

A Friendship with Flowers

Written and Illustrated
By DM Denton

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Note: There may be slight imperfections in some of the images due to the source of the original paintings.

For all the friends I've made along the way



Once upon an English year
I looked and looked
for what wasn't there.



Until one day,
warmer than the one before,
I found the snow didn't drop
from above
but sprung from below
to cover the ground ...



with the aconite yellow
as sudden a fellow,
a star of sunlight
if not to wish upon
then gaze.



By the window
there's a pot of paperwhites
as sweet to the scent
as they are to the sight:
one, then two, three,
even four and five of a kind
with their eyes so bright—
some looking out,
some looking in.



Crocus can make
such a lovely display of colors
that surely would,
if they could, say,
spring is near
if winter isn't yet faraway.



While
the bells of lungwort
are the first to ring,
pink into blue,
to be seen not heard;

they look as if
they're sighing, too.



This one
is as prim as a rose
for all she knows
of days both short and long;
never too soon,
never too late
to shine
like the sun
is more than one.



The stars of April
are the squill of spring,
bright
and blue
and altogether.



The forsythia flower,
whatever the weather,
slowly forms
all-of-a-sudden;
as well seen faraway
as near.



Look closer
to see and smell
the violets—
all kinds
and colors,
only to be missed
like a chance to be kissed.



Yet,
when I find
a windflower
I find my heart
can love no other.