

1st Place Teen

Flower Girl

by Abigail Salvador, age 13

Every morning at half past eight
I pass the flower shop
And there she'll stand and wave her hand
With dirt as freckles and the sun a smile, she speaks
With a voice as pure as an angel's kiss;
"These roses sure do smell nice, but not as nice as you, miss."
It's the meanest thing I've ever heard, and I loathe her.

*And I don't say a thing, I simply walk
She's lucky she's cute and I'm afraid to talk.*

Every morning at half past eight
I pass the flower shop
And there she is, she blows me a kiss
With eyes like emeralds and garden's green
She means it well, but sounds so mean;
"These buttercups sure are cute, but you are so much more, miss."
It's the meanest thing I've ever heard, and I loathe her.

*And I pass her with so much hesitation
She's lucky she's cute and I'm scared of conversation.*

Every morning at half past eight
I pass the flower shop
Today she seemed surprised when I came to a stop
We talked until I missed my train
While standing in the pouring rain

Every morning at half past eight
I pass the flower shop
And there she'll stand and wave her hand
She'll smell like honey, sun and all things good
As she speaks, it lifts my mood;
"These flowers are gorgeous, but not as much as you, miss."
It's the nicest thing I've ever heard, and I adore her.