Fireworks

I am a colorful flower of your fireworks,

What a fire worker you are sweetheart!

A mortal tube with filled in explosives,

Sleeping on a shelf like a work of art.

And when you ignite like a naughty child,

I scatter some light in the dark universe,

I show my beauty and turn into ashes,

Otherwise it’s ugly and too adverse.

Would have disobeyed but instinct of love!

Water is there would have made me wet,

Pleasure is there in burning and blooming,

How tactfully, you have made me a pet!

The impulsive pleasure is a lovely bribe,

Ignite and burn I shall show my flowers,

But assure at least when turned into ashes,

You’ll favor the earth by peaceful showers.