The Daisies

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Death

like a pugilistic adversary
stalks me,
walks me 'round,
jabs incessantly my tired frame,
drives home too oft
a solid blow,
cuts me up,
pummels me,
only feints his finisher,
holds it off
toys with me...
floors me,
still I rise
for more,
unhero-like,
instinctively,
trembling,
fearful,
fearing the void,
the after,
the threatened ignobility—
fighting to stay afoot
when all is lost
except
to stay afoot
and lose
fighting.

—Clarence A. Amann

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