

Joe Bruner
Poetry II
Persona Poem

The Joshua Tree

I see you there. In your clusters.
All together. You wildflowers and cacti
and tumbleweed lost in the wind.
I'm weird. Yes, I know it.
You don't need to remind me.
But maybe,
I'm damn proud of it.
Your words, they don't hurt me.
They bounce off my twisted, knotted bark
like skittles on a tiled floor.
Or maybe like frozen pellets
that smash into a thousand shards.
I don't need you
or your words.
I don't need your flowers
or your beauty.
I'm doing just fine,
thanks for not asking. I'll just stand here,
twisting and bending into shape,
crying on the inside.