

A Poem for Parents

Dear Parents,
I've worked with your flower,
And helped it to grow.
I'm returning it now,
But I want you to know...

This flower is precious,
As dear as can be.
Love it, take care of it,
And you will see...

A bright new bloom,
With every day.
It grew and blossomed
In such a wonderful way.

In September just a bud,
January a bloom.
Now a lovely blossom
I'm returning in June.

Remember, this flower,
As dear as can be,
Though rightfully yours,
Part will always belong to me.

-Author Unknown