

The Eternal Flower

by
Michael Camarata

The giving of the heart
Is like the eternal flower
That, with the timely unfolding
Of each and every petal,
A new and more glorious one
Shall be born
And revealed unto you.

Yet in this, as in all things,
Practice patience, dear friend,
Lest you rend a petal
Untimely from its source
And the new,
Exposed before its time,
Should wither and die.

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