

***This is a placeholder product***

Flowers by Valentine Makoni

She is Spring to my Winters gloom  
Sunrise to my darkest nights  
In her, my withered self blooms  
See, one could say I am fragile  
In her agile way, she says I'm tender  
With patient ear she listens  
With loving self she restores  
Swerving the debris of masochism  
Scrubbing low self esteem  
Shaking the shackles of guilt  
Shifting focus from fault  
She gleans the ruins for beauty  
I am earth, dust, dirt  
She is a skilled sculptor  
Picasso with an artist eye  
In me she sees color, form, tone  
In gratitude and reverence  
Let me be her masterpiece