

DANCES WITH DAFFODILS

(or, The Death of a Garden Weasel)

Ann K. Schwader

The dance of daffodils in early spring
Grants me more joy than Wordsworth ever did:
My secret heart can never help but sing,
Recalling what those timely blossoms hid.

You wandered, love—not lonely as a cloud
By any means. I blamed it on the season;
Until your pretty friends became a crowd,
Which drove me to a fatal lapse of reason.

I planted by the moon, of course; & so
Your passing raised no neighborhood alarm.
What comfort in such trying times to know
Organic matter does clay soil no harm!

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