



Poet: *Samanta Vernon*

Bloom In Adversity

From the mud where sorrow sleeps,
Where shadows drown and silence weeps,
A seed unseen begins to rise,
Reaching for the open skies.

Through trials deep and storms unkind,
Through the dark night of the mind,
You, dear soul, have fought, have grown,
In unseen ways you've yet to know.

For pain may press and fear may call,
But light still whispers through it all.
Not all that's buried fades away—
Some roots must fight to touch the day.

And so you bloom, despite the rain,
Despite the echoes of past pain.
The lotus wakes, its petals wide,

A symbol of the strength inside.

So trust the dark from which you came,
It shaped your soul, it carved your name.

For from the depths of trials untold,
You rise in beauty, fierce and bold.

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