

# Why Would Those Be in the Padded Room?

By: Jacob Parker

I stare across the room and nothing breathes,  
although pink flowers accent white padding.  
Too much beauty for such a place makes me seethe  
with frustration; rightfully maddening.

With every breath that enters my throat,  
the pink flowers wilt – cut at their bases.  
They may as well be on the floor, betrothed  
to my gray matter. That must be the case

As no sunlight has the chance to illuminate  
flowers which reside in a waterless glass.  
Once one petal is flattened by crushing thoughts, it  
has no choice but to fall to the floor, making a pass

By my face, catching my eyes. I now recognize  
the beauty of the white room which the flowers rectify.