

They bloom in the spring and are beautiful all the time,

Because they're flowers and they supply power for rhyme;

And you can bring the curtain down and put them in a vase,

That when flowers die I dye and the sin I do evade.

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And the blessing of the beauty and faith and the grace,

Is the prayer left for the memory of the sweet life of a flowers face;

For in life nothings permanent and the physical material dies,

And money is the meaning of to meet and the meat that flour lies.

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And the bread and the petals are thrown to the wind,

As the roses and scents of the sweet flowers really sinned;

When the wedding and the funerals and dinner anniversaries aspired,

As we worked and remembered the aspiration and pinnacle pespired.

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And the flowers have a reason and season for each of their kind,

Which leaves me thinking and the drinking and inking of the mind;

And the days go by and the years all come around again for love,

When the flowers again re-bloom to God in the sky above.

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For me it is finding the right one to take and to hold,

To give my life meaning for eternity and live free and old,

For the diamond and chocolate are both really very nice,

But the flower is the most beautiful for infinite paradise.

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**Signed,**

**A Single Bunch.**