

Mother Flower

The trees, the sky, the grass
And every version of me
Walk the lanes of certain uncertainty
The careful crow need not make haste
For violence has been rescinded
The clouds are his to taste
Whither the soft garden grows
Chuckling folly to the wayside
Leaves sprout from brick and mortar
Hitherto they drearily hide
Today the sun is theirs, the air is ours
So leap forth from your granite towers
People, heed my jubilee
For that which is born from flowers
Shall always be sacred to you and me



Jazmin Almeida is a poet, novelist, and photographer who achieved her first publication at the age of 10. Her debut novel, [Fateful Fallacies](#), can be found on Amazon. Currently, she is compiling her first poetry anthology and writing what will become her second novel.

