

Daffodil

Since the spring they have lived with us,
Golden and glistening,
Pollen-givers,
Blooming spritely to show what they really are,
Boasting in a bad-manner.



Opening honestly,
With a gust of wind,
They droop.
Bringing happiness on a sad day;
Bringing hope on a stressful morning

Instead of dead earth!
Arid soil: engraved rocks;
And these delicate petals-
Celebration to our ears; dancing to our eyes.
Gazing

Into the heart like a trusted friend.
Sunshine on a rainy spring day,
Jolly songs,
Children's amusement.
Your big

Sister is making
Her flower fall apart
Seeming to see
An unusual yellow world she might
Throw away.
She picks,

Then lays
Back, pollen-covered
Contemplating a world as sticky as honey
A green
Stem in her palm.