

IN PRAISE OF PANSIES

When winter marches on, and all else hibernate,
And in long deep slumber mother Nature descends,
You flash your smile in brilliant hues,
You pansies arrive to bring us cheer.

You do not demand special care,
Nor pride of place in gardens bare;
Unassuming and with easy demeanor,
Oh! Pansies I couldn't sing enough praises!

Fragrance there may only feeble be,
Nor sweet nectar to draw no bees,
The parade of colors that pansies bring,
Does match flowers from summer and spring.

My eyes rest on petals of violet deep,
Another, purple with brilliant stripes,
Yellow, white, spotty or with deep red throat,
The variety reminds me of imagination let loose .

Like all creatures great and small,
That bring delight to us who revel,
About the purpose creatures bring us all,
But none moves me as much, as pansies,
This, the nature's gift to drab winter-land!