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Ballad of Wind and Daisy

Yitan Li

A single daisy stands there Swooning lightly in the air. The wind arrives and stops to say, "Little flower, come my way,"

"Surely you know I can't fly. I'm just a daisy. I'd die," She said, to which he replied, "Let me take you, be your guide."

The wind plucks the pale flower Away to the empty towers, Surrounding the harvest moon, And the two step into tune.

The wind leads on, carries her, Leading daisy on to err. Daisy floats and spins sweetly, Trusting the wind completely.

And on the waltz perseveres, From hell to icy frontiers, Till the ashen daisy falls, Lies there like a broken doll.

The wind moves on coolly, He's just seen another daisy.