



...april 9, 1993...

*now i am most magically alive
throwing bitter april winds aside
to watch the daffodils push into skies –*

*one by one i search for fallen blooms
gathering loose gold into my hands
until my hands are warm in promises –*

*sun warmth carries me along the streets
to reach my home and place the yellow blooms
in sudden brightness on the window sill –*

*the room grows lighter – and a distant sky
grows paler and easier in rains –
the dream of summer's radiance returns –*

*grown again most magically alive
in daffodils that dance the sun to eyes.*