

Dandelions

by [Jeanne Murray Walker](#) in the [June 30, 2009](#) issue

The bag I drag is solid as earth, clods
I couldn't shake off roots
reeking of rocks and blackness,
the kind of dirt they'll use to bury us.

As in Iraq,

where the body count climbed so fast
mortuaries posted *Help Wanted* beside the highway.

And let me mention my own complicity with darkness,
buying a jade jacket sewn by a hungry child
in Singapore. And the way
I say *darkness*, a skin tone
not my own.

Even the calibrations of a poem,
tricky, the justice of lines, evil wrestling
with good in the miniature
Madison Square Garden of a page.

As I weed, I listen to the sweet cacophony
of neighbor kids on scooters, the argument of work,
its ache in my arms.

When the lawn bag rips,
dandelions tumble out, eager to spread their seed.
You know how gullible evil is, sure
of itself, always believing the worst.
Are dandelions weeds or flowers?
Maybe I'll tear the bag, send seeds flying,
encourage a suspicious universe to bloom.