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Prohibition. A License may have a jurisdiction, as defined by Jurisdictions. The URL of the legal text of a License may be deprecated on. A related resource which describes additional permissions or alternative licenses for a Work which may be available. The name the creator of a Work would like used when attributing re-use. The URL the creator of a Work would like used when attributing re-use. A related resource which defines non-binding use guidelines for the work. RDF users might be interested in our machine-readable RDF Schema. A copy is also embedded in this document. Except where otherwise noted, content on this site is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution 4.0 International license Flowers, plants, clouds, wind and rivers... are natural organisms, considered as nature. Nature is the endless source of inspiration in literature and poetry, nature captivates many poets' hearts, in which flowers are the soul, emotions and messages that poets wants to entrust in their poems. For centuries, there have been many famous poems about flowers are considered as a sexy image in the scenery. Flowers are considered as a sexy image in the scenery are considered as a sexy image in the scenery. Flowers are people, people are flowers, flowers also have personalities and emotions. Therefore, poets use the image of flowers as a striking aesthetic, especially in love. Poems about flowers are about flowers are about flowers as a striking aesthetic, especially in love. flowers are not only a product of creation but also an artistic value, a new soul, new beauty, new value. Tulips limited edition flower art from an original watercolor painting by Dean Crouser. The tulips make me want to paint, Something about the way they drop Their petals on the tabletop And do not wilt so much as faint, Something about their burnt-out hearts, Something about their pallid stems Wearing decay like diadems, Parading finishes like starts, Something about the way they're somehow getting clearer, The tulips make me want to see— The tulips make the other me (The backwards one who's in the mirror, The one who can't tell left from right), Glance now over the wrong shoulder To watch them get a little older And give themselves up to the light. The tulips are too excitable, it is winter here. Look how white everything is, how quiet, how snowed-in. I am learning peacefulness, lying by myself quietly As the light lies on these white walls, this bed, these hands. I am nobody; I have nothing to do with explosions. I have given my name and my body to surgeons. They have propped my head between the pillow and the sheet-cuff Like an eye between two white lids that will not shut. Stupid pupil, it has to take everything in. The nurses pass and pass, they are no trouble, They pass the way gulls pass inland in their white caps, Doing things with their hands, one just the same as another, So it is impossible to tell how many there are. My body is a pebble to them, they tend it as water Tends to the pebbles it must run over, smoothing them gently. They bring me numbness in their bright needles, they bring me sleep Now I have let things slip, a thirty-year~old cargo boat Stubbornly hanging on to my name and address. They have swabbed me clear of my loving associations. Scared and bare on the green plastic-pillowed trolley I watched my teaset, my bureaus of linen, my books Sink out of sight, and the water went over my head. I am a nun now, I have never been so pure. I didn't want any flowers, I only wanted To lie with my hands turned up and be utterly empty. How free it is, you have no idea how free - The peacefulness is so big it dazes you, And it asks nothing, a name tag, a few trinkets. It is what the dead close on, finally; I imagine them Shutting their mouths on it, like a Communion tablet. The tulips are too red in the first place, they hurt me. Even through the gift paper I could hear them breathe Lightly, through their white swaddlings, like an awful baby. Their redness talks to my wound, it corresponds. They are subtle: they seem to float, though their white swaddlings, like an awful baby. Their redness talks to my wound, it corresponds. They are subtle: they seem to float, though their white swaddlings, like an awful baby. Their redness talks to my wound, it corresponds. They are subtle: they seem to float, though their white swaddlings, like an awful baby. Their redness talks to my wound, it corresponds. now I am watched. The tulips turn to me, and the window behind me Where once a day the light slowly widens and slowly thins, And I see myself, flat, ridiculous, a cut-paper shadow Between the eye of the sun and the eyes of the tulips, And I have no face, I have wanted to efface myself The vivid tulips eat my oxygen. Before they came the air was calm enough, Coming and going, breath by breath, without any fuss. Then the tulips filled it up like a loud noise. Now the air snags and eddies round a sunken rust-red engine. They concentrate my attention, that was happy Playing and resting without committing itself. The walls, also, seem to be warming themselves. The tulips should be behind bars like dangerous animals; They are opening like the mouth of some great African cat, And I am aware of my heart: it opens and closes Its bowl of red blooms out of sheer love of me. The water I taste is warm and salt, like the sea, And comes from a country far away as health. Please know this tragedy was not your fault take what you hear with a grain of salt reality filtered through personal perception resistor radio buzzing broken reception Sadly sometimes we only receive static dimming luminous light archival attic dreary dark filter adjusts automatically vision voided barren black negativity Inspiration instead lifting eyes love light knowing through daily struggles hard fight spiritual survivors perpetual perfect fatherly love child cared heart held grace glorify God above Standing strong resilient right here beside you His love timeless unconditional eternally true expect even demons darkest hour shall pass walking flowered fields freely given green grass Tethered together healing hearts hand-inhand everything ours God granted promised