

nothing sweeter

by Victoria Woods

tiny wildflower,
tucked behind an ear
without much care,
nestled above my hair.

small
five pointed
dainty yellow
sunshine
sweet.

he came to me,
sweaty and smiling,
frisbee in his hand,
i sat. studying, bored.

he blocked
the sun for a moment.

i looked up and
there, he smiled,
i love you, and here —

he tucked the flower behind my ear,
then ran to rejoin his friends.

a petal fell into my textbook
i grinned, delicious,
inhaling Spring in Baltimore,
nothing finer, and sure,

i've been given roses, admiring,
daisies for souls, friendship,
good natured, family,
gladiolas for death,

but never
a wildflower, that wilted in hours
yet stayed with me for days,
yellow sunshine, five points towards him
pure, happy, fresh, true, love....

springtime in baltimore,
nothing sweeter.