

DAFFODIL PARADE

A young girl
gets a shot of me.
Old men stand
taking off their hats
placing them
over their hearts.
They bellow,
“thank you for your service”
as women sob silently.

I march in cadence to hallow claps
holding the sign of a fallen comrade
Specialist Nicholas Newby
from Coeur d’Alene Idaho.

We march in four columns
each one representing a death.
War has seen to their blood being pressed out.
Their loved ones tears being pressed out.
Because the removal of moisture
preserves them for a long time to come.

Although the colors, I mean life
will fade slightly during the drying process.
Their lives were cut short
like picked flowers.
Preserved in full bloom-without the chance
to live out their season.

When will we learn?
Pressed flowers are trite
a needless thing.
Then a woman hands me fresh daffodils.

~Kristine Iredale