

Floral Beauty

An appreciation for chrysanthemum
Took bloom within her soul during
Her early years of life and began
To flourish as time went on

Passing slowly, the years whisked
By and things would grow all around
Her as her hair drifted down past
Her slim shoulders – long brown

“I wish to grow my roots, soon,
In one place where I can stay
Becoming stronger within myself
Until it is time for me to wither away

I’ll make this body a lovely space
For my spirit of flora to grow and
Thrive, with windows all around to
Let sunshine onto my petals every day”

The flower child’s fiancée watched her
Petals turn in during the night times as
She grew towards light in the daytimes -
A spirit always reaching towards warmth

He liked the way she’d turn to him
As if he were the source of light himself
It felt very special to be the source of
Someone’s deepest endearments

“How can a flower love me more than
Anything else?” He wondered inwardly
“More than the saucer or soil it grows in,
More than the sunlight and space?”

“She makes this home her garden”
He thought to himself while caressing
Her arms that are as soft as the deep
Green leaves on her house plants

“I’m her home” he realized as he
Drifted sleepily into an afternoon nap
She has everything she needs
Including my loving company

With water in the bottom saucer of
A begonia, its leaves unfurling –
Their soil is rich and fervent for
New stems to shoot out brilliantly

The two lovers grow together
Two stalks intertwined
Leaves curling against each other
Opening outwards to greet the day

A quaint young girl and partner
With such deep love for flora
That each would oftentimes
Imagine themselves as one

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