planned chose charity kept faith observe His command momentous magnificent majestic glorious grand She slept beneath a tree Remembered but by me. I touched her cradle mute; She recognized the foot, Put on her carmine suit, — And see! That was the year I planted tulip bulbs. After a year of eager and patient waiting The gorgeous red and yellow flowers Of mellow beauty filled in the garden. I watched every morning in quiet admiration, The dew drops and bees circling on soft petals. The young tulips in mischievous breeze made, Flower bed sizzle with life, vibrant and aerial. As morning rays spread to light up the sky From tall glass windows of my living room Their exquisite brilliance and soothing aura of beauteous harmony entered into my being. But I didn't know much about tulips then. Soon I came to realize that each stem Bore just one flower, and their delicate Flashy bloom lasted only for a week most. I felt chagrined and cheated for my labor. A sadness prevailed as the flowers wilted And the single stem soon started to limp. This was my first intimate tending of gardening. Nothing much I could do but to miss the tulips And endure the hurt of their short span of life. As spring advanced into summer, the long Herbaceous plants also withered to ground. To see flowerbeds devoid of green was a blow. The intricate planning of nature felt erroneous. The showy life and the quick decay, that the Tulips exhibited was new to my experience. Or should I say that for the first time I was Touched so deeply by the nature is still kind and benevolent. It takes our loved ones never to return again But blesses us again with family and friends. Tulips too bloom every year again and again. They give me a week of their life filled with Amorous beauty and post a cruel message Wrapped in quiet tenderness to accept Mother Nature's workings at her behest. Contra to all light there is No straight paths – but one. So, if yours is a rainbow, after a storm: You'll still reach home a chosen one. God's rainbow is strong... His – is a double helix, bound up? Close to your own heart and soul. You'll chalice all His love up Like a hopelessly sinking vessel Then you'll be his radiant golden tulips. Even; if your stem too is bent. For God's love is strong for you. Contra to all light there is No straight paths - but one. Black tulips, tulips red, tulips gold They warm my heart from the bitter cold. On bending stems they curtsy on the wind Bob on the air, like sunlight, been pinned. In frozen earth crossways hatched at night They weep - close - fall asleep till daylight. Black tulips, tulips red, tulips gold They warm my heart from the bitter cold. In frozen earth crossways hatched at night They weep - close - fall asleep till daylight. wish I were a snowdrop an astronaut. Above the clouds but I'm not, I'm an inkblot. Tiny Tim would probably tiptoe through the tulips. He and his sweetie would lay there and drink mint juleps. They would enjoy the beautiful sunshine. And he softly kissing his lady so fine. And softly stroking her hair of blond. Enjoying the colorful pretty tulips and having so much fun. Because you did, I too arrange flowers, Watching the pistils just like insolent tongues And the hard, red flesh of the petals Widening beneath my eyes. They move like the hands Of clocks, seeming not to move except When I turn my gaze; then savagely In the white room, they billow and spread Until their redness engulfs me utterly. Mother, you are far away and claim In mournful letters that I do not need you; Yet here in this sunny room, your tulips Devour me, sucking hungrily My watery nourishment, filling my house Like a presence, like an enemy. Geared to your intervals as the small hand Of a clock repeats the larger, I, Your too-faithful daughter, still drag behinder, still drag you, Turning in the same slow circles. Across the years and distances, my hands Among these fierce, red blossoms repeat Your gestures. I hope my daughter never writes: 'Because you did, I too arrange flowers.' Brave little crocus, the first to face winter chill, Intrepidly poking its head under my windowsill. You waited patiently for this season of resurrection, To bow your budding head in praise and discretion. The yellow daffodils awaken, tulips purple and pink, Each open their weary eyes with a nod and a wink. In deep ground a place where only flower roots grow, Their instincts sense the first thaw, they simply know. The mercy of dreams lies in this unexpected awakening, The roots, buds, and a wink is a simply know in the proof of th and flowers never the spring forsaking. In velvet folds or exploring fingers, the petals form cups, Peeking in rows and clusters from the warm earth's ruts. The dark ground shakes with the timber of a ghost's voice, Memory's voice again sings sweetly, aroused to rejoice. Winter's curtain is drawn open to reveal the sun's light, Wiping clean those innocent faces of the winter night. Saluting shyly the wind and drenched in morning dew, The unruly blossoms reveal the secret they always knew. \rightarrow Read more: The 30 Most Famous Poems About Tulips White Chrysanthemum Painting by Viktoriia Nedashkivska. Before the white chrysanthemum the scissors hesitate a moment. Translated by Robert Hass Chrysanthemum, Rose, Buttercup. Each morning he would guess a floret that might match Her loveliness. And every night, When he pulled her close under Periwinkle sheets He would admit defeat. "Of course how foolish I've been! No Chrysanthemum can compete With the way your velvet lips flood pink After I kiss you, my love. Not even the brightest rose can compare to the sunshine that pours from your soul every day, my darling." Oh dear Chrysanthemum, You look so joyful dancing with the summer wind. And your petals are the testament of your courage and hardwork. Hello dear Chrysanthemum, You look so joyful dancing with the summer wind. And your petals are the testament of your courage and hardwork. it took you to bloom. Residing on a trellis flowering Rose blossoms falling to be swept-away Arcing to the light distantly stretching Collected in the near-future someday To scent the waters of eternal love But till then hold on, until then hold on Like chiffon white swans a pure paragon The chorus of