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## Papa's Dandelions

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# Papa's Dandelions

Radiant bushy blossoms open, lifting to greet the morning amber glow and warm sweeping blush.

Little golden flowers whisper in a windy hush.

The Dente di Leone, the Lion's Tooth,  
needs only the slightest breeze to parachute.

Notorious for its blithe nature,  
and ambitious behavior.

Nuisance, weed, garden fiend.

But let me set another scene.

Many years ago a war broke out and the whole world felt its quake.

Rome had not a scrap of food,  
not even a crumb to waste.

But the dandelions grew in the county fields, and they grew abundant and true.  
These tiny flowers were plucked in bundles and gathered everywhere they blew.

Resilient, glorious, sun symbol.

Papa still gathers the dandelions.

He handpicks them for a meal.

He tells us about the times they share and speaks of their appeal.

And in the evening, as the sun declines and the sky grows gradient blue,  
all the flowers salute themselves, and sleep comes sweeping through.