

Buttercup Garden

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For
Sydney and Zoey



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Sara's Window Seat

A songbird suns above the gable end,
as clouds move apathetic fingers down
the back of tree lined hills, and flowers fold
their scent into the landscape's pleated gown.
She settles in the window seat to read,
while counting croquet balls about the lawn,
where poplars rise like giant mallets. Here,
she contemplates her world and how it's drawn
in dandelion down and summer rose.
Her childish thoughts like fledglings, lift to fly,
then flutter to the ground in soft repose.
And like the spotted thrush upon the crest,
she's most content when settled in her nest.

Little Sweetie

I'll braid your hair with golden thread,
Baby buds of crimson clover,
Put pinkest sheets upon your bed,
Lilac garlands hanging over.

Embroidered strands of amber beads,
And pearls to grace our little Miss,
I'll hearken to all wants and needs,
For my cherubic baby's kiss!

Buttercup Garden

A trellis shades my garden path
with morning glories on her hat.
The lawn is spread for Buttercups
and sports a lazy tabby cat.

Small garden birds, all ride the limbs
upon a carousel of trees;
frail flower petals kiss the wings
of clumsy yellow bumble bees.

While willows indirectly glance
at butterflies, so finely dressed,
grasshoppers tuck their shirttail's in,
and morning brightly greets each guest.

Sandman Lullaby

Go to sleep darling, sweet dreams through the night,
Bring me your blankie, I'll tuck you in tight;
Stars on the ceiling, they beckon and glow,
As you lie curled in your crib here below.

Birds on the mobile are twirling around,
Winging their way with a musical sound,
Glittering softly in pastel array,
Up to the clouds they will lift you away.

Flutter those eyelashes, sweep through wild skies,
Over the moon where the old sandman flies;
Dawn will return you, before Morning's dressed,
Safe to your cradle, at mommy's request.

Love Knots and Moonflowers

Over the waves I am drifting away,
dreaming, for night has now captured my day;
trade winds are singing songs, timeless and mild,
much like a mother would hum to her child.

Out in the distance the moon lays her hand,
topping the hills of this fantasy land;
mooring my boat on the island's smooth shore,
I set my feet on the beach to explore.

Waterfalls glisten at night, and their spray
falls on the rocks and then flows to the bay;
mermaids arrive with their baskets of shells,
murex and cockles, to wash in the swells.

Moonflowers wake with the breaking waves' sound,
twist through their bowers while blossoms abound;
weaving like love knots, they suddenly grow,
blue as the waves on the coastline below.

Fairies appear and they join in a dance,
under the stars of Orion they prance;
sprinkling their magical dust through the skies
just for the sandman to put in your eyes.

Fairy Child

While picking little pansies in the glen,
She found a giant mushroom, colored red,
And climbing up to rest her fragile wings,
Decided to lay down her curly head.

She slept until the morning's golden rays
Shone down and formed a nimbus 'round her face;
Then woke, to find her frail wings faded white,
And wilted flowers in the fresh-ones place.

A Moment With Catherine

Today I hold small Catherine. Her head
relaxes on my arm while I'm at church.
As she nestles in my unfamiliar lap,
her lashes lift, and soon she turns to search

my face. Then finally, with lips apart,
her head tilts back, to slowly fall asleep.
I trace her eyebrows, captivated by
her grace. And in that moment, almost weep.

Petals for Mother

Gather up, my little darling,
Garden blossoms; pick them early.
Place the buds inside your basket,
Pink with luster, pale and pearly.

Hurry, rush them to your mother!
Dainty feet fly, pitter-patter,
Over happy lawns of summer.
See the trail of petals scatter?

Abbie Rose

Across the sea! Across the sea!
An English garden grows,
With violets and daffodils,
'round little Abbie-rose.

In coldest winter we arrive,
The bleakest time of year.
Each tiny bud is fast asleep,
But not our Abbie dear.

She's bright and happy, and her face
Is blooming, full of smiles.
She grows up sweeter every year--
She's worth the countless miles.

Across the sea! Across the sea!
December clouds above;
We're off to greet our Abbie-rose,
That little girl we love.

Baby's Lullaby

Little baby--precious sweet,
Rosy, soft from head to feet;
Cooing gently, sent with love
From God's cloudy nest above.

Lashes flutter while you sleep,
Dreaming, counting heaven's sheep.
Welcome bundle, mother's bliss,
Answered prayer, you're all this.

Heart to Heart Talk

At early morn she softly makes her way
To nestle on the chaise lounge in my room;
That's where we talk of fairies in the glen,
Or how the garden tulips rise and bloom.

Her dainty hands describe each grand detail,
Just how the lapwing hops around the hedge;
And then she makes me hear a little frog
Croak "ribbit" from some nearby water's edge.

I braid her hair and brush away small sighs,
For she is troubled by the chirping sound
Of sparrow nestlings, high up in the eaves--
Though naughty Kitty still is on the ground.

Then, after we've conversed on every theme
And morning casts a gleam into her curl,
We watch the primrose clouds trail by the sun,
And I embrace my lovely little girl.