a song bloom beauteous. Flower-like a star, centre your heart. You are a trellis, white rose flowering Garland all your strength ready to depart A garden trellis calls you-towering. It is your one true destiny, darling Darling, open your heart thorns for support Ah, I don't mind bleeding or exalting To see such wonders of pure art depart. Choosing a time to inherit deaths dart Avoid seasons circling nip devouring Flower-like a star, centre your heart. All existence should be empowering Every today a borrowed tomorrow So till then hold on, until then hold on and yawn. There's a brave little berry-brown man At the opposite side of the earth; Of the White, and the Black, and the Tan, He's the smallest in compass and girth. O! he's little, and lively, and Tan, And he's showing the world what he's worth. For his nation is born, and its birth Is for hardihood, courage, and sand, So you take off your cap To the brave little Jap Who fights for Chrysanthemum Land. Near the house that the little man keeps, There's a Bug-a-boo building its lair; It prowls, and it growls, and it growls, and it growls, and it sleeps At the foot of his tiny back stair. But the little brown man never sleeps, For the Brownie will battle the Bear- He has soldiers and ships to command; So take off you cap To the brave little Jap Who fights for Chrysanthemum Land. Uncle Sam stands a-watching near by, With his finger aside of his nose-John Bull with a wink in his eye, Looks round to see how the wind blows-O! jolly old John, with his eye Ever set on the East and its woes. More than hoeing their own little rows These wary old wags understand, But they take off their caps To the brave little Japs Who fight for Chrysanthemum Land. Now he's given us Geishas, and themes For operas, stories, and plays, His silks and his chinas are dreams, And we copy his quaint little ways; O! we look on his laurels and bays- His Cruisers and Columns are manned, And we take off our caps To the brave little Japs Who fight for Chrysanthemum Land. Chrysanthemum moon how beautiful you are Heavenly is your glow Rising to the heavens You are Embracing all Mother moon Unlimited is your children with care Heavenly you are Embracing all Mother moon Unlimited is your children with care Heavenly you are Embracing all Mother moon Unlimited is your children with care Heavenly is your children with care Heavenly you are Embracing all Mother moon Unlimited is your children with care Heavenly is your children with the heavenly is your children with the heavenly is your children with the heavenly is joy The days of my youth left me long ago; And now in their turn dwindle my years of prime. With what thoughts of sadness and loneliness I walk again in this cold, deserted place! In the midst of the garden long I stand alone; The sunshine, faint; the wind and dew chill. The autumn lettuce is tangled and turned to seed; The fair trees are blighted and withered away. All that is left are a few chrysanthemum-flowers That have newly opened beneath the wattled fence. I had brought wine and meant to fill my cup, When the sight of these made me stay my hand. I remember, when I was young, How easily my mood changed from sad to gay. If I saw wine, no matter what season, Before I drank it, my heart was already glad. But now that age comes, A moment of joy is harder and harder to get. And always I fear that when I am quite old The strongest liquor will leave me comfortless. Therefore I ask you, late chrysanthemum-flower At this sad season why do you bloom alone? Though well I know that it was not for my sake, Taught by you, for a while I will open my face. Why should this flower delay so long To show its tremulous plumes? Now is the time of plaintive robin-song, When flowers are in their tombs. Through the slow summer, when the sun Called to each frond and whorl That all he could for flowers was being done, Why did it not uncurl? It must have felt that fervid call Although it took no heed, Waking but now, when leaves like corpses fall, And saps all retrocede. Too late its beauty, lonely thing, The season's shine is spent, Nothing remains for it but shivering In tempests turbulent. Had it a reason for delay, Dreaming in witlessness That for a bloom so delicately gay Winter would stay its stress? – I talk as if the thing were born With sense to work its mind; Yet it is but one mask of many worn By the Great Face behind. Autumn clusters surround my house just like Tao Yuanming's. I walk full circle round the fence as the sun slowly tilts. It's not that I love chrysanthemums more than other flowers, but that no others will blossom after these blooms wither. Blow loudly on a trumpet Listen to the mighty drum We're here to celebrate The lovely chrysanthemum. You are such a versatile flower You make a marvelous bouquet Yellow, pink, white your colors Mix them for a great display. Sadly, you don't fit in a verse A thought that leaves me numb I wonder if one would notice If I just called you mum.

Read more: White Chrysanthemum Poems A long array of cherry blossoms marching in the daylight are shimmering in white, pink and fuchsia. And as they pass through where I stand, they stop: To caress my open palms; And whisper, "I love you" while exuding scents that say, "Forget me not". I went down to mingle my breath with the breath of the cherry blossoms. There were photographers: Mothers arranging their children against gnarled old trees; a couple, hugging, asks a passerby to snap them like that, so that their love will always be caught between two friendships: ours & the friendships of the cherry trees. Oh Cherry, why can't my poems be as beautiful? A young woman in a fur-trimmed coat sets a card table with linens, candles, a picnic basket & wine. A father tips a boy's wheelchair back so he can gaze up at a branched heaven. All around us the blossoms on the tree, Their scent of sweetness is divine. There are grapes and my basket, So I'll go make a pie or tart. And invite you over to share with me, What was harvested from God's heart. As I watched the cherry blossom raining down It formed a pink carpet on the ground And as the wind tugged blossoms from the tree I felt sure that God was standing there by me I turned my head but all I could see Was another