

ODE TO AN ORCHID
(BUT REALLY A SONNET)
BY JONATHAN SHELLEY

I forget your colors when out of bloom.
Green leaves and stems are all that look at me.
Your once beauty encased in nature's tombs
Outside the purview of what man can see.
Some have at times called you a fickle plant
Because you died before their very eyes,
Relinquishing the grace that was your stamp
And browning yourself in sickly demise.
But I know that this sunset is a fluke,
A simple cover on your nature true.
For in time you will give this death rebuke
And emerge once again in heaven's hue.
All the times in which they see certain doom,
For me is mere prelude of your rebloom.