

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 neckless,
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 neckless
I donned,
And a bouquet of dandelions
it won
Her Heart,
on a Summer Day,
Before "lawn care"
came our way.

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