

THE FLOWER

Imagine little Jadie's joy
To get a flower from a boy.
And not just any garden weed,
Oh no, a special flower indeed.
A little over six foot four,
It barely fitted through the door.
Its stem was yellow, pink and blue,
Its petals gold, red, purple too
With seeds that sparkled in the night –
A horticultural delight!
The finest flower ever seen!
Enough to make her friends quite green!
...Alas, within just three short days,
It turned quite rotten in its vase
And so repulsed all those who smelt it,
She dumped it, and the boy who sent it.

G.F. (2008)