



## SPRING

### Dandelion

By Wayne Visser

I've seen you in the pavement cracks  
And growing by the tin-roof shacks  
You lace the hills and edge the dales  
And cast your net of feathered veils

I've heard a girl say you were smoke  
And there's a boy thought you were broke  
Your face I've touched, so soft and light  
And with each wish you've taken flight

I've seen you ride upon the breeze  
And there are insects that you tease  
But with each journey that you make  
You spread the joy of give-and-take

I've heard you called a simple weed  
And much besides, but don't take heed  
So much in nature's whole and true  
But nothing's perfect quite like you

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