



CROCUS

By Wayne Visser

There is a hidden army on the rise
A covert operation, underground
And listen as you might for frosty sighs
They plot their takeover without a sound

But see that splash of colour through the trees?
That's the purple coat of an advance scout
And see that swish of motion in the breeze?
That's a bright helmet of gold sticking out

You may not hear the drum of marching boots
Or see the glory flags of tomorrow
But mark where bright sentinels put down roots
For there, iridescent troops will follow

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