stunning cheery tree Adding to the sea of swirling flowers That was testament to Gods amazing powers But I felt sure that God must be nearby If not on the ground then perhaps in the sky On impulse I search the clouds but he wasn't there Then suddenly I realized – he was everywhere The instant it struck me – I couldn't help but smile And both God and I - just stood and watched a while Then as we watched the petals tumbling across the lawn I realized - God had been with me since the day I was born And now - whenever I witness a glorious sight Like sunrise, rainbows or halos around the moon at night I instinctively know I am not there alone - and I say a prayer For now God and I enjoy his full of strife- This life That's still hoping. walking in a world of barren fields where crimson evening heads for a pillow of ashes, draping tired shoulders in sheets of metal gray while posts line up with flashes of lightning, as the shutter captures a plant shrouded in the ink of the pen, mirroring grainy reflections of salt, he pictures the morning orange dawning on the retina, as he rolls up the blinds, gazing upon the pinch of branching out, a cherry blossom he sees, where shoring strands hug the land, ballerinas dance under the sun, dressed in steps of spring, the green grass grows On blooms of cherry blossoms crystals sit As lovely of a site the snow on flowers, And all that's around completely Blowing through the wind Bouncing across the pavement Next spring they will bloom again I Will pluck from my tree a cherry-blossom wand, And carry it in my merciless hand, So I will drive you, so bewitch your eyes, With a beautiful thing that can never grow wise. Light are the petals that fall from the bough, And lighter the love that I offer you now; In a spring day shall the tale be told Of the beautiful things that will never grow old. The blossoms shall fall in the night wind, And I will leave you so, to be kind: Eternal in beauty, are short-lived flowers, Eternal in beauty, are short-lived flowers, Eternal in beauty, these exquisite hours. I will pluck from my tree a cherry-blossom wand, And carry it in my merciless hand, So I will drive you, so bewitch your eyes, With a beautiful thing that shall never grow wise. Short lived, cherry blossom, yet known for its beauty, Although temporary, it's beauty leaves an impact While being we can learn from the cherry blossom is remembered for the short time in bloom, not the rest of its life developing it's beauty. Let us stand out, be a sight to see And like the cherry blossom, we find our shine. Let us be remembered for our bloom. - Read more: Poems About Pure and Simple Cherry blossom, we find our shine. Let us be remembered for our bloom. - Read more: Poems About Pure and Simple Cherry blossom, we find our shine. Let us be remembered for our bloom. - Read more: Poems About Pure and Simple Cherry blossom, we find our shine. Let us be remembered for our bloom. - Read more: Poems About Pure and Simple Cherry blossom, we find our shine. Let us be remembered for our bloom. - Read more: Poems About Pure and Simple Cherry blossom, we find our shine. Let us be remembered for our bloom. - Read more: Poems About Pure and Simple Cherry blossom, we find our shine. Let us be remembered for our bloom. - Read more: Poems About Pure and Simple Cherry blossom, we find our shine. Let us be remembered for our bloom. - Read more: Poems About Pure and Simple Cherry blossom, we find our shine. Let us be remembered for our bloom. - Read more: Poems About Pure and Simple Cherry blossom, we find our shine. Let us be remembered for our bloom. - Read more: Poems About Pure and Simple Cherry blossom, we find our shine. Let us be remembered for our bloom. - Read more: Poems About Pure and Simple Cherry blossom and the Pure and birth, And from his close embrace Thy radiant face Sprang into sight, A blossoming delight. Through the long summer days Thy lover's burning toward his love, Lifting thy head above The earth that nurtured thee, Thy majesty And stately mien sunbeams bright Westward waving a fond goodnight. Kissed by the sunshine and the dew Under the Kansas skies of blue Like unto sunflowers, the children grew. Bright eyes greeting the sun's first ray Small hands eager for work or play Young hearts singing the livelong day. Kansas sunflowers happy and free Men and women that grew to be Builders of Kansas destiny. Life is a sunflower, anything possible but We have to believe in ourselves and our dreams. Little sunflower girl Dance in the glow of the sun In the midst of the stars And in the middle of the storm Let your eyes were like a sunflower Comparable in beauty With colors patterned In the shape and design Your eyes were like a sunflower They drew me in And swallowed me Down into your heart where I'll be fine, I'll be fine And my eyes were like a sunflower Just like yours But different in color Contracting and eating your existence This moment I cherish Because your eyes hold so many secrets and In that second of gaze connected by a line I could see them all clearly without rose tint I've taken off my pink hued glasses and I see the world through to it's beauty Tainted by past hands Even without the rose applied Will we ever see the world for what it is? Maybe If we look through sunflower eyes Ah Sun-flower! weary of time, Who countest the steps of the Sun: Seeking after that sweet golden clime Where the travellers journey is done. Where my Sun-flower wishes to go. Oh sunflower! The queen of all flowers, No other with you can compare, The roadside and fields are made golden Because of your bright presence there. Above all the weeds that surround you You raise to the sun your bright presence would leave brown and dead. Oh queen of the September morning You watch for the first ray of sun, And salute the bright orb as it travels Till there. bright day of autumn is done. Tho' sickles may slay in the plowman destroy in the field, Yet, still will the corners and by-ways The seed for the future years yield. Then, Sunflower, peep over the fences And cover the hillsides with gold, And out in the cornfields, if tempted, Again take thy claim as of old; Salute, too, and nod to the stranger, Who travels the dusty highway, He'll worship the sun crown