

Krister Linder, Turning Daisies

from nights blackest beauty
through skies clear or cloudy
the stars tireless light radiates
long after we've turned to daisies

mountains wont miss me
the woods wont be sorry
the earth wont be in lack of company
even since we've turned to daisies

the rains washing away
in streams flooding highways
our streets namelessly empty
lost in the haven of daisies

cities falling softly
sinking ever gently
slowly bleached out of memory
borne on the fragrance of daisies

when all is beyond me
i know that i will be
aglow, blissful and ready
to meet with the valley of daisies
to walk through the valley of daisies

from nights blackest beauty
through skies clear or cloudy
the earths tireless light radiates
long after we've turned to daisies