**Beautiful Weed**

A sun-freckled girl in pigtails runs

shin-high through a park meadow.

She stops,

bends,

a short trip to the ground,

to pick a golden flower. As she inhales

its fragrance with exaggerated

animation, she notices they are spread

out all about her; spotted with white

feathery flowers, like senior citizens

looking for comfort.

Pigtails picks a white flower. Part

of its puffy afro falls out. She

blows on it a brisk puff and

the flower goes completely bald!

White hair set adrift along the May

breeze. Never had she seen a flower

that could fly!

She plucks another at the

stem; rooted yellow hair, like

Lisa Simpson’s, glued to its

scalp. She performs the breath trick, more

curious this time than animated, to

no avail. Pigtails cups the bloom

in her hands. Arms outstretched, she

releases it into the spring air like a baby bird!

It falls to the ground.

She muses…

If they can fly, then the white flowers

must be angels!

Why these flowers are classified

as weeds, she can’t understand. They

look just as pretty as the forsythias

and daffodils, hyacinths and lilacs.

Beautiful, one and all. Dandy

flowers of yellow and

white, of young and

old.