

The Flowers of the Night

When daylight fades and heavens part,
The dark unveils its secret blooms;
Glimmering constellations in the dark,
Unfolding bright in velvet glooms.
They shimmer through the silent hours,
White blooms of night, celestial flowers.

No earthly root nor tender stem
Supports their silver, fragile light;
Yet high above the midnight's hem
They blossom in the depths of night.
No gardener's hand their growth empowers,
They rise alone as midnight flowers.

In silent fields of boundless air
They scatter seeds of distant flame;
Each fragile bloom hangs trembling there,
Yet none are ever quite the same.
They flourish past the daylight's powers,
These quiet, steadfast, shining flowers.

And when the eastern skies grow pale,
Their petals fade from mortal sight;
They fold within the coming veil
Of dawn's encroaching, golden light.
Until once more in twilight's hours,
All heaven wakes its hidden flowers.