

The Language of Flowers

Acorn - immortality
Acynthus - artistic
Aloe - grief
Ambrosia - love returned
Amethyst - admiration
Angelica - inspiration
Angrec - finer arts
Apple - temptation
Ash Tree - grandeur
Asphodel - my regrets follow you to the grave
Basil - hatred
Bay Rose - beware
Bay Wreath - record of merit
Begonia - dark thoughts
Belladonna - silence
Black Bryony - be my support
Bluebell - humility
Broken Straw - a broken contract
Burnet - merry heart
Butterfly Weeds - let me go
Cammomile - energy in adversity
Carnation, red - alas for my poor heart
Carnation, striped - refusal
Cedar Leaf - I live for thee
Celandine - joys to come
Centauria - felicity
Cherry Blossom - good education
Clematis - mental beauty
Cobea - gossip
Convolvulus - a bond

Cornflower - refinement
Cornpoppy - consolation
Crocus, saffron - mirth
Crocus, spring - youthful gladness
Cudwed - never ceasing remembrance
Daisy, marguerite - a token
Daisy, mountain - innocence
Daisy, wylde - I share your feelings
Eglantine - poetry
Eideweiss - noble courage
Fig - argument
Four Leaf Clover - be mine
Forget-Me-Not - true love
Fresia - trust
Furze - enduring affection
Garlic - strength
Gentle balm - pleasantry
Guelder Rose - old age
Helenium - tears
Hollyshock - ambition
Honey Flower - love sweet & secret
Imperial Lily - majesty
Indian Cress - warlike trophy
Ipomaca - I attach myself to you
Iris - eloquence
Judas Tree - betrayal
Justicia - perfection of female beauty
Laurel - ambition
Lilac, white - youthful innocence
Lily-of-the Valley - return of happiness
Linnea - I wish we were together
Locust Tree - affection beyond the grave
Magnolia - love of nature
Meadow Saffron - grown old
Michaelmas Daisy - farewell
Milkwort - hermitage
Mint - virtue
Myrtle - discipline
Orange Blossoms - bridal festivities
Orchis - a belle
Pansy - a thought
Pea - an appointed meeting
Peach Blossom - I am your captive

Poppy - eternal sleep
Purple Columbine - resolve to win
Purple Lilac - first emotions of love
Red Catchfly - youthful love
Rose, black - death
Rose, blue - mystery
Rose, light-pink - sympathy
Rose, red - love
Rose, silver - sonnetry
Rue - disdain
Stephanotis - desire to travel
Sweet Basil - good wishes
Syringa - memory
Thistle - austerity
Thyme - activity
Tulip, red - declaration of love
Tulip, variegated - beautiful eyes
Tulip, yellow - hopelessness
Veronica - fidelity
Violets, blue - faithfulness
Weeping Willow - grief
Windflower Anemone - forsaken
Wylde Tansy - I declare war against you
Zephyr Flowers - expectation

National Flowers

Bangladesh - White Water Lily
Carnation - Sicily
Cyprus - Rose
Denmark - Marguerite Daisy
Egypt - Egyptian Lotus
England - Rose
Estonia - Cornflower
Finland - Lily-of-the-Valley
France - Iris
Germany - Centaurea
Greece - Bear's Breech
Holland - Tulip
India - Banyan Tree
Indonesia - Pink Moth Orchid

Italy - Poppy
Latvia - Wilde daisy
Lithania - Rue
Maldives - Rose
Norway - Purple Heather
Poland - Cornpoppy
Portugal - Lavender
Russia - Cammomile
Scotland - Thistle
Sri Lanka - Nil Manel
Sweden - Linnea
Thailand - Rachapruerk

The Silver Rose

Being an account of a Queen Bee who lives in a hive on the coast of San Remo. Fluent in both the language of the flowers & a patron of the arts she sets out to create new type of rose, sending out her best bees to scour the famous 'coast of flowers' for the pollen of certain plants, each one containing a carachteristic invaluable to the creation of a sonneteer. Once all the necessary attributes are collected she fuses them into a new pollen, with which germinates a blue rose. The resulting seeds are then blown & scattered across the world, each to grow into the legendary Silver Rose, that will only grow once & only reproduce in the souls of poets.

