

## AFTER

Applause is rarely for the ordinary.

After all,  
The Everyday is mostly coasting down hill  
With the glide along the flat.  
The rider is not special for this;  
Others can't see the work of it.  
And the clapping is faint.  
This is fun.

When times are ordinary,  
Applause greets the sweat  
Of the long climb beyond the flat,  
The work of it.

But.....

Dad's death ended your everyday.  
Gliding has disappeared.  
Now, Every Day is a climb past the flat.  
Fun becomes the work of it,  
And tears replace the sweat of it.

The daffodil is the perennial golden horn  
That rises through late winter snow  
To call with the cliff edge spruce  
On the other early risers  
And begin the difficult march  
Toward the banquet of Spring.

It is admirable  
It is courageous  
It is NOW  
Your everyday,

As others try to understand.

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