

Simple

Silly man.

Simple daisies have known all along, with no [burden of ambition].

They relax in summer breezes and fall each fall without dread of freezing.

No quandary [if] the sun will come again.

For they feel Him in their veins as they draw in manna dew and their roots siphon from earth's ever-bearing cup.

Sand and soil and earth understand without [theories of greatness]; content beneath the feet of others as the footing of the world.

They welcome the weight of [lives ended] into the great churning.

Turning-over of wealthy mulch to launch life again as seed cradles, they lay out a hearty banquet for tomorrow's bud.

Beauty without beastly intellect.

They [remember] that He breathed them into place.

[Simple.]