

# The Royal Poinciana in Bloom

By

George E. Merrick

Scarlet bloom of deepest dye,  
That with the summer sunset vie  
In flashful boast, thy thick-massed flame:—  
Lo! Thou hast put its wealth to shame:  
For all out-done, the tropic sun  
Recalls his tint-skilled fays of fire,—  
Glowing rich in envy as they fly.



The blood-red gleam of nonpareil  
Amidst thy glare is hid so well  
That none can know 'tis bowered there  
With scarlet flash of tanager;—  
Nor,—faraway, in heat of day—  
—A crimson stain against the green—

From very flame one can't thee tell.  
Above thy growth of tender green,—  
That in thy pride can't not be seen—  
The throbbing pulse of flames' desire  
Seems urging tongues of crimson higher;  
—As spray-wove gleams o'er molten streams;—  
Or combing surges breaking low  
Upon a sea of fire.

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The southern land that yields thy store  
Of matchless wealth;—in days of yore  
Had envied oft the sunset sky  
Where tropic summer’s gift days die  
In glory’s blaze:—And, testing all her ways  
She found at last thy blood-dyed bloom;  
—than which the sky can’t do no more!