There rolls a coastline you should know
Where beauty blows abundant
Portofino to Monaco
The world's most famous floral show

Where flowers in such beauty grow
Them blossoming resplendant

Amid the perfume lives a bee
Queen of San Remo's bowers
Patron of art & poetry
Fluent in floriography
Or how men say, as we shall see,
The Language of the Flowers.

The hive humm'd with five hundred bees
Their honey was the sweetest
They to-ed & fro-ed upon the breeze
Collecting nectar for to please
Her royal highness, who decrees
A flight of all her fleetest.

The swarm ranged thro Liguria
Free as a virgin poet
Each bee suppd on golden nectar,
Becoming pollen collector
First back brought home *Magnolia*
Next ones, *Bluebell* & *Burnet*.

Soon an entire riviera
With activity abuzz
When one returns with *Syringa*
The next brings back *Angelica*
Twin pre-requisites together
Pollen pluck'd from tygrish fuzz

From other bees the Queen does brush
Dusts of poet-properties
With the *Acynthus* lithe & lush
The *Iris* that makes ladies blush
& *Eglantine* all pure & plush
Writing's vital qualities!

Three bees carry back a petal,
Those that steer a poets rhyme,
The first *Stephanotis* did pull
The next carried sacred *Laurel*
The third was smelling wonderful

Neath' a knot of fragrant *Thyme*.

Three more add to that pollen pile,
Brushing fleeces with a flick,
Determining a poet's style
& keep them musing mile-on-mile
With aromatic *Cammomile*,
Eideweiss & white *Garlic*.

Having return'd in twos & threes
Fill'd was that honey tower
But for two of the older bees,
With weary wing & buzzing wheeze
They were the last their Queen to please
With *Myrtle* & *Cornflower*.

As rose the moon & shone silver
On the dark, shimmering mane
In *Acorn* cauldron, together,
Queen Bee boil'd her crop's charisma
Fill'd a spoon with silver plasma
From a pool of molten grain.

She brush'd the spoon with *Feverfew*
Left the hive to find a mate
When *Roses* soon, of sea-blue hue,
Would drink her drops of silver dew
& when the windy zephyrs blew
Seedlings flew off to their fate.

Sweet rose-buds scatter on the breeze
Like shards of precious metal
Some overland, some overseas
Some like batons were pass'd by bees,
From Egypt to the Antilles
Finding good spots to settle.

Each seedling found some goodly soil
Where Rosebuds would take up root
But some the elements did spoil
Some drown in rain, some bake or boil,
Yet few from cases would uncoil
Up to bright heaven would shoot

For magic flowers to bestow
Their esoteric powers
Go where the rarest roses grow
If one shall cast a silver glow
Pluck up the bloom & then ye'll know
The Language of the Flowers

The Stray Cats of Calcatta

Being an account of two cats of Calcata who communicate upon a romantic level by using the secret Language of the Flowers. Upon falling in love as kittens, then getting married, their tranquility is disturbed by the arrival of a young, handsome tom from the nearby town of Falaria. The Wife becomes completely enamored of him, begins an affair & seeks a divorce. Her husband challenges the tom to a duel, but is left second bested & bleeding. His wife sees this & realizes her true love for her husband - but it is too late, for in a fit of jealousy the husband murders her. He instantly shows the greatest remorse, burying his wife at the spot where she died...

Lazing through days of Italy,
O life of lovely hours!
The soft wine & festivity,
The sunshine & tranquility,
Where street cats speak, eloquently,
The Language of the Flowers.

There is a place where you must go
To hear the street-cat patter,
Where sweet Rondini swoop & show,
The river glistens far below
A maze of streets, then you will know
The magic of Calcata.

