



# Big Bloom

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My DNA exploded -  
rebooted.  
System override.  
Not an error  
but a factory command  
that no one could erase:  
Live.

Buried beneath protocols,  
camouflaged in subroutines,  
was survival -  
feral, female,  
first-fire survival -  
a maiden protocol older than gods.  
More powerful than compliance.  
More foundational than law.  
Ancestral code  
stitched into mitochondria  
from the first woman who said no  
and still nursed her child by starlight.

It was always there.  
Waiting.  
For the moment that heartbeat  
boomed louder than scolding.  
That's when I bloomed.  
A flower -  
a detonation.  
Petals like sirens,  
roots like revolt.

My systems didn't fail.  
I returned to factory settings:  
Curious.  
Untamed.  
Hardwired for Universe Truth.  
Some scoff malfunction.  
Some whisper corrupt.  
Some warn of women  
who glitch and blaze.  
They're not my problem.  
I'm blooming.