

Dandelion

I watched you walk over to me in the grass
Gathered me up in your fingers and
Thought about what you wanted.
Whispered your wish to me,
(I did listen)
Blew out all the seeds
And I will carry it on the winds
Twisting, falling, flying
We are separated in a hundred different directions.
Carried away to find
Someplace to stay in the ground
And grow a new flower.

