

CASS' CORNER

Kissing Flowers



Peonies and daffodils,
 crocuses and mums . . .
 Love, care and under-
 standing, you always give us some . . .
 Your attraction's like a river,
 an everflowing brook,
 And when I'm in your
 close embrace, I
 Realize I've been hooked . . .

Nothing about you is phoney,
 your concern is never fake,
 You are a goddess like a river,
 flowing into a depthless lake . . .
 On top are ripples and currents,
 sinking me in your love,
 Which has no known deterrents,
 like the piercing blue sky, above
 (you're the ornament atop the cake . . .)

I have never not adored you,
 you are my angel, my divine. . .
 and any/everytime I need some-
 thing, I am proud, that you are mine
 Not as in 'possession' servant
 or a slavery . . . but respect
 and admiration of your utter bravery
 your ability to do anything,
 Apparently infinite powers . . .

I reel in admiration,
 you are my kissing flowers . . .

