

Dried Flower

Oh dried flower!
Brittle now with turgor gone.
Allowed to rot and wither in the corner.
Collecting dust and cobwebs too.

Did the little girl who gathered you know?
You were once in full bloom.
In the glow of the sun and the moon.
Soft and tender with the richness of your form.

Bees and birds sucked your honey.
Flapping their wings to keep afloat.
Your beauty enhanced,
And spirits lifted by their presence.

Without giving, your honey is wasted.
So it is, without being received.
Giving and receiving is in the nature.
They become one when the cycle is complete.

The pleasure is yours in the giving.
It was equally theirs in receiving.
The honey in the flower exists for whom?
For you, me, and them.

In the end you were pollinated.
Is it evolution or design? Who knows?
You are part of the Whole
And the Whole part of you.

Does it matter now, that you are dry?
No, You have served,
Expecting nothing in return
As a part of the cogwheel that moves on.

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