

Ode to my honeysuckle

With your nectar I used to sweeten my lips,

From your lush display I could see the swallows and the bees flying joyously back and forth,

Your presence was a blessed refuge in the hot summer days and your scent was bliss with each timid breeze.

We both grew up back home, far far away from where I am now: you – growing under my window and unselfishly becoming home for tiny sentient beings and I – forever scouring the inner well of my feelings until one day, just like the swallows you were happily sheltering I stretched my wings and flew across the seven seas

Oh dearest honeysuckle, unknown is to me the way you lingered in my heart! You even stained the retina of my eye with your adorable blossom..

How did I then find you again an eternity later, withered and abandoned in a tiny pot? Were you not looked after by the nursery staff? Were you not spoken to and admired? Or were you silently awaiting for my rescue?

Your fragile sight enkindled the memories of my childhood like fireflies in the dark and I knew then and there that your convalescent roots which I was going to lovingly plant under the window of my new home, are my roots too! I knew then and there that you were going to grow like Jack's beanstalk and accompany me in my journey yet again.

There you are now darling, vigorous and bold, avidly stretching your flower-filled branches to reach me.

I reach back and I thank you.