

FLOWERS THREE

How lovely is the iris bloom,
How fragrant is its sweet perfume,
A secret hides in every cup
That lifts its waxen petals up.

How beautiful is the trailing vine,
Wisteria—that loved to twine
Itself among the cherry trees,
And shake its petals on the breeze.

How much the gentle Japanese
Seem such a vital part of these,
Beneath sunshades of pink and blue,
The really look like flowers too.

By Alice Whitson Norton

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