



DAISIES IN FULL BLOOM

By Timothy S. Klugh

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Sweet in fragrance are the daises
When they are found still in full bloom--
Fragile beauty in the meadow--
Gifts of a Summer afternoon.

Wild in growth when I find them there
Acres and acres in their size.
Ripples of wind blowing through them
A white ocean before my eyes.

I walk into the fresh meadow
And enjoy each precious blossom.
The air rich with cottonwood puffs,
I clasp my hands to capture some.

My grasp opens to release them,
They, once again, begin to fly.
I collapse with back to the ground,
And my face looking toward the sky.

Clouds lazily drift above me,
Their shadows blot the ground below,
Powder white with frosted edges
(As if they're misplaced Winter snow.)

A warm wind blows through the daises.
They ruffle and bend in the breeze.
I slowly fall into a sleep

As the scene puts my soul at ease.
I slip into old memories
Of times I often reminisce--
The feel of a mother's embrace
And the wonders of love's first kiss.

Some I remember bittersweet
Some of them full of painful days.
Agonies that I'd suffer with
By those doubtful I'd find my way.

But, my inner-strength pushed me on
And took challenges with great care.
Formed from this came my confidence--
With each battle, the more I'd bear.

In all my life, my cherished hope,
A companion whose love was pure.
She'd ease my insecurities,
That my fears would all be cured.

Then suddenly, as if my wish
Had just become reality,
She stood up among the daises.
With graceful steps, she walked toward me.

Her long hair golden like the sun,
Her lips moist as the morning dew,
Body fragile as the flowers,
And her eyes like a noon sky blue.

Within my prayers, I had this wish
That one day I'd find this woman,
I knew she'd come. I felt comfort
By the tender touch of her hand.

Her eyes full of astounding joy
As she quietly looks at me.
Her eyes engulf me with such hope,
And, in her arms, I long to be.

Then in my body comes a fear--
This love I see may not be real.
If I'm unsure, I should deny
The intense passion that I feel.

I close my eyes and in me hide.
My frail heart, I must defend.
It has fell victim many times,

And I don't want it hurt again.
Gradually, my fears are relieved
As I feel her arms around me.
And, so gently, I feel her kiss
And her breathe upon me softly.

Within her breath, I smell the scent
Of the daises in the meadow.
I awake the dream to find that
I'm still lying in the meadow.

The night has come and left the sky
A massive black and star-filled dome.
Truly, I've slept away this perfect day. Now, I must journey home.

As I leave I think of her who
Loved me within my fantasy.
But, it's a lonely man's dream that
I know will never come to be.

Still, I can't forget how it felt
To feel my perfect woman's charm--
To know my heart would not be hurt
As long as I was in her arms.

I will remember the dream I
Had on this Summer afternoon,
And every year I'll return here
When the daises are in full bloom.

changed to "The air rich with
cottonwood puffs" in 2017)