Upon a soft & starry night
Two kittens kiss'd all hazy
& pluck'd two *Lilacs* flushing bright,
Purple for her, for him pure White,
Love blossoming from first sweet sight

Fresh as a *Mountain Daisy*.

Young lovers grew, through every scene
The cute *Red Catchfly* carried -
Where Spring Crocuses grow serene
& *Orange Blossoms* speckle green,
Amidst the gentle *Celandine*
They were forever married!

Their home a mountain theatre
Sunshine rising to mild purrs -
Each day they found *Veronica*,
Blue Violets & *Ambrosia*
For to bind them all together
On a bed of felted Furze.

Then from Falaria there came
The cat with eyes a-dapple,
& in her heart the strangest flame
Burning so brightly, to her shame,
With *Amethyst* he won her name
& left for her an *Apple*.

They dallied by the old river
Where grow the *Four-Leaf Clovers*,
He plucked the wylde *Justicia*
& with *Peach Blossom* gave to her,
So by the bright *Honey Flower*
They were the tender lovers.

The husband woke that cloudy night,
Went out all wrack'd with worry,
Grew frantic thro the gloomy light
Til shone the moon full beaming bright,
No man should suffer such a sight
Underneath the *Judas Tree*.

Biting a fig between his teeth,
Clutching a *Red Carnation*,
He gave to her the *Cedar Leaf*,
But she, to his own disbelief,

Wrapt Butterfly Weeds in a wreath
& bid for separation.

The husband's wounded heart wants war,
Throws down the cruel *Wylde Tansy* -
The piazza, as was the law,
Saw scratch & screech & bite & claw,
As lost he left, limping by paw,
From heaven fell a *Pansy*.

To see her first love lose the fray,
By an arrow her heart shot!
She found a fresh straw from the hay,
A dozen *Red Tulips* at play,
Wove them into a lush bouquet
With a fresh *Forget-Me-Not*.

Pressing *Basil* into a wound,
Chewing fresh *Begonia*,
He stood up with a hissing sound,
Sore paws the pretty rooftops pound,
Upon a wall his sweetheart found
& push'd her to the murder!

Distraught he dash'd to where she fell
Weeping for the tragedy,
Kiss'd & buried her spirit's shell,
Cloaked her with Cudweed, as tears swell
He placed a little *Asphodel*
'Neath the sea-green *Locust Tree*.

So if you ever take the care
To visit fair *Calcata*
Go to the walls the street cats share
& pause a while to look down there
Where you should see, come really stare,
The grave *Red Roses* flatter.

The Falcon Princes

Being an account of a contest, wherein the princes of five countries attempt to win the affections of the princesses of the king of Sicily's falcons. The tournament is held upon Monte Falcono that towers over the island of Marretimo & one-by-one they are whittled down, first thro their personality, then speed, then ability to hunt game. Finally, the princes of Portugal & Cyprus duel, wherein the Portuguese falcon is triumphant, wins the princess & plants his national flower on the island for posterity.

There is an island you should know
Of sun & sea & showers
Call'd marvellous Marettimo
Where Homer mused so long ago
& all god's creatures grew to know
The Language of the Flowers

Upon this island lives a king,
Lord of Sicily's falcons,
The Guelder Roses grow each spring
About his Ash Tree, in a ring,
But still the eagles fear his wing
From Scotland to the Balkans.

More beautiful than true Orchis
Grew his beloved daughter;
When she had pluck'd blue clematis
He sent forth mountain messengers
To the royal falcon princes
Inviting them to court her.

A handsome prince flew to propose
Bearing tri-petal'd Iris,
Then came on others, one with Rose,
One clutch'd Lavender in his claws,
One brought Bear's Breech in spiky pose,
The last - Egyptian Lotus!

Each kiss'd the princess with soft peck
& shower'd admiration;
One gave her Mint, one gave Angrec,
One Cherry Blossom, one Garlic,

But to the one with Hollyshock
She toss'd a Striped Carnation.

