

"Bunch of Flowers"
Raoul Dufy



Bloom!
As the phantasies lain
in the mind
For its spring,
And the bouquet would bind
Forever, as Thee.

Love
Unshamed
Though it's lost
Is regained.

But hark
Where's the bee?
In the mixture, unseen,
Of life,
And the hopes,
Fighting Death?

Structured the vase - unstained
In the purple
Of the passion, the red
Mixed in green
As the wind in its glow -
Remains pure
Pure in the Beauty that's truth,
Purity; flowers bestow.

Bloom,
Converted
One vase holds the stem.