

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.