



Ode to a Flower

That smoked with me  
By a log, under a tree

Flower my friend,  
So white in the rain.  
Smiling up at me,  
As I'm feeling no pain.  
You an' this log,  
Are my company.  
Sweet smoke drifting up,  
So happy an' free.  
I can tell,  
You like it too.  
I hear you laughing,  
With sparkling dew.  
I will remember,  
Your joy in this place.  
So when far away,  
Your smile lights my face.