

Wede Away

(for JMA)

Wisteria soft against a deeper blue,
and hyacinth, youth's talisman: those bright
creations filled my wakening world with light.
I miss the flowers of spring and all things new.

Fulfilment followed promise to a time
rich with the scents and ripeness spring foretold —
honeysuckle, poppy, marigold.
I miss the flowers of summer in its prime.

Sparse as the season fades towards December,
pale soldier roses, rearguard in retreat,
still blossom as they face an old defeat,
while asters linger late into November
to hurl their small defiance at the fall.
— I'll miss the flowers of autumn most of all.

