

# Where the Lilacs Bloom

At grandpa and grandma's, playing by the lilacs  
Is where you would find me.  
Watching the adults gather bouquets of lilacs for their vases.  
Talking their adult conversations.  
Listening was not for a child's ears.  
Attempting to rush away a child would not last long.  
White and purple lilac shrubberies colored the yard.  
The purple lilacs are my favorite.  
A strong fragrance that awaken my senses.  
A slight breeze towards the right direction,  
I knew they were blooming.  
As if, they could call my name.  
Filling my chest with excitement.  
Is where the lilacs bloom.  
I gather bouquets of lilacs for my vases.  
Speaking of adult conversations  
With my cousins next to my side.  
Chasing away our children.  
That is when my warm springs began.  
The lilacs grew tall and resilient.  
Determining to get to the top,  
Is where the best lilacs were.  
Now, I am a grandmother and  
My grandchildren are experiencing  
Where the lilacs bloom.

— *Cyndi Smith*