you're wearing And love you for brightening his way. So, Sunflower, grow tall in the meadow And spread to the breezes your arms, No matter if some do molest you And try to destroy on the farms, Let thy stalk all the season still gather The sunbeams that come dancing by; And then in September unfold them To dazzle with splendor the eye. Thou burstest from mood: How sad we have to cling to experience! Marvel of thy every atom burning of life, How fully thou livest! Didst thou ever think to turn to cold and shadow? Passionate liver of sunlight, Symbol of youth and pride; Thou art a lyric of thy soaring colour; Thy voicelessness of song is action. What absorption of thy life's meaning. Wonder of thy consciousness,— Mighty sense of thy existence! Sunflowers all different sizes Line a garden wall. Some are short and cheery Others strong and tall. Starting as a tiny seed Growing quickly like a weed. Whatever size they are, you see, Each is special Just like me! Will Gauguin like them in his room? Even van Gogh said he was mad about His sunflowers. Those buds to showing maturity. Then death in its final epitaph not on A gravestone but on the canvas. Spiky twisted stems that epitomise Life in the raw. Of green sepals and bristling seed heads That speak of the passion of life. But Gauguin didn't stay; van Gogh Frustration seen in the melting gold flowers.

Read more: Beautiful Poems About Sunflowers Copyrighted Art by Michael J McGuire 2017 hydrangeas pale blue in the moonlight Just like the last green in a colour pot So are these leaves. withered and wrecked Behind the flower umbels, which reflect A hue of blue only, more they do not. Reflections are tear-stained, inaccurate, As if they were about to cease, And like old blue notepaper sheets They wear some yellow, grey and violet, Washed-out like on a children's apron, Outworn and now no more in use: We contemplate a small life's short duration. But suddenly some new blue seemingly is seen In just one umbel, and we muse Over a moving blue delighting in the green. Pale pink hydrangeas cheered up drain-grey city streets This morning as I, tired, trudged grudgingly to work, A blob of brightness, that a laughing abstract artist Daubed on his pallid canvas to provoke some puzzlement Amongst the casual weekend-wasting gallery goers But, like the impish impressionist's intent to catch the eye And impel the absent-minded passerby to pause, Those garish bracts bewitched my once-distracted gaze To glimpse the other pinks that hid, apologetically, Beside the drab-stone, slab-stone, slab-sto wilful willow-herb and brazen buddleia Emerged to lilt their pastel-petalled counterpoint Beneath the humdrum drumbeat of a London morning, My tiresome trudge to work became a waltz Amongst the hidden floral harmonies of urban life. I'm not the guy you'd want to live with. Take small talk—I'm no good, and when you told me your hydrangeas bloomed (puffs of powder blue outside the door) I could barely nod, much less smile. Take smiles—they seem so natural, even my dog smiles, but me, I need reminding that it's time to get those muscles working right. As for work—I want things done, but when I'm pushed I get exhausted before I try. Although, I did try. Lord, didn't I? I'd like some grace: Take things in stride. Like entering a room and if, say, my shirt comes loose (the turquoise one that reminds you of my eyes), I want to slip it back beneath my belt with a wink that says I can't seem to keep myself together and you'd know I was lying. In fact, I'd speak all lies, beneath each one a truth you'd recognize. My frown, a smile. The tilt of my head, what words could never say. Like those hydrangeas. Without you, no blooms this year. And they're hardly missed. He called hydrangeas purple changeable to see. And so hydrangeas came to be. Mop-headed transplant from late summer, hydrangea macrophylla, blue wave, you were colorless when I brought you home, as if the ocean had travelled a great distance and washedout in your veins The Hydrangeas bushes I see from my window are a vivid blue color Hot and humid today so they do stand out By the way some Hydrangeas are pink The colors seem to come from different soil conditions In the place of your kin I found you, In the meadow left out to dry Your porcelain face, Glazed in white, glassy blood. No carmine kiss had spoilt it On the eve of its last breath, But the flood, the flush Of bluish-purple life-fluids Decaying within your chest. Hydrangeas will grow from the tears you wept, And the crows will carry off the bones you left. Is it best for your love to run out, Rather than be caressed by death? like hydrangeas, you must allow yourself to bleed. to fade from one truth to another like from blue to purple to pink. Perhaps we never truly met until I heard your voice of flowers spill hydrangeas across the carpet of my bedroom at 3 am. Those whispers of nothingness that smell oh so sweetly in the night begin to wither away as sunrise creeps in through the window I forgot to close tight. → Read more: Poems About Hydrangea Flowers Artist: Vincent van Gogh All things uncomely and broken, all things worn out and old, The cry of a child by the roadway, the creak of a lumbering cart, The heavy steps of the ploughman, splashing the wintry mould, Are wronging your image that blossoms a rose in the deeps of my heart. The wrong of unshapely things is a wrong too great to be told; I hunger to build them anew and sit on a green knoll apart, With the earth and the sky and the water, re-made, like a casket of gold For my dreams of your image that blossoms a rose in the deeps of my heart. They weren't red nor was I angry, but with something five shades lighter than passion, I plucked the roses bald. Anyway, they were sorry things. Their nodding heads on such long stems reminded me how tiring it is, always trying to forgive. And besides, I did it gently, pulling petals the way one tugs off an insect's wings, by twos. What my thumb and fingertips began to hear—yes, they listened for it— was the shaggy center's thick dribble, the tiny rip of dismemberment, and, in between, the moment of small panic that comes before—as just before withdrawing a mouth from another mouth there comes that in-suck, that sudden taking