

The Bulb

By Cian McEvoy

I found a bulb,
A bulb on the ground,
When I saw this it made me think,
Think of lovely flowers.

I picture the petals,
Sitting on the leaf,
I put out my hand and say,
“That’s mine to keep.”

I pick up the bulb,
So nice and soft,
I considered on taking it with me,
And give it a good plant.

I have the image,
The image of the smell,
In my head I said,
“This will make my garden well”.

I will look at other plants,
Oh yeah I will,
But no flower is better than the daffodil.