

## Blossoms

Scents of spring blow away  
How enticing to our senses  
Is the season of the blossoms  
The aged birch stands proudly  
With trinkets of greenish buds  
Swaying with the romantic drifting wind  
Among the old dilapidated railroad tracks  
Dusty stone pavements cracking  
Above the rich soil beneath them  
Soft dandelion puffs swaying away  
Ready to blow away  
Birds singing with their highest emotions  
Existence is to be experienced to our full capacities  
So our senses drown in the ecstasy of life

Renata Dawidowicz

