



Lotus

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How you came to be is still a wonder to me,
From the haze of murky waters of invisibility.
In the muddy garden where hardship reigns,
The moment you awaken, everything begins.

You push through the mire towards the surface,
A tall stalk unfolds into leaves with all its grace.
They repel turbid water, keeping them afloat,
From the center, a bud unfolds without a gloat.

Petals are thin and delicate yet surprisingly resilient,
Even the asymmetrical shapes still look magnificent.
Despite the sullied earth, they emit a sweet fragrance,
Silky texture reflects light that adds to their brilliance.

Elegance and beauty in the face of adversity you bring,
A poignant thought on the existence and nature of being.
From seed to blossom, the flowers shall eventually decay,
One ought to celebrate life's grandeur every single day.

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