



Mary Belle Campbell

TO A SHASTA DAISY BENDING LOW

In a neglected flower bed
beside the house I found
the scattered snows of Shasta
in the beginning of summer
buds unfolding petals
like jagged peaks.

I gathered them in my arms
and one by one I placed them
in a great stoneware globe
a family fitting a new house
each with a different bent.

Two standing straight,
upright patriarchal grandparents;
father, mother, off to one side
to counterbalance, and close by
at center, you, the bud unfolding,
your gold head flowering in innocence.
I give you cool water. You
smile to bloom, your destiny.

This morning on the patio porch
I look to enjoy my family of daisies
cut from their roots, each
blooming in a universe of its own--
peaked petal coronas of white
surrounding yellow suns, green
spiked leaves repeating the design
of petals, rays of light.

Today, in disarray, grandmother and
grandfather dream again toward earth,
and you, my budding, raying center,
you too are bending over, your strong
stem, seemingly with shoulders bent.

Your golden face hangs down
shedding its pattern of pollen
on the patio table--a disc
of gold dust dropped, grain
by grain, on the black glass.

