

GLORIOUS BLOOMS

Robbie L. Rogers

Flowers high, and flowers low,
No matter whether I come,
Or whether I go.
I see, I feel, I know,
The most glorious blooms ever,
Are presently shining.
Shining, shining,
Glistening, flying,
Brilliantly laying,
In fields of sunshine and flowers.
Is there no more beauty in this world?

Has it all been captured in your eyes.
All blooming brightly, brightly,
Brightly in your eyes.
Oh yes I see your love for me.
Oh, and is there no prettier than your smile?
How saddened am I to think this way,
For when you are with me,
The world can not see,
The beauty in your eyes and smile.

June 1982, September 1983, and February 1991