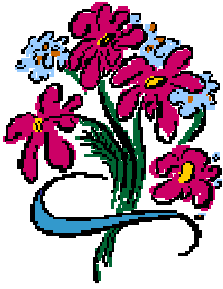


Beautiful, Colored Flower



There lies a flower,
Lonely and drooping,
Water or a stream
flows down the pedals,
Growing in spring,
Sun is shining down
Through the yellowness inside.
Why would it grow lonely,
Who knows? But,
They do not grow alone
In a bunch together they live.
Grow more, Grow more
It does when it rains,
Water drops on the mini streams,
Happy, Beautiful and strong
It Grows!