

She Has Come to the Garden in Spring

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By : Mistress of Word Play

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She Has Come to the Garden in Spring



She has come to the garden
and I have long felt her absence.
Surely now the sun will shine
since she has graced us with her presence.

Standing there by the tulips
and I see her stop to smell the daffodils.
My silent heart quakes as she moves
a tremor of reawakening what glorious thrills.

Her skin once brown and tanned
has turned a ghastly shade of white.
Ah, but what a special treat for me
she dispels the darkness and brings the light.

The soft blonde wisp of golden hair
hangs now beyond the mark once measured.
I can only hope she'll linger here
among her trees and plants once treasured.

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