

Counting Flowers

by Wisconsin Kraut

What fools sing of garden flowers
And show their simplicity about
Dancing amongst brambles
And playing the lout

Vain fools sing of roses
Ever touchy, prickly and harsh
Always demanding attention
Prideful and spiting, a garden farse

Soft fools sing of lilys
Stepping forth on steps of air
As she sings a lifeless song
So little to damage her form so fair

Wise men lay in meadows
Where wildflowers grow
Amongst the stout young spritelings
As they perform nature's show

A wise man sings of daisies
She who grows hither and yon
Amongst the cobbles and hedges
Purest white and ever strong

A wise man loves a daisy
His woman loving and loyal
Born of cities or farmland
His fairest daisy daughter of blood royal