

# POPPY

"The Man Who Made This Little Red Flower"

A man walked down the street the other day,  
The ladies of the Auxiliary came his way.  
He took a Poppy and gave them a dime,  
He mumbled, "why do they take up my time?"  
He put the poppy in the buttonhole of his coat,  
Next to some pencils and other notes.  
When he got home he placed the poppy on the table,  
That red paper flower with a little white label.  
As he looked at the flower, as if inspired,  
He wondered "Who put this flower on this wire?"  
He's probably a man, who once stood tall,  
And for his country he gave his all.  
He might once have piloted a plane,  
Now gives his all just to walk with a cane.  
His strong hands were a sense of power,  
Now he makes this little red flower.  
In our world we are busy with money and power,  
While this man's job is this little red flower.  
He still takes pride in what he has to do,  
Petal by petal he makes this flower for you.  
This year when it comes to "Poppy Day",  
I'll be glad to see the Auxiliary come my way.  
I'll cheerfully give to them generously,  
For the veteran making this flower could have been me.



Author Unknown