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A Humble Life

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A child protected by layers
till I blossom into my youth
Opening myself, though not in a manner uncouth
Absorbing all colours of life in self own
I strut, I sway, I dance, full blown.

My fragrance intoxicates the senses
To inhale my fresh aroma
Who does not want to cross the fences?
In valleys, in gardens I do bloom
My sensuous perfume may arouse a luscious desire,
In cushiony comfort, when ready are bride and groom
My versatility has the charm to lure,
My delicate odor can lift a drooping spirit for sure
On any start propitious welcome warm I accord,
When I get trampled by nonchalant feet,
I still put up a smile; no intention to prod.
When life comes full circle,
I again have a role to play.
To embalm the soul in the sleep,
till eternity is its stay.
On a hero's grave my wreath is a tribute
Humble pride I feel to give this salute.

Underneath my joyous charm is the tragic fate
Trampled, withered, pulled down,
If not early, sometimes late
My anguish I keep concealed,

My emotions genuine, to see all healed
This may be my swansong I shared with you,
My funeral may be attended by few.