
Wildflowers

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She has shiny, straw-colored hair
and a sun-kissed smile
as she picks wildflowers—

Prairie grass shudders
in tender, gusting air;
waves like ocean currents

Rustle the tide of brown
and sweep a sea of freckles
bold on visage fair;

Her dress is white, lacking guile
of old age—her pure
and wide-eyed, wondering gaze

Looks on the field;
the flowers span a mile,
and petals fall like ballerinas—

The years will come, but now
she has shiny, straw-colored hair
and a sun-kissed smile.