

## **Bouquet**

Flowers  
are so fleeting;  
age poorly, with slime-slicked stems—  
a poor testament to the everlasting.

While you  
are so enduring;  
ageless beauty, with petal-soft skin,  
so fulgent; presence never lacking.

Still,  
my heart blossoms  
by your very design,  
and all I can proffer, in part,  
is nature's brief, transient kind.

—*Michael Pracht*