Dandelions

I hear the hardest part
about growing up
is not that you're
older — it's that
you're not a seedling
of some vegetable
sown in the ground
anymore. You're no
longer young, innocent.
Someday you will
grow old, too, & what
then? Will you be
wiser, stronger as if
your roots could
hold you down
with their root hairs
escaping into the soil?
You can travel my roots
in the direction of other
and at the edge you'll
find me — alone
in the schoolyard
picking soft dandelions
while the other children
played a game of basket-
ball or four-square
on the pavement.
Once, I cried at recess
& the teacher (a nun)
walked me over
to the basketball
hoops just so I
could play, too.
Now, I like
to plant weeds
where you least
expect them.