

Flower

In the quiet glow of spring evening
A flower caught in warm orange luminance
Floating upon a gently moving pond
Stirs within me a sense of beauty
A wordless beauty overwhelming perception
The heart grows warm and flushed
From this glowing ember in the breast
Spreading from its center through my being
A love intensely longing to be expressed
Love possessed, crying for release
This flower adrift on the surface of life
Accepts no communion from man
Perceives in itself neither beauty nor love
Unrealized and unknown beauty so sad
And to those who would love it - cruel
Yet, briefly it brings an insane joy
Burning love to consume the heart
Trapped and growing within the breast
Engulfing and transcending the imperative "I"

Love limited and contained feeds on itself, dies

When night falls the flower will drift from view

Joy will be extinguished, the glow will fade

Silently wept tears will chill the heart

The flower quietly floats unknowing and uncaring

The world will be no less.