

Ashley Blanchard, 9

The Kingdom of Undying Flowers

The crunchy grass crinkles like a plastic bag
While delicate leaves flutter down to rest upon it
And graceful flowers slowly begin to wilt.

In the distance waves a vibrant flag
But its colors are dulled, for it is moonlit
The flag is grounded yet its base is a tilt

Noticing this, a noble rider reaches into his saddlebag
He waits for the morning to come when the flag is sunlit
And saunters over to the flag, feeling no guilt.

He pulls it out of the ground and plants a new flag
And takes a knife to the old, making a slit.
With his newly claimed land there is an empire to be built

So he gets to work, heavy logs he drags
All it takes is some determination and grit
To stitch together a city like a beautiful quilt.

When it's done, he admires his riches from rags
He's become a king from a misfit
And unlike a dying flower, he will not let his kingdom wilt.

Bloom
Mina Dinh, 9
Mixed media

