

The Flower on Your Walk

I saw a single flower on your walk
Adorned with petals swaying with the breeze
When I came by to see you, just to talk.

Though by itself, the flower seemed at ease
With life among the many blades of grass
That drank their share of dew beside the trees.

I thought to pluck the bloom for such a lass
As wonderful and beautiful as you,
But I allowed the urge to quickly pass.

To snatch it from its home beneath the blue
Would cause it first to wither, then to die,
With just a fleeting memory or two.

The flower stayed to grow beneath the sky
And comfort every being passing by.

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