

The daffodil

Upright standing
Swaying softly in the breeze
Proudly alone.
Its triumphant tender trumpet
Bellowing it's silence,
Soft silky sun-kissed petals
Adorn its lofty stem.
Leaves caressing it as if
A lover, gently, gently
And you call the daffodil humble?

Corinne Philips