

The Lotus

by thelesbiantreefrog

A short original poem.

The Lotus

Chapter 1 of 1

A short original poem.

The wind dances with violet rapture.

The sun weeps with luscious dew.

The roots bathe in a desert oasis.

Shall not her blossom evoke?

For the glistening bloom of the heavens,

Her petal reflecting earth's ecstasy,

As eternity aches for velvet delight.