

## Daisy Wings

JAMES L. ADAMS

Five white tiny wings  
Around the bright sun beat,  
Fluttering constantly, constantly  
Yet never leaving  
The parent heart of gold  
Till torn away by storm.

Whither have they gone,  
Who knows where they lie?  
Their bright sun yet remains,  
But withered, withered —  
And remembering still  
Five white tiny wings.