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My Final Love Poem to You

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My Final Love Poem to You

You are like ornamental cabbage,
Lost somewhere between unedible
And not quite aesthetically pleasing.

Squat, round, and choked to the ground
You look misplaced
Among the azaleas, plain
Among the tulips, lack substance
Next to the crisp cut hedge.

Maybe, if I took you and planted you
Twenty times in an organized pattern
Around a soft lily pad pond
You would seem in place,
Made grand through some sustained effort.

But then, still, I would probably step on you,
Unknowingly of course, while trying to get
A better view of the goldfish.

By Terry Smith