

Takai Straw

## In Spring Time

When they stop in my garden to smell my roses scentless  
I wonder will they still find them beautiful?  
When they pick and choose which flowers they love they'll make bouquets of my best qualities  
and care for me in dosages.  
Water my stems and provide my petals with sunlight;  
As if I could still grow without my roots.  
They'll trash my flowers when they begin to wither  
Realizing they only like me when I'm in good condition,  
So  
They'll visit me often in summer time.  
Finding mother in my nature,  
Feeling lively from my colors,  
Intrigued by the mysteries beyond my trees.  
Thinking autumn be the perfect time to fall for me.  
Thinking they falling for me.  
Although we both know the idea of me is better in this weather.  
My leaves dressing my ground now.  
My trees less intriguing and more invasive;  
Taking up space to them.  
Have they forgotten this is still my garden  
That they asked to be welcomed into?  
I knew once winter came  
My white and blue nature wouldn't be as beautiful  
Still I stand strong through the cold season  
Finding reason to grow come better weather.  
To masquerade my vulnerability in the spring time and never show my 4 seasons again  
Cause when it all falls down you'll find you like me better as a friend.