Magnolia

By Glenn Currier

I see you from the third floor
you there with white blossoms in your hair.
I envy the birds who fly freely
And rest in your shiny green glory.
I wish I could smell your sweet scent
Hold your soft pedals to my cheek
to heal all the blemishes
make smooth the rough spots
witness the fragrance of my serenity.

Copyright 2019 by Glenn Currier Written 5-3-19