

## Poppies

**Buffy Sainte-Marie**

I tippy-toe across your dream each night  
So as not to wake you  
Asleep in your summer  
A garland of flowers  
Yellow and white around your waist  
While I walk these paths of ice  
Ice my breast  
And strings of ice my hair  
My hands two hooks of steel  
Ice nose, snow eyes  
Frozen open mouth  
Flakes of snow your bridal veils  
I come down the soft white path  
Bouquets of poppies  
Spilling from my heart