

## Life of a Daffodil

Being buried alive in the dark blackness,  
Not knowing the future of my being;  
The uncertainty of this cycle of life,  
The fate awaits my fellow companions.

The choice was not mine to make,  
For the final resting place to be;  
Alone in the darkness of this place,  
With only intermittent moisture available.

The only hope is for survival of my kind,  
as we all strive to break free from this;  
To again see the sunlight and feel the warmth.  
And experience renewed energy again.

This contribution was made by all of us,  
And not each will attain the greatness;  
With the prospect of giving joy and happiness,  
To the generations that follow our path.

A renewed energy courses through my being,  
A longing that will soon be fulfilled;  
Thrusting into the air with pride.  
Such is the existence of a Daffodil