

## Chicory...

The little blue flower that grows by the road  
and thrives in the gravel though trampled mowed,  
Resiliently rising to tantalize all  
with multiple blossoms from Spring until Fall

It welcomes the morning with petals spread wide  
to bathe in the sun of the bright countryside,  
And nods in the breeze as the traffic goes by,  
enchancing the wayfaring traveler's eye.

But if the sun's rays get excessively hot,  
the flowers close up in the shape of a pot;  
The color condenses back in to the cup,  
and shortly the flowers are all withered up.

But morning by morning new blossoms appear  
reusing the color the rest of the year--  
A perfect example what God can do,  
this herb of the highways with blossoms of blue.

Some use it for coffee, some use it for health,  
some barter its roots in pursuit of more wealth;  
But I like it best in the place it assumes  
right up by the road with it's beautiful blooms.

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