

## DAFFODIL MOMENTS

There are no words for my heart's longing  
~ So many years have I silently rehearsed  
I climb upon a crowded stage  
~ as tears touch my naked tongue  
Wishing all people would hold hands  
~ through their suffering

Oh, how I miss the daffodil moments  
~ Soft caress of the young in love  
Oh, how I long to be lifted in song,  
~ My lips half-parted, like familiar moon rising,  
Whispering sweet-nothings  
~ A mumble/jumble of offerings

I wish no harm on the weak or strong  
~ For we all get lost in our wanderings  
Perfect speech is beyond my belief  
~ As I seek refuge from life's grievances

There are no words for my heart's longing  
~ Save, for the warm, jubilant vibrato  
Of Love's true Awakening !