



Blooming Dreams

When a flower blooms

A story of colour

The wandering girl who stumbles upon truth
In an alternate reality, all of her own
Breezy – floating effortlessly
Making way through the leaves of the forest





The girl seeks home again
Yet the world is changed anew
Bright sunlight lights up the scenery
And a touch of red draws her in for more



Curiosity piqued with interest in elegance
As the mantle of night embraces it all
A hue in transformation
A flower of softness and elegant illusions

Stained hands that mark the glory
Of the days when magic would appear
The planted seed of blooming dreams
That paints the world in shades of red





Layered beauty wrapped in one
Composed so naturally; so delicately
The contrasted colours that spark in the eyes
Decorate every corner with zeal and uniqueness



A rediscovery phase that changes the world
Petals flowing through water, adaptable – honest
The fragrance of subtle affection drowns the body
And the rhythm of feminine dance charms the mind

When a flower blooms it shakes it all
And the girl is a woman – cultured and whole
Standing proud and flaunting the volume
But with the graceful touch of silky nature



Home is but a wish of the heart
And the roots of one take place much deep
The blooming hearts, the wholesome dreams
The magic of becoming who we are.



