

Unsung - Dandelions

By Christine Miller

There you are, there. Marginal. Unnoticed -
Unless a heedless hoe hampers your propensity
To prosper. Those buttery petals effortlessly outshine
Your haughty bedding plant brethren and that yolky core
Dispenses nectar and dew; a generous buffet and taproom
For butterflies, bees and nugatory bugs. Your uncelebrated
Glamour creates a glorious tapestry for walkers and rambles.
You re-invent yourself and your transformation is
Sensational, from busty brilliance to bald minimalism.
Whether blown by a curious child or an anonymous wind
Every summer, every sky is sprinkled with your seed.
Your fecundity is something to heed, cherish, and appreciate.