

* Astons in a Bag.

Astons in a bag!

I pity you - you never knew him.

This little life of yours has gone for naught,
But then, it was the daffodils that drew him

On was it I?

My heart says 'No' because I loved him so.

But love is overpowering, so they say.

Perhaps I stole him - a year ~~the~~ flowers -
He was so green that day.

Love died apparently.

I knew it not too later, but it did.

It died a tragic death said

A humid, hot profusion

Of golden heads.

Too human daffodils,

We both are murderers.

Astons, I pity you

Who greed

To take from us your earthly needs

To know him.