

Wildflower

It takes more than food & soil to nurture me, give me the “Son”
I can’t stay in just one place because there are fields of people I need to meet, not greet
But I want to touch them so they can feel the spirit inside of me and witness to my
Colorful rays because to count all of my colors will take days
I am a melting pot soul with an agenda to call a meeting
It’s the meeting of the flowers because a storm is coming and I know your petals are
delicate and soft to the touch so like never before you need more “Son”...you need his
“Father” too. Don’t be fooled by the blue skies because that doesn’t mean its not
going to rain. I want to tell you that even though I don’t look like you, I feel pain like
you. Other flowers in the field are always trying to figure out my roots, who planted these
kinds of seeds that others can’t seem to produce? Can’t explain it...yes, I’m a wildflower
and I’m always looking for the “Son” because HE is the only one that can keep me
colorful like I am and spread me out in the fields of people so they can feel the spirit
inside of me and witness to my colorful rays.

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