

Maya Paper

One:

Don't we built magnificent poems,
Like fingerprints, like flowers

Dressed up in their frocks
Somewhat like a swansong

Somewhat like a bonsai tree
As if human hands never influenced

pretty, massive bulbs from birth
A fate decided, a face in the sunshine

Belladonna bends to the Baltic sea
A small breeze makes the garden shiver

An autumnal fir tree roughens
prepared to shine in snowbeds

Old soil is loaded on the flower beds
The orange flowers glimmering, the color of life

Two:

As you can see
deep inside is a memory garden
A microclimate where bamboo shoots,
echoes of dried peonies climb upwards
the language of birds flap in heliopsis

branches and vines provoke spiders
memories fade
written in lines
of text and pinecones

Thought gardens of handwriting
and fleeting depictions scrawling
research of remembrance
manuscripts attributed to robins

a golden-streaked finch takes flight

Double guess the gardener's hard work,
question the answers given in gardens

what could be more beautiful than growth

Three:

Flowers and fashion transform

The old flowers will fade into
New growth with elegant buds

The exhibit blooms with emotions
the form, texture takes shape in foliage

lovely white contrasting flowers
growing on faceless mannequins

tantalizingly, tirelessly inspiration

flowers are a testament to imagination