

SOLE SURVIVOR

Francine L. Trevens

Frazzled daffodil, sole survivor
Of April downpours and soaring heat
Your golden trumpet torn and tattered
Yet you remain, bowed but unbeat.
Your time has passed, your day is over
Your turn to rest, withdraw, recede.
Other blossoms shove you, demand
“Drop your petals. Set your seed.
You had your time, you took your day
Now yield to others the stage, the play.”
But still the faded yellow bloom
Holds her trumpet petals fast
Basking in the blazing sun
Until they’re torn away at last

“Sole Survivor” © 2006 by Francine L. Trevens

Contemporary Rhyme Vol. 3 No. 4 2006