

Daisies

Daisies grow
where you used to sit
their petals spread on a bed of hickory
leaves of mellow yellows, hot oranges, and pumpkin spice

Seasons passed and we still met
secretly, happily, hours filled with longing
my need for you, your touch, your laugh
everlasting

Your golden-brown hair spread about
a halo of tender beauty
those memories remain as does your face
sculpted along the edge of a leaf
now a bookmark inside my copy of *The Dead*
forever reminders

Other couples have claimed our spot
in the field at the edge of town
I no longer walk but drive by
slowly, old eyes gazing out
at the place where daisies grow
where you used to sit
upon a bed of hickory leaves.