

A flower,  
Yet to bloom,  
Is but a blossom  
Flushing petals pink  
In a time yet to be grasped.  
Is the potential beauty  
Not ever so beautiful itself?  
Is a flowers beauty  
Confined to its calyx, sepal, and petals?  
Is the creation to be ignored,  
And the product praised?  
What of the months consumed—  
Laboriously crafting the beauty  
Of which we take for granted  
Carving corollae ovate,  
And painting petals  
Yet to bloom.