

Dandelion

By Olivia Joseph

I made a wish on snow-white decay
That blows in the wind and gusts past my face
Catching in my eyelashes
Are the ghostly angels of dandelion fuzz
A thousand little wishes
Floating along a breeze of what once was
And planting enough seeds there
To smother a whole valley
All the while, sighing a gentle reminder:
Things will never be the same again