

Flowers

They have no mouth, but seem to speak.
A thousand words so mild and meek.
They have no eyes, but seem to see
And busy thought into me.
They have no ears, but
seem
to hear.

All my cries, my every tear.
They have no arms, but seem to pat.
When with worries, my heart is fat.
They have no feet, but seem to walk
Along with me in my dreams and talk.
They, I know, are the flowers so nice
That spread their fragrance a million miles.
Grow a few and then you'll know
How your life is fresh and new.
With a smile so broad, I think my god,
Whose work is to imagine really too hard.

Riya Mathur.
(Age – 8 summers.)

