

Spring Flowers

by Taylor Faehl, age 12

Flowers are in lovely bloom,
In cupped hands they hold perfume,
Of velvet reds and winter white,
Lovely colors bring delight,
But slowly they begin to wilt,
To be ashamed they were not built,
What can save these royal plants,
What again can make them dance,
Now fully wilted, hot and dry,
To save them we at least must try!
Just then a rumble sounds,
From above it fiercely pounds,
Then a flash through the sky,
Will the clouds begin to cry?
A drop, a taste, a gush, a pour,
The flowers hope for nothing more,
Cool fresh rain, how nice it felt,
Of their troubles it has dealt,
The flowers begin to stand up straight,
They're coming back, it's not too late!
They are happy, safe and sound,
And their lovely scents they've found,
All thanks to that first rain cloud,
Here they stand radiant and proud,
Spreading beauty all around.