Daffodils

Reversed

We stayed together as a yellow cloud

Resting in peace under the shadows of the trees,

When suddenly a little man came around,

A hopeless, lazy poet maybe with some skills:

He often comes to see us with a pen in his hand

Since we are beautiful creatures on the land.

Not many of us live happily now

While men build houses and destroy home,

They come for every inch of nature all around

Throwing down cigarette butts, oh they dope!

Ten thousand stepped on our hearths

Jumping and shouting “Save the Earth!”

“I’m a sensitive man” that poet said; but his words

Are not able to change those actions;

And even if they could cut deeper than a sword,

They are just a brief distraction;

Nature is beautiful, nature is pure

Nature is dying, and so is the future.

At the end of the day, the poet goes away

With heart full of joy and a poem in mind,

He thinks about us as we go astray

‘Cause nobody seems to care if we die;

And so we stay, dancing in the wind,

With our silent cry lost in this whirlwind.