

The daffodil Poem

My daffodil is made from
petals which slowly unwrap like a Christmas present,
an emerald green stalk holding up the flower,
a ballerina's skirt,
a stem standing to attention like soldiers on parade,
and star-shaped petals protecting the precious pollen.

I found it –
shining brightly in the Springtime sun,
showing its yellow petals,
on the edge of happiness,
tucked up tight waiting to explode,
swaying at the side of the road.

This daffodil can –
smell like sweet perfume,
tickle your nose and make you sneeze,
stand proudly like a penguin
play its centre like a trumpet,

If lost this daffodil –
would shine as bright as a Summer's day sun...

By 2C

