In bloom (over the years)
By Lizzy Wallis

a montage arranged by my iphone 11
featuring photos of flowers flaunting
fullest selves held with a ribbon of generic upbeat
background music. my proclivity for proximity to flamboyance
evident in the volume and variety of photographs. color bursting
from screen, demanding to be seen. so how completely unsurprising
to me that you should make an appearance.
your jawline stretched in a streak of sunlight,
nostrils tilted to greet newly opened petals.
your blooming eyes the first time you shaved your head. the seed of self-love
sowed into your smile the year you told us your pronouns, affirmation
flowering from your lips. next picture: a sapling of stubble
sprouting from your chin.
maybe my phone assumed you mere accompaniment.
but what could this Apple, which has never known a day of seed or soil
possibly know of blossoming? how we know the truth tucked within
the photos - we were witnessing you *in bloom, over the years* this whole time.