



## PERENNIALS

When I was young  
I hated planting the flowers  
That only lived a month  
Or two  
I hated watching  
As the thing I loved  
What I dug for  
With bare hands  
Wilted in sun  
Their petals withering  
Turning limp and lifeless  
As the leaves turned bare  
And thin  
They too went dry  
Beneath the sun  
I hated planting flowers  
That only bloomed a week  
I wanted them to live a while  
For bright faces to stay  
For the morning  
But they only lived so shortly  
And their faces they turned down  
The leaves hung limp  
Like tired arms in bed  
But still I planted flowers  
With only a month to live  
Because while beauty shortly lasts  
They raise their faces up  
And bask in midday sun  
And come next season  
They'll be here again

by Cai Kornegay