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The Flower

Douglas Calder
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The Flower
Douglas Calder

Calder: The Flower

Years have been spent
Searching for it
And then I find
The perfect flower

I admire it
And appreciate it
For all that it has to offer

But I do not protect it
In fact, I pluck off petals
And carelessly cast them aside

In time of storm
I do not shelter it
Rather I protect another

I give my attentions to
A less deserving flower
Yet not a flower at all
It is a weed
Distracting me
Poisoning me

But the flower remains
The petals it still carries
Ravaged by winds of a storm
It should never have been subjected to

I return to the flower
To tend to it
To nurse it back to health

Hoping it is not too late
To salvage this once beautiful flower
And all that it represents

She is With You
Bonniejean Alford

Her soul exists still, changed,
merged with you as you breathe, in your thoughts.
That warmth you feel in the morning, her smile.
That shivering you feel from time to time, her tears at your sadness.
That pressure on your arm, her hand providing comfort.

Her love engulfs you,
present in your heart, your soul.
The storm of life may battle around you, but she is with you,
protecting you with the thunder;
cleansing you with the rain;
Brightening your world with the sunlight.

For now, oh loved one, live your life, even if you feel seemingly alone.
You are not alone.
She will forever be at your side,
her form merely on another plane of existence.
One day, far in the future, you will join her there,
and dance through eternity.