

## Daffodils

At the base of the stone wall,  
in a shadowed bed,  
daffodils stand on parade.  
All open, facing the light  
uniformly; they form a  
luminous yellow lake  
lighting that dark corner.

This winter of fog and rain,  
wounds and death,  
war and hate,  
is moving into spring.

Yet the daffodil light,  
a bed of petalled suns,  
does not pierce the darkness.

Not yet.

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