Flower Garden in a School

Daffodils may flourish

Bugs may fly

Yet they’ll still perish

There’s no one

Their woe to cherish.

To whom passes by outside

Tall walls of sorrow

They’re but a sight for them

Beautiful yet hallow

Small blossoms here and there

Their uniqueness compressed

Into one pile of dirt

Their core for ever depressed

With colours indistinguishable

And rotten petals deemed “blessed”