

Daffodil

A blinding ray of optimism,
a blooming flower
brightens when the others wilt
to keep the winter in color.

But no one cares
when spring comes.

The petals will wilt.

It tries to guard its defined peace.

No one notices.

No one cares
about the flower that bloomed when the others wilt

When spring comes

the last fleeting hope is lost

and the flower disappears into the exiled weeds-

no one notices.