

The flower

In the sun,
Shining from corners of my room,
On my family's oaken table,
An expectant flower
Colours my day.
Silken petals and smells of honey
Connect me to nature.
Free, at last!

These walls confine me,
As the vase does to my friend,
My fate astounds me;
Worsened by my own hand.
Why does this flower,
Shine brightly in her cell,
While I just feel sour,
Being stuck in this hell?