

Poppies

Buffy Sainte-Marie

I tippy-toe across your dream each night
So as not to wake you
Asleep in your summer
A garland of flowers
Yellow and white around your waist
While I walk these paths of ice
Ice my breast
And strings of ice my hair
My hands two hooks of steel
Ice nose, snow eyes
Frozen open mouth
Flakes of snow your bridal veils
I come down the soft white path
Bouquets of poppies
Spilling from my heart