

Flowers

Cast against the blue sky

A flower is a figure with an aura of presence;
Its scintillating color wrapped in gentle contours,
Sculptured with a spectrum of petals and a stem,
Forming an enigmatic shape -
A piece of human heart hanging for a moment,
But evocative of eternity.

Human heart looks for things which please it:
Images of desire echoing beauty, love, truth, God;
Immortality, transcendence, principles, reason.
A flower has all these and more.

A flower is a peep into human heart:
Effervescent with longings for beauty and truth.
A flower never lies, it has no guilt to hide.
It is a longing frozen on the wing-tips of time;
It is a dream never realized,
But whose idea is immortalized in consciousness:
A memory whose residue echoes in the farthest recess of personal time,
An idea inscrutable in its meaning.

A flower is an icon and essence of our existence.
When we look at a flower,
We do not attempt to understand it -
We just experience it.