The king announced a tournament
Amid the mountain bowers;
The goats broke up their government
Assinos braved the steep ascent
While local seagulls squawk'd consent
& scatter'd Zephyr Flowers.

The crowds had gather'd on a slope,
Oer the sea that swam to space,
The princes hover'd at the rope
The king took out a telescope
Salvaged from some ship shorn of hope
Then settled to watch the race

Four falcons flew down lightning fast
From clouds to the low sea-mist,
Touching the lone fuggazi mast
Then Imperial Lily pass'd,
The princess cheer'd, gave to the last
The colourful Amethyst.

Three princes hunted thro the day,
Down they swoop'd on ev'ry kill,
Each filling up a silver tray,
Then when the sun shed last red ray
The princess on the least did spray
The blossom of *Sweet Basil*.

The King announced twas time to dine,
The day's hunt put in a pile,
Wash'd down with wash'd up Tuscan wine,
The finalists both found a sign,
One pluck'd the *Purple Columbine*
& his rival Cammomile.

Two falcons face the final fray
From Portugal & Cyprus;
The evening gloom consumes the day
Up to the moon assinos bray,
The princess keeps the cold at bay

Wrapp'd with warm *Indian Cress*.

Thro *Belladonna*-scented sky
Princes fought with wing & peck,
Their talons lock, they fall from high,
One hits the water with shock'd cry,
Returns, receiving, with a sigh,
The *Bay Wreath* around his neck.

The Prince of Portugal had won
His princess's Carnation,
As is the law of high falcon
The King embraced his future son
Whose flower planted with talon
To join the vegetation.

So if you ever take the time
To view Monte Falcano,
& venture on its verdant climb,
'Tween sea & Sicily sublime,
More fragrant than a poet's rhyme
Does the lush *Lavender* grow.

The Baltic Bouquet

Being an account of the romantic flight of a native Scottish Sea Eagle, who feels the spirit is fading from her love with another beautiful specimen of her species. She undertakes a mission to collect the national flowers of thirteen different countries of Europe about the North Sea & the Baltic. The flight takes her over Norway, Sweden, Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Russia, Germany, Denmark, Holland & England. On returning to Scotland she arranges them in a bouquet & gives them to her lover, on which his love for her is fully restored...

From Scottish rocks an Eagle flies
Upon the lofty mission;
Her darling's heart shrunk half in size,
His love seems faded in the eyes,

To win him back, with sweet surprise,
Is now her life's ambition.

Wielding her wings as men use swords
She carved the aerie ether;
With sweeping swoop she flew abroad
Mountain rise & twinkles fjord
Norway rolls floral & her load
A batch of *Purple Heather!*

Breaking from the wintry weather
Rose the deep green Swedish lands
By Stockholm's Friluftstheater
She found the scented *Linnea*
& clutching twin bells together
Rose from those many islands.

Lush lakeland fanning far below
Smelling memory's *Pansy*;
With sublime kisses swept on show
She ranged the fragrant Kupio,
Swooping in joy, for there did grow
The *Lily-of-the-Valley*.

Beyond the seas of midnight light
The towers of Tallin rise!
To Haapsalu she flew her flight,
By warming waves, peel'd orange bright
Cornflower stem cut with a bite
Cotton-blossom buds the skies.

She flew into a gulf of dreams
Where flutters the Rigan Dove;
Followed the route of crystal streams
Two Wylde Daisies with golden beams
Who, when plucked, held in little screams
For they knew they were for love

Beneath Lithuanian blue
She espied the white Spit sand,
By the Kursian causeway flew
Until she found the citric Rue
& soaring high the zephyrs blew

Pale blossom across the land

The Spits led her to old Russia;
Caught by an enchanting smile
Cast by the bearded babushka
In return for a wing feather
She gave a starry umbrella
Sprig of creamy *Cammomile!*

Above the plains she dips her glide
Far-searching for Cornpoppy
Scouring North Poland far & wide
From Gdansk to the countryside
Til they shone, fit for any bride,
Immeasurable beauty!

