Who is thinking this poem?

It was a red carnation you first brought home.
In its small dream of water, its bloom lasted for several weeks. Its red glow, alone, was enough to light the entire room.
Which of us was first to wake with its red pollen on our lips?
Which of us will be the one to take it out to the garbage like the carcass

Of a bird we had for lunch? When it is gone will you or I bring another, a hyacinth, perhaps, or a rose its petals falling one by one?
Neither of us able to watch its collapse.
Neither of us able to face the despair when the flowers stop being there.

ROBERT HILLES