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*Spring does not ask you to choose, but to understand,
That everyone has their place, and everyone is perfect.*

Poem with a touch of whimsical spring

In the garden of time, four blooming peonies,
Strong virgins, at the age of thin.
Two of them, like unshod knights,
They stand proud, although they are not to be thrown away.

The first, with sky eyes and sun smile,
He wears his sadness like a royal robe.
The second one, with the big nose, seems to knock it down
Any doubt, because it has value, is special.

Spring, capricious, dresses them in new green,
He crowns them with flowers, in a playful dance.
Each petal, a dream, a pure and red thought,
While nature changes its coat, generous.

So, between the two, which one should you choose?
The one with the rich soul, or the one who seems wiser?
Spring does not ask you to choose, but to understand,
That everyone has their place, and everyone is perfect.

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