

A close-up photograph of a woman's face, focusing on her eyes and hair. Her hair is light brown and messy. The background is dark and textured. Overlaid on the image is the title text in large, white, bold, sans-serif font.

FLOWER'S MONOLOGUE

A GALLERY OF POEMS & EXPRESSIONS

by MAE & OMALE REX

A MOVEMENT AGAINST EMOTIONAL
BLACKMAIL & ABUSE

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*All contents of this gallery were written by
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FLOWER'S MONOLOGUE

CHAPTER ONE: I GOT FLOWERS TODAY

I got flowers today,

God I hate flowers.

He's supposed to know this,

I mean, what am I supposed to do with them?

The first time he got me flowers,

He said he just wanted to make amends.

The night before that day,

We had a huge fallout and he hit me.

Well he got me flowers again,

How didn't he remember, that I don't like flowers?

Really, all these while he hasn't been attentive to the things I say,

This better be the last time he gives me flowers or I die.

- MAE

What amends are these flowers for?

What cut's so deep that she got me flowers again?

She had me head over heels only to get me crashing down in despair.

A thousand flowers: roses, lilies, daisies,

wouldn't cover-up the hurt behind these flowers.

When Mama died, everybody brought flowers.

Even her enemies came to the grave with flowers and smiles.

She bought me pain and trapped it up in flowers.

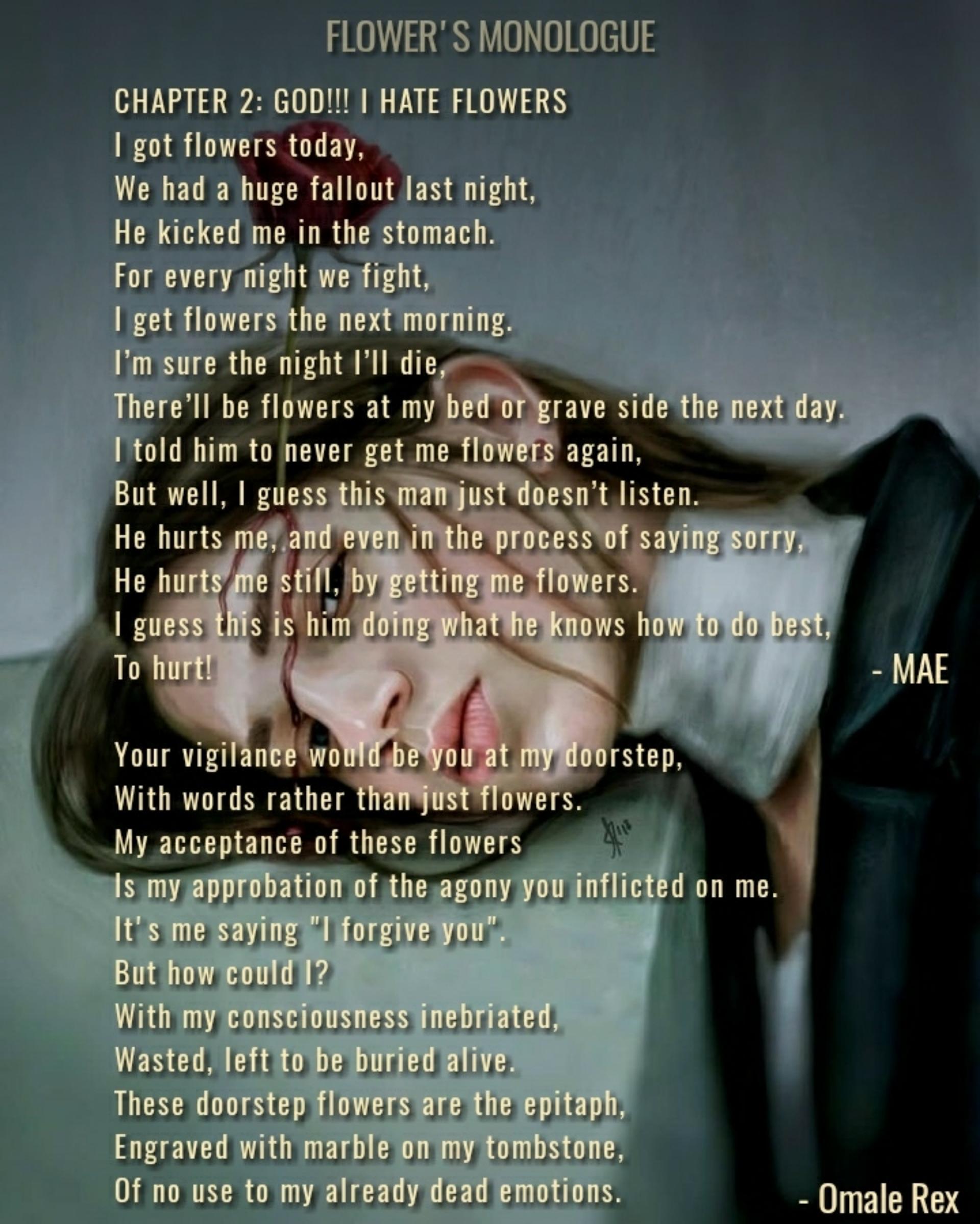
Nothing good comes with these flowers.

