

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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Generated: 2015-01-27 19:23:15