

In the Meadow . . .

. . . the wildflowers grow
dressed as they are: in colors
from mid-day sunlight
to the deepest violet of days ends,
driving the foraging insects to
a frenzy in their search for that one
with the sweetest nectar.

But as I watch I wonder:
could we find a bloom out there
which might win this prize, except
that its petals are colored
only in a sadly faded moonlight,
so neither the bee's eyes, nor mine
are able to see?

Steve Bloom
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