back although you've already given it—was the shaggy center's thick dribble, the tiny rip of dismemberment, and, in between, the moment of small panic that comes before—as just before withdrawing a mouth from another mouth there comes that in-suck, that sudden taking back although you've already given it—was the shaggy center's thick dribble, the tiny rip of dismemberment, and, in between, the moment of small panic that comes before—as just before withdrawing a mouth from another mouth there comes that in-suck, that sudden taking back although you've already given it with the comes before—as just before withdrawing a mouth from another mouth the comes are not all the comes and the comes are not all the comes are not al that lower scene Each petal blossoms as a flower once more. How light it lies as having wings to soar, A curve of pink! And how its gentle mien, The soft, rich fulness of its tender sheen, Surpass the clustered rose we knew before! Oh, not in labor's summer-bloom of pride Does life its crowning loveliness disclose. Sweeter the lights in autumn days that hide, And tender age a morning beauty shows. Scatter life's broken petals far and wide: Each is a newer and a lovelier rose. From out imprisoning petals—velvet, red— Thy soul slips forth in fragrance wondrous sweet— A silent subtle presence—never fled, That makes thy mastery over me complete. How can I doubt God and eternal things When I look on thy beauty—lovely rose? A sudden certainty within me springs— The very gates of Heaven to me unclose! Hast thou, then, waited all this weary time From tiny bud to fullest crimson bloom— With hope and patience wondrously sublime Through dismal, dreary months of cold and gloom? Hast waited for my sake—heroic flower— That this great secret—hidden close with thee— Should in the sacred silence of this hour Be all unfolded and revealed to me? Wherever we turn in the storm of roses, the night is lit up by thorns, and the thunder of leaves, once so quiet within the bushes, rumbling at our heels. You love the roses – so do I. I wish The sky would rain down roses, as they rain From off the shaken bush. Why will it not? Then all the valley would be pink and white And soft to tread on. They would fall as light As feathers, smelling sweet; and it would be Like sleeping and like waking, all at once! It was not in the Winter Our loving lot was cast; It was the time of roses—We pluck'd them as we pass'd! That churlish season never fold Belted down with emerald; Venice could not show a cheek Of a tint so lustrous meek. Never such an ambuscade As of brier and leaf displayed For my little damask maid. I had rather wear her grace Than an earl's distinguished face; I had rather dwell like her Than be Duke of Exeter Royalty enough for me To subdue the bumble-bee! O my Luve is like a red, red rose That's newly sprung in June; O my Luve is like the melody That's sweetly played in tune. So fair art thou, my bonnie lass, So deep in luve am I; And I will love thee still, my dear, While the sands o' life shall run. And fare thee weel, my only luve! And fare thee weel awhile! And I will come again, my luve, Though it were ten thousand mile. \rightarrow Read more: Classic & Contemporary Poems About Roses Lavender Fields – Original Abstract Wall Art i It grows at the world's edge Blown by the thin air But holding, rooted there In its swept and else Barren element. Its lavender bloom, And gray leaf's hue, Make it a thing fair That keeps that place, That desolation With secret gladness. ii Inside, in the crystal bowl, All winter its resonant shadow Like ocean shone; Flashed and darkened Beneath its branches Like a living creature. Violet lavender meadow seas by Cornwall's blue and whiteflecked seas say you love me don't wait to hold me I know you feel me like rainbow lavender say when you are mad don't leave without me I want you need me like rainbow lavender say when you stay with me don't leave without me I want you run back to me my eyes cheat me for rainbow lavender say we have chance don't say everyone tells we are drunk a fairy tale of rainbow lavender our trip to the Lavender flowers surrounding We were able to buy the products Made from the Lavender flowers All wrapped in pretty Lavender paper We could have looked at them for hours Then we strolled out to the pond It was really beautiful and so serene I wanted to take pictures Of everything I'd seen The bees were buzzin' 'round Drinking the nectar so very sweet They felt the way that we did The farm flowers were such a treat So come to see this special place They might even give you a little snip To take home with you, my friend As you enjoy your Lavender Farm Trip! It is a spring time beauty Sitting 'long side his friend The blossoms are glorious In my garden it really shines. Walking through my lavender garden. Time sets, and pardons. Life softens, and unhardens. Blue cascading, rivers flow. Flowers blossom and grow. Birds sing love songs, whispering soft, and low. Where dreams live, and suns set slow. And awaken, in the nights glow. There are days when we have our mind's eye set on things needing to be done, and then the lavender scent of other dreams catapults us into the world of distractions. Jumping from one thing and then on to another. Eventually we end up in a hollow world never getting anything done. We've not been to our allotment Covid-19's seen to that But Emily our daughter has been keeping it intact We're seeing lots of pictures which she takes from time to time and I'm pleased to say as ever that it's looking mighty fine But no substitute the pictures for actually being there and by that we're disappointed as the work we'd like to share But in spite of that of course the allotment keeps on growing and Emily, bless her heart continues with the sowing So imagine my delight when today she brought a gift Something from our allotment my spirits for to lift First lavender in its glory fragrant, wonderful, sublime With the promise of abundance when it's lavender picking time Ah Lavender picking time Ah Lavender in its glory fragrant, wonderful, sublime With the promise of abundance when it's lavender picking time Ah Lavend the Heavens Blissful renewal of indigo Blue Lavender Twilight lavender twilight lavender