

IN PRAISE OF PANSIES

When all else hibernate, with winter's cues,
In deep slumber Mother Nature descends,
You flash your smile in brilliant hues,
You pansies arrive with cheer, not pretense.

You demand not, any special care,
Your demeanor is easy and unassuming.
N'er pride of place, in gardens bare,
Oh! Pansies, enough praises I couldn't sing!

Fragrance there may only feeble be,
But parade of colors do pansies bring,
Naught sweet nectar to draw no bees,
Doth match flowers of summer and spring.

My eyes rest on petals of violet and blue,
Another, purple with brilliant streaks.
Yellow, white, spotty or with deep red hue,
The variety reminds me of imagination's peak.

Bright, with virtues, do you shine,
A beacon, and for others an example.
Will weeds get the message, toe the line,
Flowers they form, fanciful and ample?

Like all creatures great and small,
That bring delight to those who fancy,
Pondering the pleasures beings bring us all,
But none moves me as much, as pansies.

This, the nature's gift to drab winter-land!