Fresh Flora, or, Love, Like Other Improvements, Rarely Arrives

in a Tank

Lunch break: an exercise in innocence.
You (seed pod?) arrive at my table with
your long, slim, conical pod (spaceship?) of a
strong-coffee colour and a tail like a fish hook
belonging to a sinister fairy crowned by a blonde,
dandelioned head to complete your punk aesthetic
and sassy aeronautics. Taking your time, you spy
someone else eating their lunch in a wide, open
arch of campus green, and leave me. You land
on their sandwich, you alien soldier of the plant
world, sassiest of the sassy. And in your fleeting
visit to us you say to your freshly fascinated
disciples I am very busy. I have clear intent. I
surrender to my fate. I am what I am what I am
not is you. Then you take off on the invisible
wind like a future Disneyland character, soon
to save the world with your moral fortitude
and superior engineering. Not to mention
fashion sense. And there’s idle me, watching
this scene whilst talking an angry child down
via phone, them thousands of miles away yet
still ruining my composure. I am a stranger
to such mindfulness as yours, and watching
your floral flirtations, I lose my appetite,
sure of being less than you. And when you
fly away I am already missing you like you
were my new best friend already turn-coated,
and not just an interesting, unidentifiable
seedy thing. You are so much better at all
of this than me, I think, as I search for
you in the unpatterned sky.