

“The Victorian Flower Language”

By: The Phoenix Pocket Watch

I lay in yellow roses while you enjoy happiness with a vulgar boy.

He gifts you African marigolds while you decline my red catchfly.

I sent you a moss rosebud, but to no avail.

Although I know you don't look at me like I do, I am flowering like an almond flower.

You are my red rosebud, you have everything and more.

While I'm left alone no longer with hope.

Years have passed, I have grown.

With my beautiful flower store I am on my own.

I think sometimes, what could have been if you understood my love?

One day I receive an anonymous delivery.

It's an Ambrosia with a note on it.

“Sorry for realizing too late”

I crack with joyful laughter, since you finally understood.