

The Third Culture

The invasive species sprouts
Through no fault of its own,
And will hope it's unperceived
Until it's time to yank it out.

Maybe it's sucked out the resources,
Or brought disease to flowers past.
Maybe it's nothing much to look at,
And therefore all the more unpleasant.

But isn't this where I was planted,
And do I not deserve to thrive,
When I've shifted into something
You might like?

And yet,
You'll weed me out regardless,
With the garden shears in hand,
Because some things are not meant
For their own land.

And yet,
I may flourish yet,
I've been known to propagate.
And the soil still will nourish me,
Because it's all it knows to do.