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## Short Grass Flowers

Dick Chapman

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Short

Grass



Flowers

— by Dick Chapman

Yucca growing on the hillside anywhere they claim their way -  
April sees them pointing skyward  
Caps of silver greet the day,  
Scattered sentinels guarding grasslands,  
Watching through the month of May tall and handsome at a distance  
Closer daggers bar the way.

Cactus growing as though timid, keeps its spines and pink bloom low  
Ever ready slow but sure, tender feet or lips to find the spines  
A source of pain gets the message of disaster as a silent voice  
Rings low but clear: "I am master of footspace and invasion costs  
You dear."

Daisy blossom white or blue gives you welcome  
Ever true on the prairie high and wide  
In the springtime freshness rain or shine  
I am yours and you are mine  
Come again in rain or shine.