

Blossom Alive

Cracks on plaster
 dance,
 uninhibited,
across the arch of a doorway...
as abstract forms of imagination take shape
in an artist's labor

Dawn breaking effortlessly
As sparkling sunlight catches the dust of age
illuminating the air

 mingling with feelings of freshness...
Unassuming warmth paints
 Scene of serendipity

...no clock intruding to break the moment...

Quiet unshaven man reclines
 worn-out bones
cloaked in dirt-caked denim
on crumbling doorstep
 Reminiscing
Broken free from his former life
shedding suit and briefcase
 artificially manufactured smile
 no selfish boasting
 arrogant manner erased
Unearthing complete relaxed contentment

Plants cluster at his feet
 Scattering randomly
 through disintegrating pavement
A tiny pale yellow blossom flourishes
 peaking above the rest
Growing strong even in its delicate frailty

The girl passes the man everyday
her image burned like the flower
 in his mind
 although she is a stranger
the man notices her wisdom
Sensing her hidden scars
 battle wounds
 despite her pretty exterior

She comes
and
goes...
her whims and flaws:
Perfect
Uncompromised by pressure
of conformists, bent
 on taming her spirit
not a plan but an instinct she has

A knowing eye
 a faith
 a natural ability to be...

Not fighting
 Withstanding
Blows from those whose game it is to try and beat her down
 Keeps getting up
her copper skin glowing with confidence
her jade eyes laughing
 in the innocence of a child
But with the heightened perception of a mother
 for what grows within

A strength inherently existing
now grows purposeful
 Alive
with the revelation
Of a new creation

As she will nurture
with the ease of dawn
of plaster slowly cracking
of a love that grows unconditional

Minutes, days, and years forever new
As the man watches and can see her fate
 as the yellow blossom
Reaching upward