

An Orchid For My Withering Garden

Lacrimas Profundere

Still drunken of spring's shining meadows
and the myriads of flowers, we shut our eyes
to the beauty and fell asleep...
and oblivion erased our memories of fall
and blinded our eyes.
Overwhelming were the days
as autumn embraced the land and zephyr
kissed the sky with passion ...
but more seldom we remembered
the perfume of a long withered spring
and summer caress faded like a candle
in the wind, leaving a legacy of gold ...
... and still we slumbered
dreamless and forlorn ...
but for the sleepless who perceive
a blossom's tear will be a monument
of those long faded summers
and bears the seed of a new spring
... and those will feel no mourning
as fall grants them a farewell kiss in
the orchid-fields because
their gardens will gleam everlasting ...