

## The Dandelion

Filiz Satir

*For Alexandra*

She races after a grey moth  
the color of slate and sand  
because it is a “butterfly.”  
Those tireless legs quit the chase  
for a blossom: yellow, velvet petals  
burning over blades of grass.

“Oo-oh. What a pretty flower!”  
Words of grace. Words of a child  
who still only sees beauty.  
No reason to shame her “flower”  
and one hundred more alight  
on the lawn.

Just weeds. Or, maybe greens for salad.  
No—a five-year old’s delight.  
From somewhere I hear: “kneel,  
and give the weed its due.”  
On bended knee, I pay tribute  
to a “flower” to that charmed age  
of five.

Plucking the Tuscan sun, and two more  
she puts the golden tuft near her nose,  
and breathes. Cheeks touching,  
hair mingling, together we inhale  
spicy, dandelion perfume.

Dreaded weeds. Or, perhaps a lion's mane.  
No, rays of sun caught between her fingers  
and thumb. She drifts like so much  
dandelion fluff: landing here, landing there  
to gather spring in the palm of her hand.

That long ride lulls her to sleep.  
Stealing looks in the mirror, I see  
what matters most: A child.  
One slumbering girl, hand in lap,  
holding fast to pansies, tulips, poppies.  
Precious fingers binding flowers  
to a trio of suns.