

Visiting the Garden

Winter is gone
The sun is out

I open right up
I come right out.

My bright red complexion
My powerful aroma

Creatures come to see me,
Without a doubt.

They know my smell
They know my name

They know what I am
Not ever a doubt.

Every year I am the same,
But they always change.

Till next year my friends
Please stay the same.

I feel you looking
I never move, always still
Frozen like a rock.

I am as bright as a flame
And catch the shining sun.

You're drawn to me
Like a moth is to a light.

I can be a slew of colors,
But my stem is always green.

My stem is short
With my added itzy-bitsy leaves
But my flower is mighty.

I will shine bright
As long as you gaze.

Ryan Guptil