

## The Little Flower

It came out in the most unfavourable circumstances,

It was adored for its beauty,

But was never praised for strength,

It was delicate,or just too protected,

It remained pretty but never learned to fight,

Its petals bedazzled every eye,but no one could see its decaying roots,

It had qualities but strength was not one of them and it would pay one day,

Fate never delays,

Came a light storm,and the little pretty flower was no more.only some petals lying around,dry and parched,

All came and expressed sorrow and grief over the loss,if only they gave it a support,

But why would they,Afterall it was fate wasn't it!

Makes me wonder,what to choose over beauty and strength!