

Three Flowers

Flowers
Daisies, sunflowers, or roes
All models of spring
With every snapshot assume different poses
Live and lie along walkways
Not runways
Pink, yellow or red
Each are voracious vixens
A waiting eagerly to be fed
Daily doses of
Life, love
And laughter.
Seek each for a sniff
And rest assured....
You will live
Happily Ever After

A rose, A rose

Once upon a time
A Crack was born
To the then parents
Stress and Tension
After push finally came to shove
The child evolved
From 2D
To 3D
Last but not least to PreD

As she matured
Into another dimension
One after the other
She continued to grow
Withered from love,
It was merely too much.
As the focus of her parents,
they neglected their marriage.
And as they diverged
She grew greater

At nite, she knew nothing
Other than a simply
Firm flower bed
No Serta mattress.
She laid her head
Upon downy feathers
Not pillows
Feathers of every bird
Under the
cotton candy blue skies
practically from
each one that aviated n flew by.

Bright butter-scotch yellow, A rose,
a rose n slipped through
a nook n cranny in the sidewalk
clouded n colored with chalk
a gracious gratification
of graffiti.
accompanied by

Humbling Hopscotch on the floor

1,2,3,4

Beauty came a knocking
On her door
Of such a trait
All other petal-ed beings
Were deprived of such,
Unfortunate and poor.

5,6,7,8

Others say beauty
Lies in the eye
Of the beholder.
Wait just Wait..
regardless.....
This particular flower
Has got the power
She's determined to
Break-free
And escape the constraints of concrete
she seeks to be rich
On all accounts in society.

Once observed she'd astonish onlookers

With an ogle so sharp
That she gave them
Pelican Pricks
Instead of
goose bumps
Upon first sight
A feature film only shown during
The broad hours of day light

Started at the bottom,
A small seedling.
Like a bamboo tree,
Before anyone knew it
she rose
To the top
Above all others
And will continue to do so
For the remnants of eternity

When close enough to plant a kiss
With a luscious scent,
she tickled my nose
With a beastly bold Bliss.

Her alter ego
Must've been a Chocolate Rose
Cause with that taste
She was good enough to eat
Like a burger fresh
From the grill
No doubt, if anything
It only added to her Thorny Thrill.

Embrace her 'n' those alike
not to mention those who differ
Pretty Please or not.
Don't decline the depths
Of beauty
It is what It is.
Who cares where or upon who
It chooses to strike.
Like Lightning
it's always
a Surprise.