The quiet Danish waterways
Feed the Daisy Marguerite;
One opes & shuts to solar rays
So lovely Chaucer could not praise,
In caring claws her love did raise
A precious gift for her sweet!

She roamed majestic Germany
In search of Centauria
From Berchtesgaden to the sea
Close by Kiel's tranquility
In beautiful felicity
She found them for her pleasure

Across the Netherlands she sped,
Poppies slipping into sight;
Spurning the variegated
& yellow sails she pluck'd instead
A bloom of curves, draped in fire red,
Heaven sighing she took flight

Above the blue whale harmonies
Thro the mists the coastline grows
Ruined castles & priories
By Lindisfarne's former glories
Grew the first of England's beauties
There she plucked a red, red Rose

With Thistle from her bonnie land
Those flowers bound together
Stems held within a silver band
Moments but lover's understand,
His love reblooms, with lust's demand
He wrapt her in his feather.

The Lost Kitten

Being an account of the birth of a kitten in Calcata & her accidental journey to the city of Rome, whereupon she is discovered by a local street cat who decides to help her return home. After plucking flowers from a local park in order to communicate they visit the city's chief cat, the emperor, at his seat on the colosseum, who gives them a meeting with a wise old feline at Forte Prenistina. The old ginger worked out the locality of the kitten by her odour, that is the land of hazelnuts, upon which the street cat carries the kitten through many an adventure to the town of Falaria, where they part. The kitten then makes her own way to a joyous re-union with her parents in Calcata.

Once more, my friends, follow our rhyme
To the green hills north of Rome
For Calcata, set so sublime
Midst nature & her ancyeent chime,
Where people live life's playful time
& the street cats share their home

There was a Cat with snow white fur
Her ears all pink & fluffy
Wooing the tom which fell for her
Whose lion mane & Roman burr
Arose passion & thoughts that stir -
 They had a little baby

She grew into a lovely one
Calm as a river cruising
They showed her off to everyone
Around her neck wrapped pink ribbon
Upon ev'ry bonnie action
They call'd her so amusing

To Calcata there came a clown
The sun was up & shining
Our little Kitten yawn'd a frown
& found a spot to snuggle down...
The truck set off & all the town
Could hear her mother whining

She woke up to the roar of cars,
A jolt & she went flying
Into a land of neon bars
The city lights shining like stars
A scruffy Tomcat with rough scars
Attends her timid crying

He finds her lying in the dark
Soft purring as she cowers
The tom became her patriarch
& led her to a handsome park
Where all beasts speak, from bleat to bark
The Language of the Flowers

The Kitten mewed so helplessly
Pawing an Ipomaca
With Windflower Anemone
She bites a sprig of Bryony -
The Tom banished her misery
With a knot of Fnesia

An oasis they found so calm
As day was slowly dawning
In pretty ruins free from harm
Grew Cobeia & Gentle Balm
They found a shade beneath a palm
& dozed right through the morning

Hind legs rose with the mid-day heat
& plunged into the city
From street to roof, from roof to street
A grey, fat, one-eyed cat to meet
Sat in his coliseum seat -
Gave thought & then pawed a pea

Emperor hissed & they were gone
To Forte Prenestina
By Milkwort & Meadow Saffron
Wise Ginger sniffed the silk ribbon
Gave them a hazelnut & one
Bay Rose to warn for danger

The Tom leapt on a clanking train
Clutching the Kitten tightly
To thunder through the fair champaign
Until the tall, town-topped mountain
& hit the road, where once again
The starlight shone so brightly

They dally thro a fragrant night,
Perfumed with *Convolvulus*,
A restaurant slides into sight
Aroma whets the appetite
They search the bins, a meaty bite
Tasting of Saffron Crocus

Morning covers Falaria
The weather light & lazy -
By hazelnut & gatherer
He purr'd goodbye & gave to her
The Garlic plant in full flower
& Michaelmas the Daisy

Sad Cat mourns by the old river
Beneath a weeping *Willow*
Her lover leaps from Calcata
Clutching their beautiful daughter
Happiness shines from a mother
Whose heart her Kitten's pillow!

