

## EVEN THE FLOWERS

*Martins Iyoboyi*

Even the flowers that enchant the morn  
No more can steal your lustre eye from me  
Since I can reproduce the flowers' songs  
And path anew melodies to your glee;  
Nor will I allow that radiance of dawn  
Cheat your sturdy heart with so strong a grace  
Nor you yield to when from nature I drain  
The noblest textures pregnant with a song;  
Hence chide not the combatant to your heart  
But things uncouth, but for me, store the heart;  
Though there is an elegance of a stem  
And the petals tremble when touched by rays  
O beauty, my love for you is not bent  
But defeats other loves and grows by the day.

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