How much did it cost?

A thousand miseries and a million tears.

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CHAPTER 2: GOD!!! I HATE FLOWERS



I got flowers today,
We had a huge fallout last night,
He kicked me in the stomach.
For every night we fight,
I get flowers the next morning.
I'm sure the night I'll die,
There'll be flowers at my bed or grave side the next day.
I told him to never get me flowers again,
But well, I guess this man just doesn't listen.
He hurts me, and even in the process of saying sorry,
He hurts me still, by getting me flowers.
I guess this is him doing what he knows how to do best,
To hurt!

- MAE

Your vigilance would be you at my doorstep,
With words rather than just flowers.

My acceptance of these flowers
Is my approbation of the agony you inflicted on me.
It's me saying "I forgive you".
But how could I?

With my consciousness inebriated,
Wasted, left to be buried alive.

These doorstep flowers are the epitaph,
Engraved with marble on my tombstone,
Of no use to my already dead emotions.

- Omale Rex

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CHAPTER 3: NO FLOWERS ON MY TOMBSTONE

If I die, don't bury me with flowers.

I don't need that mockery, it's my deathday.

I already got enough flowers for every buried,
haunted and frenetic thoughts and emotions.

Bury me with a bible of weed,

It is most comforting than these flowers of mockery.

Sativa; she helped me with a happy life.

Indica; she was loyal, had my back whenever I was down.

Purple Haze; wild & young, her beauty I can't rebuff.

Plant them around my tomb, assist me to a trip with the most High.

I know my sins won't get me there, so as to your flowers.

Let the weed make my own heaven.

Atleast, I'll be the most high in a place that's my own.

Offer me a sanctuary of tranquility in death,

But don't offer me a bed of roses.

- Omale Rex

For someone who hates flowers, I get them too much.

I'm scared that even when I die I'll have too many flowers by my graveside,

My spirit won't be able to rest well, even at death.

Why can't he replace the flowers with my favorite chocolates?

Why can't they replace the flowers with my favorite energy drinks?

He doesn't know what these flowers do to me,

Mama got so many flowers when she died, these flowers only make me remember the horrible things she went through before her death.

It's so hard battling with those memories,

Every time i try to tell him how these flowers make me feel, it ends in a fight,

Then he'd beat me again and send me flowers the next day all in the name of making amends.

It's either I walk away from this nightmare or I die!

- MAE

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CHAPTER 4: I'M OVER YOUR FLOWERS

I revoke any thought that upbraids your beauty.

You are indeed peculiar and spontaneous.

But like my lover, I can't love you.

Because of the memories attached.

It significance and implications.

No dispute to your beauty

and what shades you were made from.

For these hurts, traumas and memories,

I must hate you to save myself.

I don't hate you, I hate what you inspire.

Well, you're a replica of my lover.

I still find reasons to defend the violence you invoke.

Maybe you're an accuse to exit this in-vain-love,

Because I can't dare to put an end to it all.

Or just because I can't bare to say these words "It's over".

Till the day my courage walks in,

I'll continue to put the blame on you.

- Omale Rex

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CHAPTER 5: NO FLOWERS AGAIN

I said to him: "Maybe this shit will be the death of me,
But I already said what I said.

I do not want flowers and I don't like them,
I'm not scared to say what I don't like."

For a minute he was in awe,
Because everyone knows I don't talk that much.
And for the first time, he was scared to hit me,
So he left the house.

I knew within me that this was the final time
and there was no going back for me,
And for the first time, there were no flowers for me.
I was really happy,
I survived this one.

- MAE