I don't like plants

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There's a certain plant that grows near my home.
It's a nuisance; it grows wide and deep,
You can never fully tame it.
It must be managed full-time, lest it
Go wild and dangerous. It's got a bark-like shell,
And grows in knots around the other plants;
Killing them.

There's another plant I don't like
That grows much closer.
This one has been growing for years,
Way longer than most.
I've tried to take it back,
To keep it neat; it just grows back faster,
And thicker.

My plant creeps away from the light,
And as it does it leaves burns on my skin,
Clung to me like ill-fitting tights.
Its intravenous root-veins,
Dripped its sap into my blood.
The shapeless entity of nihilism
Come to reap what I had never sown;
Chaos crawls in and makes his home.
But it's still a plant. And plants can die.
Keep hacking, sawing, burning, cutting, trimming, shaving, flicking, freezing, dosing, smoking and bleeding
Then eventually, we'll die.