

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!