

Geraniums ~ Haiku

Pamela Trosino

Geraniums bloom
lipstick hues pressed against glass
ready to glory.

Front porch steps and graves
red warns of coming strangers
pink used for love spells.

Victorians' fools
symbols of friendship truest
heralds of summer.

No grand pedigree
no elegance of lilies
absent rose's grace.

Mocked by these so prized
heedless that they're unlovely
cheerfully they bloom.

Colorful faces
rimmed by collars ruffled green
crowding toward sunlight.

Like flirtatious girls
they whisper delighted joy
to soon know freedom.

Costumed in sunlight
they cast aside clay-bound pots
to dance solstice's dance.

Geraniums bloom
and so much depends on this
summer come grace us.