

## **The Story of a Flower**

**February 10<sup>th</sup>, 2023**

Sometimes I think I am dreaming

Yet I feel so very alive

The colors I see appear vividly

And the shadows ahead of me make my petals curl and turn a pale shade of brown

But not the moist mahogany of tree trunks in the springtime

But the withered brown of a perished fruit

Sometimes I feel confident

With a cool breeze blowing

And a robin's chirp in the air

A free sound

An expression of joy

And love

Sometimes I feel tormented

As the sky darkens

And my world turns into an obscure mystery

And the birds fall silent

And the silver moon gazes at me

I shiver

But then I look at the moon again

And realize it is smiling

Sharing warmth

And reminding me that morning will come

And when morning comes

Tomorrow will become today