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Mourning Blossoms

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Mourning Blossoms

AJ Yoon (Digital Media 2024)

Petals sing and petals dance, They put me in a steadfast trance. Radiant and charmingly fair, They hang in blossoms without a care.

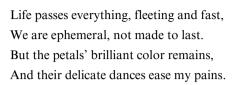
Drifting in ones, twos, and threes, They swirl around in the airy breeze. Across the open sky they float, Far from us and so remote.

Petals fall and petals fade, And gently on the ground are laid Beautiful shades of pink and white, They dance in the sky, bathed in light.

Tossed in the wind like butterflies, They seem most beautiful to mine eyes. Yet they always plummet and can't be found, Until I look upon the ground.

Petals wilt and petals cry. As spring goes on the blossoms die. They rain on the world like crystal tears, Falling through time and throughout the years.

When I am filled with endless grief, They comfort me and bring relief. As the countless days drag on and on, I see them crumble, until all are gone.



For they serenaded my broken heart, And mended what was torn apart. They painted in my soul a masterpiece, My grip on life, I can now release.

Petals die and petals are born, The bare trees, they again adorn. And come spring, as if on cue, The mourning blossoms, they bloom anew.

