

Melancholy

by Adam Sifre

I went to the lake,
to our spot.
there were daffodils there.
i smiled at that, then cried a little.

you want to hear something funny?
they scare me.
they are so, so yellow.
they scream caution.
I almost keep walking,
but the sun is out, and I am here.

and you are here.

daffodils are many things.
but they are not witnesses.
so I'll stay.
for a while.

