

CLOVER AND DANDELIONS by Lin Frog Wiedrich

I love the color of dandelions,  
And fields of clover reminds  
Me, of days when I was young.  
Carefully I strung  
White flowers to form a necklace,  
And bouquets of yellow we did select,  
To bring home to Mother.  
With Love she did smother  
Us, for our beautiful gesture.  
No money can measure  
The joy of these simple flowers,  
But now they do shower  
Pesticides to kill these "weeds."  
These once "Imagination growing seeds"  
Are disappearing to green lawns.  
The simplicity is gone,  
Of Mother Nature, we try to take  
What the Earth does make,  
So all will look uniform.  
But this constant storm  
Of chemicals takes its toll.  
Into our waters it does roll.  
As frogs swim with five legs.  
And the River she begs  
Us to stop poisoning her tenants.  
Doesn't seem to make much sense  
To kill these childhood joys,  
'Cause the environment it destroys.

And as I sit in this park I find,  
The last signs of clover and dandelions  
Smiling at me with their memories.  
Mom's glowing face I can see,  
As a white necklace I donned,  
And a bouquet of dandelions it won  
Her Heart, on a Summer Day,  
Before "lawn care" came our way.