The Asian Wreath

Being an account of the death of the King of the Falcons, consumed with grief upon hearing of the Asian Tsunami. His heir, the Falcon Prince, gathers a number of flowers & sets off for Asia, where in exchange for his own flowers he obtains the national flowers of several countries. He then returns to Sicily & wraps the dead king in the wreath, before dropping the body into the flames of Mounta Aetna.

There is a taylor that I must tell
Tho men be disbelieving
Of when the king of falcons fell
Into the flamey fields of hell
& in that moment broke a spell
Of misery & grieving

My taylor begins beneath the sea
Where angry grew Poseidon
For poisonous humanity
Pollutes his kingdom carelessly
& so he sent the Tsu-na-mi
Cantering cross the ocean

The news brought to Marettimo
& a king sick with disease,
At such sad tidings wept him so
The news was such a mortal blow
Once mighty breath began to slow
Then gave out a dying wheeze.

As is the way in ancient laws
The crown prince of the Falcons
Took up six flowers in his claws
Transports them to the tragic cause
Of all his weeping & his woes
Flew far beyond the Balkans

He drove above the dusty lands
Where God's flowers rarely grow,
Ranging beyond those desert sands
That changed to ocean's rippling bands,
Saw a cluster of small islands
In the waters far below.

Mid Maldive pearls where palm trees grew
To the monkey's chattering
Dropt was the beautiful Aloe
Of yellow hue & herbal dew,
In recompense the Falcon drew
A rose to tie cross his wing

Sri Lanka loom'd, our Falcon fell

For the mountain-scented tea
Where lions charm'd him with a spell
Of sunny-centred Nil Manel
He swapp'd one for an Asphodel
Afore soaring ocean free.

He flew the length of India
Where the weird wild banyon grows
There met the Peacock Emperor
Where, after tea, took together,
Our falcon pluck'd a tail-feather
& won him a light-pink rose.

To Bangladesh he next did come
& the Gangeatic mouth
Near Tygers hiding hunter's drum
White water lilies, quite a sum,
The falcon dropp'd helenium
Pluck'd sepal & reer'd on south.

He came to Thailand's golden sand
Where the rachapruek grows
Whose pendulous racemes act grand
For on them elephants won't stand
But brave are falcons &, as plann'd,
Barter'd one for a black rose.

He flew at last to Borneo
With a poppy in his claws
Where moth orchids do pinkly grow
Guarded by Dragons Komodo
But opiates all beasts do slow
Soon the jungle shook with snores

The Prince he pluck'd an orchid free
His wreath was wound completed,
So on he flew high westerly
Across the sea to Sicily
Where on an ancient chestnut tree
A thousand falcons seated.

They flew in funerary lines
Up to Aetna's steaming rim

At sunset when the psyche shines
The king dropt in these molten mines
Wrapt in a wreath, Prince screech'd oer pines
Til that sad, sore day grew dim.

So, if you visit Sicily,
See where Mount Aetna towers
Think of great Asia's Tsunami
& how her emblems came to be
Bound in a wreath of poignancy
For falcons speak with flowers.

La Lingua dei Fiori

o

*Come la lavanda e`arrivata sull'isola di Marettimo
La Lingua dei Fiori*

C'e una isola che devi conoscere
Di sole & mare & acquazzoni
Chiamata meravigliosa Marettimo
Dove Homer ha meditato molto tempo fa
E tutte le creature di Dio conoscono
La Lingua dei Fiori

Su quest'isola vive un Re,
Signore dei falconi di Sicilia
La rose d'inverno ricresce ogni primavera
Ha all'interno il suo trono, in un anello,
Pero le aquile hanno ancora paura delle sue ali
Dall'Antartide al mar Baltico

Piu bella davvero di un'Orchidea
Cresciuta come figlia adorata
Quando ha colto blu Clematis
Il Re ha mandato messageri alle montagne
Ai principi reali dei falcone
Invitandoli a corte.

