

## *My Flower*

*By Fleur-de-Lis.*

Upon the dark the silv'ry moon has gained,  
A summer night that God to give has deigned:  
The streams of light into my garden fall,  
And all across each roof and wall.

Violet bells and sampaguitas rare,  
And grasses green and margaritas fair,  
Fresh leaves and fruits—all tipped with silvern hue,  
King nature's sylphs await the honey dew.

There are chrysanthemums of straw and cream,  
Fresh pinks and marigolds that makes us dream;  
There are sunflowers sighing for the sun,  
Cheering the workman till the day is done.

But there is, in a cozy little spot,  
A flower sweeter than forget-me-not,  
Akin to all the seasons of the year,  
A nursing blossom, cheering my career.

More aromatic than the camia's bloom,  
Dispelling all the thoughts that rise from gloom;  
More delicate than the pitimini,  
O Flower! canst thou cast a glance on me?

Ah, thou art white, white as the winter's snow;  
How much you care for me, I do not know.  
Ah, thou unsullied nymph of purity,  
Enchant the air with thy soft melody.

With what light blue thy creamy petals rayed,  
Affecting thee, a touch of pensive shade;  
A blue that makes me look up to the sky,  
Awaiting, longing, with an ardent sigh.

Once more, I think of thee, my dainty flow'r,  
Thou emblem gracing just one sacred bow'r,  
A blossom, lovely and so rare, thou art,  
Thou dwelling in a lonely spot—my heart!