



### **A Poem about Flowers**

In a garden where soft whispers bloom,  
Petals unfold in the hush of dawn's loom,  
A tapestry woven with colors so bright,  
Each flower a story, a dance in the light.

Silken daisies nod in the morning's embrace,

While violets blush with a delicate grace,  
Sunflowers stretch high, seeking warmth from the sky,  
Their golden crowns radiant, reaching up high.

In the embrace of earth, they anchor their roots,  
Cradling secrets in verdant suits,  
With dew-kissed faces, they drink in the day,  
Open and yearning, come what may.

The roses, bold with their velvet allure,  
Speak of love's thorns, both tender and pure,  
Their fragrance, a promise, a sweet, lingering sigh,  
Inviting soft memories as breezes pass by.

Beneath the moon's glow, in the cool evening air,  
The night-blooming jasmine unfurls with a flare,  
It dances with shadows, weaving dreams into night,  
An echo of beauty, a glimpse of delight.

Oh, how they grow, with the seasons' embrace,  
One moment in struggle, the next a sweet grace,  
The cycles of nature, entwined in their fate,  
From bud to full blossom, a dance with no rate.

In the rustle of leaves, in the songs of the streams,  
In the colors that splatter the canvas of dreams,  
Flowers remind us, in whispers and cheers,  
Of beauty's resilience across all our years.

So let us tread lightly, where petal paths lie,  
With wonder as vast as the open sky,  
For each bloom is a treasure, a gift from the earth,  
A connection unbroken, a symbol of worth.