twilight birds seeking their rest on high musically sighing soft murmurs so sweet fill the evenings late hours quiet now at rest heads tucked under wings little souls now full of peace waiting for the dawn - Read more: Best Poems About Lavender Lotus is a painting by Claire Shelby which was uploaded on December 13th, 2012. First blooming in the Western Paradise, The lotus has delighted us for ages. Its white petals are covered with dew, its jade green leaves spread out over the pond, And its pure fragrance perfumes the wind. Cool and majestic, it raises from the murky water. The sun sets behind the mountains But I remain in the darkness, too captivated to leave. city full of lotus eaters sleeping in peaceful apathy; a life with no reality dancing in the wind with a slowly fading mind drowning in the distance surviving by ignorance they eat their lotus flowers drifting hour by hour nothing but a blank stare is anything even there I was the sun, You were the rain. Our lotus flower bloomed, Thriving with life, Screaming in color. We had the perfect flower. But lack of rain, And overwhelming sun- Our flower died of thirst. It was beautiful; We were beautiful. A daunting sky releases the moon's glow on the shy lotus sprouting from the cave's hollow splint. The wind bullies her fragile frame but she stands unbreakable. She is unwavering and fearless. The showering rain chills her spine, but the lotus is numb to its touch. It will not control her fore she has learned to weather the storm. So she smiled and danced in the rain and the mooning rain chills her spine, but the lotus is numb to its touch. It will not control her fore she has learned to weather the storm. envied the lotus flower of the night. In the midst of darkness, There shines a bright full moon, I can see you shimmering, You're the only flower of all the leaves You are the lotus of my life, Lucky charm I call you, For you make me happy When I'm blue. Bloom for me my lotus My heart is in focus I'm in love with you A treasure in my palm Luckiest I am. In our first kiss, Surrounded by darkness, Except the light in your eyes I must have tasted a trace Of a lotus flower upon your lips That flower which takes all thoughts of home And transfers them to the place Tainted by the bloom – Since that first timid kiss, Leading to so many others I cannot think of a place I would rather be Than in your arms To taste that kiss Sweetened by the lotus bloomed, alas, my mind was straying, and I knew it not. My basket was empty and the flower remained unheeded. Only now and again a sadness fell upon me, and I started up from my dream and felt a sweet trace of a strange fragrance in the south wind. That it was mine, and that this perfect sweetness had blossomed in the depth of my own heart. First blooming in the Western Paradise, The lotus has delighted us for ages. Its white petals are covered with dew, its jade green leaves spread out over the mountains But I remain in the darkness, too captivated to leave. The lotus floating on the cool mountain stream, A swirl of light pink, The water around you aren't quite so pretty and pure, No other flower I admire so much you're the only I see; Left with me, you pretty dear of that I am sure! You're quite my treasure, I love to see you floating on your creek, Seeing you is my delightful pleasure; Your beauty I admire and seek. You float onward on your stream, And I lay here in my bed asleep, I quickly awaken from my dream; I feel so sad that this wasn't real I feel like I could weep. You can burn each thorn And pick off every petal I will get through the storm No matter the kind of weather I admit, you got the best of me But it's not over, you see I will rise towards the sky Like a lotus wins its fight I will not be denied the light Like the lotus, I will survive I thought you had me buried Instead, I was growing steady The mud could not beat my soul Which means, I finally let go I admit, you got the best of me But it's not over, you see I will rise towards the sky Like a lotus wins its fight I will not be denied the light Like the lotus, I will survive I made the past look picture perfect But it was just one act, here's to what's next I admit, you got the best of me But it's not over, you see I will rise towards the sky Like a lotus wins its fight I will not be denied the light Like the lotus, I will survive - Read more: Best Poems About Lotus Flower Silverpuff Dandelion Wish is a piece of digital artwork by Nikki Marie Smith which was uploaded on December 12th, 2013. With puff of breath entwined with a wish my energetic breath aims out. Out toward dandelion. And like sacred flying fairies the little seeds take flight. Ready to plant firmly in break of day. Thank you dandelion for roaring with airs whisper to move in grace to go into Mothers soil and bring a dream to sprout. I am the breath you exhale That sends dandelion seeds asail. To you, a momentary pleasure, While it gives my life new measure. You've plucked me from home, Blew me into the unknown. I might be a seed under your boot, My existence could seem moot. But next summer, when you've lost incentive In momentary pleasures, no longer attentive, I'll be in full bloom. Pick me up, I'll rebound again soon. A young princess stoops, plucking a dandelion from the earth. She smiles, twirling it between her fingers, soon bringing the dandelion close to her lips. Her message, she whispers to the tiny seeds. Softly as can be she blows on the dandelion, sending the cotton-white fluff soaring into the cotton-white fluff soarin shiny, humble smile. This wild dandelion grows in the sun and dances to the beat of the world. She floats among the stars Crashing perfectly into Every illustrious constellation. As she shakes the stardust from her hair And dusts her glitter-speckled shoulders, She reaps the benefit Of her selfless, meaningful offerings. Dandelion kisses Blown away by the wind. The feathery seeds left me; In which way have I sinned? I don't deserve these broken shards Embedded in my heart. Was it truly a lie when you told me "'Till death do us part"? I feel most betrayed because I'm lying to myself. Are they just mere myths of inexistent Romance like the Elf on the Shelf? I write from inexperience; I call them 