

The daffodil Poem

My daffodil is made from-
the strongest stalk stood proud like a king,
a golden trumpet blowing like a princesses gown,
petals that are delicate like butterfly wings,
the sweetest smell like succulent honey
and beauty like love.

I found it -
on the side of the road carefully watching the strangers pass,
on the wet, bitter and frosty grass waiting to warm up,
in a vase safe and protected,
watching over the lambs born into the world
where the first spring mornings have begun.

This daffodil can -
bring happiness and smiles,
surround the darkest room with love,
provide pollen to the buzzing bees,
and blow in the wind bringing
hope and joy to anyone that it meets.

If lost this daffodil -
will find its way back through the
season that is spring...

