

Dandelion

Pity Sex

I've made my peace with the dandelions in my yard.
Wasted the month of May out on the lawn pulling weeds.

Bruised knees and sunburnt cheeks.

Blanket of green so brief.

To share with nobody.

Alone, the colors really bleak.

And I miss you.

I'll leave my body buried under the soil and let weeds grow over it.
Let roots run through me like veins, ventricles and arteries.

I've made my peace with the dandelions in my yard.

Calm cheeks--knees pristine.

I find the yellow beautiful.

Why can't you make your peace with me?

Why can't you just appease me?

Why can't you make your peace with me?

Why can't you just release me?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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