



DAFFODILS

Travelling many journeys: love, grief, happiness.
Since the soil was born, they have lived with us,
The first thought for a birthday;
A snatched birthday gift.
Blowing their own trumpet: boasting.

Golden halo — Beyoncé's meaningful song.
Desperate for company; flying through the air,
Awaiting for an eager hand.
'Here comes the bride' -
A best friend.

Instead of delightfulness: death!
The engraved stones are rough and tough,
Lying with them — never-ending — but not for eternity.
David's favourite flower,
Mourning

The love of a lost one on Valentine's day,
Like two peas in a pod, heart shaped chocolate warms the
heart
Of girls and boys — true love.
Ribbon wrapped around the body,
Splendid; resplendent; glorious

Your big brother shakes the pollen from the flower,
A yellow world on the other side.
The new born baby sniffs and twitches,
ACHOO!
He should have known the flower's greatest fear is frost and
children.

The life of the flower is ending,
It's shrivelled body hanging down.
Yellow shine fading, white petals falling,
Limp and withered, it takes one last look.
Goodbye, see you next time.