

## **My Bougainvillea**

Gentle, but stronger than she looks.

Grows quietly, never needing attention.

Her smile lingers, like petals, even when she's gone,

Protects her heart, not from fear, but from love,

Even when she's in pain, she's still kind,

Holds so many colors inside her at once,

Listens softly, like the wind listens to flowers,

Stays calm in tough times, and helps me stand,

Never asks for much, but always gives a lot,

Make the ordinary me feel rare,

Even in silence, she says everything,

Exquisite as is, like a pressed flower in a journal: fleeting, beautiful, preserved.

She is, and always will be, my Bougainvillea.