

## Letter #3

Jess Godwin

Dear Finch,

I read something yesterday that made me cry.  
"See the flowers not the weeds" Finch, I am  
An expert at seeing weeds. I see them in my  
Wrinkle and sunken cheeks the doctor injects  
To get rid of. I see them in my spider and  
Varicose veins the doctor injects to gets rid. I  
See them in mean moms at school. I see  
Them when the kids and I are late, or when  
I don't have enough time for work, errands  
Or chores. My relatives turn into weeds on  
Literally every holiday. I never want to admit  
It, but as I hack furiously at old weeds, new  
Ones grow.  
See the flowers means choose happiness. It's a  
Choice I need to remind myself of daily or  
The weeds will consume me. I want to see  
Plumeria, or anything tropical. That would just  
Be perfect. And happy.

Hoping for a Hibiscus