

Joe Bruner
Poetry II
Persona Poem

The Joshua Tree

I see you there.
You pink and yellow wildflower friends.
You cacti and tumbleweed together
lost in the wind.
There's another Joshua in the distance
and another there. It might help
if I could say hi,
though only if I wanted friends.
I'm weird. Yes, I know it.
Maybe, I'm damn proud of it.
Your words, they don't hurt me.
They bounce off my twisted, knotted bark
like acorns falling
into matted grass.
I don't need your flowers
or your beauty.
I'm doing just fine,
thanks for not asking.
Every time I bloom, a part of me dies.
But a new branch will grow,
so I'll just stand here
twisting and bending into shape,
crying on the inside.