



Once it shone with colours bright,
Now it hides away from sight.
Skin is bruised, the sweetness gone,
Time has moved, decay lives on.
Flies now dance where fragrance stayed,
Softened flesh in ruin laid.
Yet from rot, new life takes root,
Hope is born from fallen fruit.
A simple twist and shift, the words conceal,
Only the key can make them real.

