

At Night

At night they wait
Closed up tightly
Like a house afraid
The time passes by
Slowly creeping
Crawling by.

When Dawn opens her eyes
They rise
Uncurl
Unfurl
Spreading their petals
Like a bird taking to the sky.

Through the day
The field sways
In the wind
Each bloom and bud
Oscillates.

The young come
And they collect
For the flower crowns
That must be made.

The grown come next.
They reap for bundles
Used to show their love
Bouquets.

The old come last
They put their baskets, blankets down.
They sit and talk upon the ground
For a while.

Then Dusk arrives
Swooping in like
An angel or so.
Bringing cold
And dark.
The flowers know.
They close up tight.
Like a house afraid
At night.