

Lizzie's Flowers

By Glenn Currier

One flower after another
too much glory to extract
like the glint in the eyes of mother
more poetry than fact.

How do you feel seeing a flower
surprise, delight, hunger for more
thanks to your higher power
a wish to praise or to adore?

There is nothing to describe that feeling
when hibiscus, azalea or basket of gold
thrust you, send you reeling
such beauty cannot be told.

Lizzie sends pictures of blooms
matched only by her brightness
they remove my moments of doom
and raise the spirit with lightness.

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