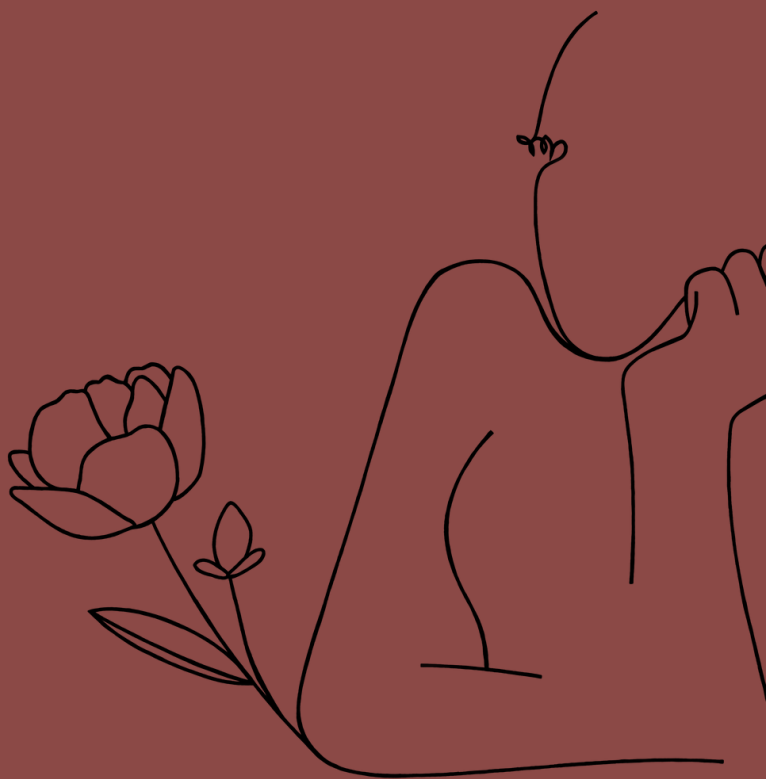


a collection of poetry for the healing and self-discovery journey

Blooming Hurts



by: Keimaya Downey

BLOOMING HURTS

Keimaya Downey

Blooming Hurts. Copyright © 2022 Keimaya Downey

ISBN:

Written & Illustrated by Keimaya Downey

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the copyright owner, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law.

For any questions about usage, please email the author at keimayad@gmail.com

Visit the author's website at keimayadowney.com

instagram: @kwhatever and @mxmentsofbloom

C O N T E N T S

Preface

pg 6

Chapter 1: Roots

pg 9

Chapter 2: Watering Love

pg 15

Chapter 3: Branching Out

pg 66

Chapter 4: Accepting My Petals

pg 101

Chapter 5: Rebirth - Bloom Again

pg 119

family ties

I pay my dues
Even the ones that aren't personally in my name
Just passed down
Inherited
Maybe for my betterment?
I pray all the generational curse breakers put a dent in the defect
I pray for strength
Cause we're turning around big ships
I pray for patience
Cause I think sometimes we measure progress by how quickly
things are coming together/falling apart
Generational bending...is both a science and an art
Let this life be your canvas
I pray your new narrative gets written

If the devil wore shoes he'd wear your size
He'd wear the kind that no one else wears
Just to emphasize how different and unique he is
He would use empathy and place himself in your shoes to make
you feel overly understood
At last, someone that gets me
He'll get you
Get you tangled, twisted, wrapped around his finger like shoe
strings
Tying the knot with your bunny ears so eager to be seen by him
Are those new shoes?
He conforms to his next victim all while knowing that you're
hooked on him like an aglet
Treating you like average
After months of hyping up your existence, pacifying symptoms,
and making your wounds appear easier to carry
He's quick on his feet
Changing shoes to appeal to the weak
Making you feel strong and grounded with faulty arch support
Protect your soul and your soles
Don't get sold on false illusions that lead to confusion
Tie your shoes
Don't trip over the devil

Caressing me gives you clarity
Or maybe it amuses you
Or maybe it confuses you that a woman like me isn't gonna
stroke your ego
I'd rather stroke your ethos
And make love to you through affirmation
You know application means more to me than theory
You can't "Hey Siri" your way to figuring me out
You confused FaceTime with never seeing eye to eye
Calling me the apple of yours with vision blurred and words for
her as an aftertaste
You put off paying attention like you purchased it with Afterpay
Yet I don't give you enough credit
Couldn't get you out my head so I decided to dread it
I put lock and key on my frequency but sometimes you're the
exception
You think my homebody tendencies are filled with deception
simply cause I'd leave my room for you



Dodging a life of sin
I succumbed to the pressure
I danced with the devil for five seconds and I kinda liked it
Am I allowed to admit that?
Am I allowed to admit that I've broken the rules a few times?
That I've committed love crimes?
And spread emotional instability like a virus?
That me and my insecurities see eye to eye like an iris?
Am I allowed to admit that some of my wildest thoughts might
land me in hell or in jail but I think them anyway?
That I lost a bet in a past life that I still pay the debt on today?
I've made minimum payments with maximum effort
I tried to be more like the good shepherd
But bad sheep find black sheep and make them feel wanted

just a vase - extended

Just a vase

Broken, but God still saw you fit to carry flowers

I bloom

A premature conception paired with a premature birth

Maybe we met too soon

You still had life to live

Yet life to give

Vase full with a bouquet

Flowers of potential

Flowers of dreams

I saw those wilt right before my eyes

Flowers of the past

Flowers of hurt

Flowers of trauma

You never introduced me to them

And they never spoke to me

I guess it's safe to say you were meant to be my mom

Despite your lack of a green thumb

Here I am

Here we are

With scars to show for it

I give you flowers of forgiveness and grace

Add those to your vase

And maybe one day our misplaced bouquets can coexist