



DAISIES

At evening
When I go to bed,
I see the stars
Shine overhead;
They are
The little daisies white
That dot
The meadows of the night.

And often
When I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky
The moon will go;
It is a lady
Sweet and fair,
Who comes
To gather daisies there.

For when at morning
I arise,
There's not a star
Left in the skies;
She's picked them all
And dropped them down
Into the meadows
Of the town.