

## Song to a late bloomer

I came upon a late bloomer standing by the side of  
a dusky footpath;  
a narrow footpath I can tell by my other foot  
touching the grass—there's another competitor  
vying for a firmer grasp;

In the midst of the crossroads notwithstanding  
the dimming light it stood; high above a bundled lot  
of varying kinds; on its own— gently waking  
to the call of the night—flaunting  
majesty while it lasts;

A long imposing shadow hangs overhead;  
Like a mythical beast its soulful head reared in columns  
of steel and concrete grey;  
a pair of droopy ghastly eyes lent a choice to my slick  
competitor that passed me by;  
the right led her to the buzz of a modern town; the left  
I took to more muted voices along a Maori-named track;

It survived another night—having given all it could;  
albeit unattended—at least unplucked  
(it lacks pure fragrance); yet so full of self-love:

Even in the deep dark of a tunnel I can tell.

*Levi Tavita*

