



flowers don't shed tears



Flowers Don't Shed Tears

Pretty fools that serve a singular purpose are the sharpest tools in the shed for their disposition. A harbour for silent beauty and tearless faces like mannequins, dressed with fleeting moments of an admiration that never lasts, always aging.

It is elusive as a smile on the face of a clown; temporary, evanescent, in the moment and not before long, wilted and brittle like autumn leaves.

No tears shed; these flowers are easily replaceable, gone and forgotten with past pleasures. It is not the beauty they possess that befriends them. Instead, this beauty is their undoing and their curse. As part of a garden similar to that of Eden, with one flower prettier than the next; standing out is not only a chance taken, but also a wasted effort in a world where flowers bloom on the daily and time is one's worst enemy.