

# As flowers in their time arise

*(Author's Note: In memory of Jeff Buckley.)*

As flowers in their time arise  
From earth, to earth return  
So fires rise from ashes, down  
To ashes then to burn.

So came the siren from the sea  
And briefly to the light,  
And blessed those that heard him cry  
His song into the night.

Then down he went without a sound  
No water rippled there  
Only the echoes of his voice  
Still rippled in the air

As flowers in their time subside  
To darkness, so went he,  
And darkness sings now in his place,  
Below the depthless sea.

—*Olivia Louise Olowan Varney*