

The Flower Garden
Zachary Tan

Poppies sway in a field of grass,
their blood-red petals dot the hill.
They clump together, sharing
their morning dew.
Their delicate leaves
rub against each other
filling the air with
silence.

On the other side of the hill,
blue-white-pink orchids grow.
Though their petals are dyed
different, their stalks have the same
hue: blindingly
green.

Roses grow at the top. A classic red.
With no black center, they form a
monotonous red hat.
Their thorns forgotten.

The smell of daisies gives away their presence.
Each one smells the same.

City lights burn too bright.