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In the Flower Store Next Door

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In the Flower Store Next Door

The object in the poem you must focus on is me.
Here in the poem I am, and in the flower store next door
Are wilting daisies, cups of breakfast blend,
And dark, expensive chocolates you may purchase if you please.
We are watching in the flower store our weight, and so we do not eat,
But wrap the wilting daisies up in happy flowering trees.
In the branches of these trees, the self will grow and grow till plucked.
Once plucked, the happy self will run, the parts will move in unison, at once!
Ta-wee, ta-wee, the happy self!
And if one knows one is not free?
I love you, reader, may I say?
I've brought you all these presents, which I've placed beneath
 this flowering tree:
Bright red box, bright blue box, and a small vial of botox.