

# DAISIES



## To the Daisy (1<sup>st</sup> stanza)

Bright Flower! Whose home is everywhere,  
Bold in maternal Nature's care,  
And all the long year through the heir  
Of joy or sorrow;  
Methinks that there abides in thee  
Some concord with humanity,  
Given to no other flower I see  
The finest thorough!

~William Wordsworth

So has a daisy vanished  
From the fields today,  
So tiptoes many a slipper  
To paradise away.

Oozed so in crimson bubbles  
Day's departing tide,  
Blooming, tripping, flowering—  
Are ye then with God?

~Emily Dickinson

