

POPPIES

Poppies

Blooms the color of monks' robes
Hare Krishna, My Sweet Lord=
I hear music
As they sway in the breeze.

Poppies

They greet us as we walk
By feet and wheels
Windblown and bird planted
They have sprung up
Near the gazebo, and
Here and there
In the garden.

Poppies

Perhaps they are dancing
In celebration=
Blooming again to remind us
That we have completed
One more trip around the sun
We are still here.

Namaste.

Anne Mulvaney