

Diligence

The Steady Sip

With wings like petals soft and light,
It dips and sips from dawn till night.
A silent quest from bloom to bloom,
To drink the daylight's sweet perfume.
No rush nor rest, it knows the worth
Of drawing sweet nectar from the earth.
Though fear strikes when shadows creep,
This work runs steady, sweet and deep –
For every garden learns in time,
Treasures earned by wings that climb.