

Daisy Chains

By Ishani Patel, Upper Sixth

When we were younger we'd lie in the freshly mowed lawn
Pinch holes in the stalks of daisies
Roll up our skirts to cartwheel on the grass.
And when the sun disappeared
We'd lie awake watching the sunset,
And marvel at the scattered stars of dreams to come.
You left with a locket around your neck
A half moon,
So that when we'd meet again,
Our lockets would link together.

In the years inconsistent, we'd share,
Notes, and books, and letters, and pens,
Then more:
Numbers, and towels, and plasters, and polish,
And more:
Phone calls, and locations, and faces, and names.
Lamps, street names, and...(what more)
We wondered why we had to keep track of so much.
All we knew were the ways of a daisy chain.

As we got older we became acutely aware,
It was simply not simple to just thread stalks and roll in
the grass.
Two friends vs. the world.
Knees needed to be hidden,
Now the sun went to bed long after we had started to
dream.
Keys clutched in our palms,
With daisy chains hidden in our clothes,
Flowers in our hearts.
Untouched petals.

You were always by my side,
An interwoven daisy.
Two souls a secret in a locket,
A reminder of the better times,
The times of daisy chains in the fields,
Cartwheels in the grass,
A sunset in the sky.
Unthinkable.