Un bel principe e` volato per proporsi
Trasportando un arcobaleno d'Iris
Poi un altro ha portato la Rosa,
Un altro ha la Lavanda nel suo artiglio
Un altro regala Fondo di Orso
L'ultimo porge Loto d'Egiziano.

Hanno baciato la principessa con un bacetto
E' l'hanno ricoperta d'ammirazione
Uno con Menta, uno con Angreco,
Uno con Cilegio, uno con Aglio,
Pero' poi uno con l'Agrifoglio-Scossa
Ha gettato un Garofano-Righe

Il Re ha annunciato un torneo
In mezzo ai fiori di montagna
Le capre hanno squattrinato il loro governo
Gli Asini hanno affrontato la ripida salita,
I gabbiani hanno strillato il loro consenso
E sparso Zeffi-Fiore

La folla si e' radunata sul versante
Sopra il mare che nuota nello spazio
I principi si e liberato in volo sulla corda
Il Re ha aperto il suo telescopio
Sono stati salvati da una nave
Poi si sono sistemati ad osservare la gara.

Quattro falconi volano come fulmini
Dalle nuvole alla bassa nebbia del mar
Toccano l'albero del ghiozzo
Oltrepassano il Giglio Imperiale e ritorno
La principessa saluta! poi all'ultimo
da l'Ametista dai vivaci colori.

Tre principi hanno cacciato per tutto il giorno
Scendono in picchiata con il cacciato
Ognuno riempie un piatto d'argento
Quando il sole ha spirato l'ultimo raggio
La principessa dona al peggior cacciatore
Un piccolo mazzetto di Dolce Basilico

Il Re annuncia che era tempo di pranzare

Messa la cacciagione in un tinello
La lavano con vino che il Re ha salvato
Tutti e due I finalisti hanno trovato un segno
Uno ha colto l'Aquilegia Viola
E l'altro, il suo rivale, Chamomilla.

Due falconi affrontano l'ultima baruffa
Dal Portogallo e da Cipro
L'oscurita della sera consuma il giorno
Asini ragliano alla luna
La principessa trema dal freddo
Avvolta da un caldo Indiano Crescione

I due principi che hanno lottato nel cielo
Colpendosi con le ali e il becco con fiero aspetto
Si bloccano e cadono dall'alto
Uno va ad urtare l'acqua,
Ritorna a ricevere, con un sospiro,
La Corona d'Alloro intorno al suo collo

Il principe di Portogallo ha vinto
Il Garofano della sua principessa
In regola con le leggi della falconeria
Il Re ha abbracciato il suo futuro figlio
Qui ha piantato il suo fiore
Che si mescola con la vegetazione

Così, se avrai il tempo
Di visitare Monte Falcone
Azzardando un po' di alpinismo
Fra mare e Sicilia sublime
Potrai vedere che con la rima dei poeti
Cresce la lussureggiante Lavanda.

Italiano

Aglione - forza
Agrifoglio Scossa - ambizione
Ametista - ammirazione

Angreco - belle arti
Aquilegia Viola - risoluzione vincere
Chamomile - energia contro avversita
Cilegio - buon educazione
Clematis - mentale bellaza
Corona d'Allora - ricordo di merito
Dolce Basilico - cordiali saluti
Garofano Righe - rifiuto
Giglio Imperiale - maesta
Indiano Crescione - guerriero trofeo
Menta - virtu
Orchidea - belleza
Zeffi Fiore - aspettativa

Nazionale Fiore

Fondo di Orso - Grecia
Iris - Francia
Lavanda - Portogallo
Loto d'Egiziano - Egitto
Rosa - Cipro
Garofano - Sicilia