

Audacious Dandelion

In the grass the tiny seed
does not think she is a weed—
esteems herself, befriends the ground,
ignores the stones she grows around
to stake a claim in her own right
by ever reaching toward the light.

That lass does not believe in chance
but values her significance.
Blooming yellow, bright and clear
with timing that is cavalier.
Sometimes bold and sometimes sneaky,
always smiling, often cheeky.
As if to say, "I am a *flower!*
I answer to a *higher power!*"

And when at last, her head grows white
she goes to seed with pure delight.
Disposed to fun, immune from worries
her tufts sail off in downy flurries
invading other garden plots
and taking root in awkward spots.

Such is the gardener's tug of war.
I've given up at keeping score.
For this tenacious summer blonde
knows problem children make us fond.
When God assigned her to her part
she vowed to play with all her heart.

— Caroline Sposto