

# The Angle

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## The Daisies

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## The Daisies

### Cover Page Footnote

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## THE DAISIES

go, my little one,  
run quickly down the street,  
to pick all the gentle wind-blown daisies  
in the field by the withered apple tree.  
then, gloriously,  
with your arms full of them, white and bobbing,  
your heart racing with the thrill of precious youth,  
and golden sunlight,  
bring them back here to me.  
together, we'll put them  
in a brown earthen jar,  
in cold spring water, from the well,  
and stand them in a sunny cool spot in the house, my precious,  
there to enjoy,  
the simple beauty of creation for awhile,  
till silent death  
renders them brown and withered,  
their little white heads drooping, mute, sad, and empty,  
like the room upstairs,  
where a little brother  
choked silently to death in his tiny crib,  
while daddy and I loved in the next room,  
and I did not know it.  
oh, my little love, my little brown knees,  
my little golden head, go back quickly,  
you dropped one,  
and it's gasping and pleading,  
in the dust.

—W. PATRICK POST