

A SONG OF POPPIES

I LOVE red poppies! Imperial red poppies!  
Sun-worshippers are they;  
Gladly as trees live through a hundred summers  
They live one little day.

I love red poppies! Impassioned scarlet poppies!  
Ever their strange perfume  
Seems like an essence brewed by fairy people  
From an immortal blood.

I love red poppies! Red, silken, swaying poppies!  
Deep in their hearts they keep  
A magic cure for woe—a draught of Lethe—  
A lotus-gift of sleep.

I love red poppies! Soft silver-stemmed, red  
poppies,  
That from the rain and sun  
Gather a balm to heal some earth-born sorrow,  
When their glad day is done.