

P. K. Pierson

## **Dandelion**

The girl's dress flared as she twirled.  
Her cheeks bloomed into rose petals.  
Light seeped through the trees.  
Off she went to somewhere—

She wished upon a dandelion.  
Puffs flurried and flew,  
She fell, she flocked, she followed.  
White seeds drifted down,

Falling to the ground, laughing—  
the utmost beautiful.  
The seeds hit the soil,  
Preparing to harm other plants,

Fatal to their surroundings.  
Malicious, yet so beautiful;  
deadly, yet so tempting.