

15 YEARS RESTRICTED

JACARANDAS LYN HURRY

Jacarandas by Lyn Hurry

As if by signal,
 The jacarandas bloom;
 And for a time
 Landscapes are an accent of purple.
 Mauve carpets are laid down
 So gently,
 So silently,
 Like fairy quilts for the spring grass.

Avenues of blossom form precious canopies,
 Cascading to the coverlet below
 In tranquil splendour.

Along river banks the trees display their glory
 —
 Duplicated in reflection;
 And people exclaim,
 "Aren't they lovely!"

Children delight in bold patches of purple
 Amid the greens and golds and browns.
 Don't disturb the carpet!
 Look! There's a huge one covering that lawn.

Feather-light petals flutter gracefully
 To the spreading circle below,
 Leaving silken silhouettes —
 Motionless.

But passing storms have furious intent.
 Demon displays split the skies;
 Callous torrents torment the treetops,
 Strip the blossoms,
 Eagerly gobbled by greedy gutters.

All the pretty carpets are swirled away.

Yet there is hope;
 Still the jacaranda is assurance:
 Mauve carpets will appear
 So gently,
 So silently.

Oh, that a jacaranda might envelope me
 In its purple promise of summer:
 Transformation to a mystical statue,
 Advertising creation.