

**Peter Hogan**

## Dandelion

When downtown moss sprung  
from moonlit sidewalk cracks,  
I fell in love first with the smell  
of her hair, daffodil petals,  
then, her voice, dandelion  
in drawl; rooted and unplucked,  
I dreamed of puffing strands  
of wishes into wind. I dreamed  
of yellow gardens and not  
the bones of what followed.

What I'm saying is a flower  
can also be a weed, a skeleton  
of its former yellowness in a city  
stripped of green. What I'm  
saying is I don't dream much  
anymore, but I learn  
the curl of a dandelion  
to concrete, alone now  
as I am, barred by  
eyes in drifts of wishes in wind  
and bare stems and skyline windows.