

Flowers

Flowers bloom in the spring,
By God's wish divine.
Decorating the earth,
Aloft with stem and vine.
Waiting for a soft rain,
They open buds on time.

When winter comes,
And brings its icy chill.
All of the flowers,
Think it's a thrill.
For now, the flowers can sleep,
Amidst their earthy beds.
Waiting for a new spring,
To raise their lofty heads.

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