

## Easter Lilies

Ralph McTell

For a long time she stood at the flower shop window  
The daffodils dearest at this time of year  
Inside she emptied her purse on the counter  
"I want to buy all of the daffodils here"  
By her eyes it was plain to see she's been crying  
As she tucked back a strand of loose hair from her face  
"I want to spend all of my money on flowers  
And I need every daffodil here in this place"

Clutching her harvest, a corn sheaf of flowers  
She clambered aboard the late rush hour tram  
And by Schweigaardsgate, a small pool of water  
Had formed on the floor as if wrung from her hands  
It just seemed to add to the lost look about her  
As the grey rattling city went grumbling past  
She sat like a small child testing for butter  
Her face lit in yellow from the flowers tightly clasped

Once in her apartment she lay down the blooms  
And divided them up into glasses and jars  
Till daffodils filled every space in the room  
Then she lit every candle she found in the house  
She bathed and she dressed and corked open champagne  
Which made pigeons fly from her window sills  
And closing the curtains on birds in the rain  
She stood among flickering daffodils

Surrounded and centered she pondered her feelings  
Sofa'd and cushioned on feathers she lay  
Holding on to the pillows lest she float to the ceiling  
And just like the cigarette smoke drift away  
She wondered just where the wind might deliver  
An unwritten letter, a torn envelope  
Though candlelight warmed she suddenly shivered  
And the yellow flowers shimmered with brightness and hope