Ode to the Dandelion

(with due respect to “Ode to the Maggot”)

sister to the daisy
cousin to the wildflower
you work magic
over fallow fields
vacant lots
And cracks in sidewalk. Yes, you
root easily & simply
you're prolific and plentiful
Holy, Mother, Nature, you're ceaseless
with germination. Reviled and revered
you infuriate old men and delight
young girls who blow your puffs of seeds
to kingdom come or gardens gone

No killer can stop you ....for long

-As you spread your golden beauty
we remember it is in the eye of the beholder

little bitty pretty one
let me taste your weeds turned to wine