



I am a solitary dandelion-
The sun in the palm of your hand.

I am the death of one season
And the birth of another.

When the rain comes down cold and hard,
My crimson-eyed rose mallow provides shelter from the storm.

Take a dip in cool, calm water-
Silky as piano notes in the air.

Gold tipped wings of the butterfly
Flutter flawlessly through the sky.

Watch her fly-
Twirling, whirling, back and forth,

Stopping to chatter to the caterpillar,
Slinking along the bark.

He stops to munch and crunch a leaf,
Green slobber slops down-

His tiny legs smear it across the tree
As he trugs along.

Sneak out at night with you friends-
Take off your showy lady's slippers

And dip your toes into a blue lagoon,
And watch my world come alive.

Thrive off my sweet air-
Spring is here.

—*Mindy Smith*

