

Flowers

by Paul Hunter

Who wants flowers when you're dead? Nobody.
I'll need no florid fragrance to mask my smell as I decay.
Flowers are for the living.

I give you flowers to surprise and celebrate.
To enjoy together, perhaps to paint
An ornamental cabbage, powerfully purple.

I give you flowers to say I am sorry.
Carnations tall, vibrant and long lasting.

I give you flowers when I'm in the wrong.
An iris as beautiful as a blackbird's song.

Deep yellow daffodils herald the Spring.
I give you flowers to brighten your day.

I give you flowers when the nights draw in.
Crocoshia to capture Autumn's Gold.

I once gave you flowers plastic and red.
'Long lasting' I said.
'Cheapskate!' you said.

Please don't put flowers upon my grave,
Or I will come back and haunt you!