

Life's Flower

As the seed which is me
blossoms and grows
in the garden of life's day

May I not be royal thistle
arrogant and proud
with cold dryness and sharp barbs
keeping all at bay

Nor be a fragrant rose
with soft beauty
hiding jealous thorns that hound

But be instead sweet baby's breath
insignificant
yet, in that simplicity,
bless all those around