom/
prone to weather,
to receiving birds
& bats, a trillion insects/
i am edible,
in full/
i testify upon unfolding, that
i am most agreeable & wholesome,
plentiful,
unparasited & laden with
fruit/ culminating, vigorously, to
flourish,
space with presence, with
petal,
the soft & rosy tints of nature/
delicate, powdery,
in full bloom,
receiving the day
at its maximum/

exchanging pollen by wind/
i have hit
the roof of the world & the watertable,
blooming/
proliferating rapidly: budding
ripening maturing/
catastrophically
propelled from land to sky/
my purpose
to fill in time/ driven,
until i stop on
rock, on wood, entangled/
evolving
purple & scarlet,
drunkenly, pushing through
decay,
that lay at the root, at my base,
at the foot/ brown,
long-gone, soon to
sink in/ but i strike up, move on,
swoon/ joyous,
edible, terribly filled,
with blooming