

1-1-2024

Mourning Blossoms

AJ Yoon

Messiah University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://mosaic.messiah.edu/peregrinereview>

 Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Permanent URL:

Recommended Citation

Yoon, AJ (2024) "Mourning Blossoms," *The Peregrine Review*: Vol. 37, Article 12.

Available at: <https://mosaic.messiah.edu/peregrinereview/vol37/iss1/12>

Sharpening Intellect | Deepening Christian Faith | Inspiring Action

Messiah University is a Christian university of the liberal and applied arts and sciences. Our mission is to educate men and women toward maturity of intellect, character and Christian faith in preparation for lives of service, leadership and reconciliation in church and society. This content is freely provided to promote scholarship for personal study and not-for-profit educational use.

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.

Life passes everything, fleeting and fast,
We are ephemeral, not made to last.
But the petals' brilliant color remains,
And their delicate dances ease my pains.

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.