'true lies'. I've never a dandelion kiss, Just slight contact of the eyes. There are no cuts in my heart, Just plain jealousy. My pure white wedding was only A dream replayed endlessly. So I'll tell you this: They say that writing is expressive; But though my words are dishonest I have to say, they're quite impressive. oh dandelion, my dandelion the wind carried your seeds though i never wished for them to land upon me how many times have we thrown our cares to the wind? with arms wrapped 'round my waist i look to the mirror to the wonders i must face how can you know when the wind steals your seeds if they ever did grow? Love is like dandelions, profligate and common. But have you ever picked up a dandelion and looked beyond its reputation? Worn-out words, pretty yellow weeds. Love is boundless; Language is limited. In my garden there was a dandelion I plucked it from where it did grow Like a child I was amazed by its mystery So there upon it. I gently did blow. I made a wish as I did when I was a voung As the seedlings had taken to the air The thought brought me back when I was a vouth And for a moment once again. I was there, Hundreds of her seeds then hit the breeze As they floated and began their wandering It was an odyssey that was created by myself But where would they go, I started pondering, Some took to the breeze to continue their trek And some floated slowing to the ground While some went sailing out of my sight That moment for me was quite profound, In my garden all my dandelions are now gone Their seedlings have been taken up in the wind Each one I released with a wish and a breath Freedom and a new awakening to all I did send, The seedlings soon will find themselves a new home Upon a yard they will land and will lie still Now what once was mystery and an odyssey to me Will now become a reality, as a yellow daffodil. Dandelion drifts on the wind. Cool breezes touch sweetheart's skin. Tall grass looking so green. Mountain air smelling so clean. Fir trees standing so tall. Wild geese flying above it all. Wild horses running free. Sweetheart's love is as sweet as honey from a bee. O dandelion, rich and haughty, King of village flowers! Each day is coronation time, You have no humble hours. I like to see you bring a troop To beat the blue-grass spears, To scorn the lawn-mower that would be Like fate's triumphant shears, Your yellow heads are cut away, It seems your reign is o'er. By noon you raise a sea of stars More golden than before. → Read more: Poems About Dandelion Flowers, I water your soul, in hope that you grow without a single problem. My Lily flower, one day you will blossom and be the most beautiful flower in my garden. My Lily flower. Lily was a pretty girl With eyes a shining blue And copper hair, much like the sun, With an infectious smile, too Top of her class in college Men would stare as she walked by And when her friends laughed at her jokes No one could hear her sigh Imitation was her flattery Everyone knew her name And of course it was no party Unless beloved Lily came Her family was perfect Fully virtuous through and through Making generous donations To match each of Lily's red-backed shoes So each day she returned from school, To her mansion of a home, Ignored the pestering phone calls And loudly killed herself The modest Rose puts forth a thorn, The humble sheep a threat'ning horn: While the Lily white shall in love delight, Nor a thorn nor a threat stain her beauty bright. A summer day can never end Or so it seems each year The longer cycles of the sun Make cloudy skies seem clear Each time the wind begins to chime, And end begins to near A whisper of the softest sort Flows gently to the ear The scent and sight enough are great Yet lilies live for more The lilies whisper poetry As none have heard before The lilies whisper to the day That sends the breeze below It touches ground that none can see Where lilies whisper to the day That sends the breeze below It touches ground that none can see Where lilies whisper to the day That sends the breeze below It touches ground that none can see Where lilies lively grow Beautifully arrayed in white And drinking from the soil Free to whisper their poetry Without the need to toil But flowers do not last the year And newer buds must bloom So short the span of lily life To give new blossoms room The lilies whisper poetry For lilies whisper poetry For lilies of the past Reed, slashed and torn, but doubly rich? such great heads as yours drift upon temple-steps, but you are shattered in the wind. Myrtle-bark is flecked from you, scales are dashed from you, scales are dashed from your stem, sand cuts your bark, you are lifted up, aye?though it hiss to cover you with froth She was broken from the moment that he left her She had watched as every piece of him left home And nursing him through months of pain she listened As his final breath meant she was now alone Rejecting heart felt sympathy from others. And now alone she seeks out isolation Denying friendship, fading every day Until one day her world will fall around her By then she will have driven all away. Like an unwavering Carla lily Majestic, you are valley's beauty Stand tall, strong, dressing purity Poets dream of your wonder and mystery Out in the garden for all to see. Is the bloom of the Spring Lily, Catching the rays of the sun. Anticipating summer and all its fun. Beautiful is this lily with a radiant glow. As water from the birdbath flows. Sweet scent blowing in the wind. One of the sweetest flowers that nature sends. The inspiration of love and the hope of your dreams, And of my poems to mankind to gain wisdom; But you are my lover behind the veil. Life today is like, The government of the people and by the people; And in this last generation to look for a lover, But the scriptures are there to guide us all. Your name is Lily and i love you, And like the promises made all over the world! But you are my lover behind the veil. Let me request you To show me The path of peace. I know, autumn lily, You are wise And good. I know, you are The path of wisdom In this autumn. You are the symbol Of purity, I know, Autumn lily. You said-the obstacle Of existence is life. → Read more: Poems About Lily Flowers You May Also Like:

