Dandelion Gold

A carpet of Royal Gold,
Patterned with rich green leaves,
Discs of Gold beneath our feet,
Sun-flowers of the spring.
Then those misty wraiths take over,
And bless us with their virgin births.
Feathery globes of down,
Skeletal structures of gauzy silk.

Photo: David Clarke

Dandelion clocks,
Drifting, dropping, landing
They inject their seeds,
Where I want grass to grow.
So I'll just go and blow,
On some of those puff balls,
Sending their parachutes,
Dancing in the air.

But in case the future,
Has but few pollinators,
We will welcome,
Those disks of Gold beneath our feet,
Combining the colour of the sun,
And silver of moonlight in one plant,
Complete white orbs of luminous magic,
Creative life, composite and pure.

Grace Clarke