



Bright pansies dress in reds and blues,
While crocuses wear purple hues.
The tulips greet us, one by one,
Then turn to face the morning sun.
Their colors, magical to see,
Create a rainbow tapestry.





A brightly colored butterfly
Goes fluttering and flitting by,
And as she flies her wings unfold
In lovely bands of black and gold.
She finds a flower decked in pink
And settles down to have a drink.

