

Tree in Blossom 'Souvenir de Mauve'  
Vincent Van Gogh

The blossoms burst  
and our ears  
Deafen  
From hearing their cry - silent  
Ignored as the noblest of men  
Search.

For whom;  
Would not the sitting by fence  
in the scene  
of the flower  
search;  
Desolate, Spring  
Remembrance of Mauve.

Soft  
one  
yours -  
I remain;  
The return?

Returned is the flight  
of each Fall  
in the Spring  
Blossomed renew.

But City:  
it falls  
as the tear  
in the garden,  
The loss  
at the cloud of each eye  
sights behind - dawn -  
The fear  
Understood.

