



The Red Flower

In the spring she blossoms
With vibrance and pride
A beautiful reminder of our gift to
bear
life She brings with
her the fruits of summer
That changes a girl from a pod to
a flower

Her absence may bring joy
May bring sorrow
May bring hope
A diamond in the rough
To a jewel we would hope

Fall is upon us
We've grown stronger now
Our green is just a little brown

She leaves us all with a different shimmer
But what we have in common
Is the strength of a mother

Winter time is a special one
When she withers and falls to the ground
She takes with her a piece of the sun
And our apples are no longer round

All is not lost
We've still got some time
We've got to watch our caterpillars
Turn to butterflies.

C. Elliot