

## Ode to the dandelion, She

a dying queen with a white crown  
who waits at the shore of  
a sea of green glass.

Her hairs curl like ribbon  
in the night wind who rubs against her belly,  
whispering that she will live forever—

(he says he will fill her bones with light and carry her in his arms,  
away from the shore and the night).

She lets him whisper “forever,”  
lets him kiss her and lick her and later  
bend her hollow bones—they are still hollow—  
on a green bed soft as grass.

But she knows he whispers lies,  
that her legs will soon die,  
and the milk blood underneath her skin  
will dry, and her white crown  
he will steal  
and scurry all over the sea of glass.