

Poppies cry blood

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Born in a field of aliens
Poppy's seed lost in fallow land
Slap bang in the middle of flowers
Wheat, butter-cup, morning glory

They were all bright and so shiny
I tried my best to be like them
But I could not dance with the wind
Because my rhythm was not theirs

I was alone, I was fragile
My stem was frail, my bud shaggy
I had no leaf to hide myself
And not a spine to protect me

As a child, Thistle pricked me
I was injured, raped and bloody
I have been hurt, my petals creased,
My heart consumed by this new shame

Look in my heart
So skim my skin
You'll understand I'm uncertain

A gust of wind, A mere shower
Storm of feeling on my petals

Or just a girl that cut my stalk
And I'll vanish in oblivion

I'm a flower but don't smell good
Red like roses but more discreet
'cause this carmine is just my blood
Not the lipstick of the tulips.

I'm not poison like Columbine
Bitch of meadows in mini-skirt
Luring children to touch her bud
Using beauty, risking their life

I, forsaken little poppy,
That you shouldn't despise so much
In your fields I can enlighten
Gold of the wheat, silver of sky

Don't kill me, let me live
I have the right to be alive
I'm sincere and so fragile
Like those humans who remained pure.

Flora Delalande