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Dandelion

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Dandelion

Corin Cates-Carney

52 In my yard there grows a dandelion. It lives under the shade of the cherry tree, next to the rusted wheelbarrow and the old tire swing. Every morning this month I have watched it from my kitchen window as I enjoy my morning cup of tea. The dandelion often moves with the wind, or sways under the weight of a bumblebee. Other times it does not move at all, but stands up proud and straight, with its face towards the sun. I'm sure it would be smiling, if it had the lips to do so. On nights when the air is particularly smooth, and the sky is freckled with light, I join the dandelion out in the yard and in its silent prayer. We pray together. 'Live quietly, and breath softly. So that when you do invite a voice, each whisper will sound like the morning bell, waking those who sleep too deeply. Here grows a dandelion, a flower among the weeds. Here grows a man, awake among the sleep. When darkness comes we will go into it dancing, and smile up at the rain as it beats down on our face.' In my yard there grows a dandelion, a flower among the weeds.