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The Lion Tooth Queen

Corin Cates-Carney

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 silent,
With its face towards the sun.
I am sure it would be smiling,
If it had lips to do so.

This dandelion is the sun
To all the ants that walk beneath it.
It is a crown to the girls who dream
Of one day becoming royalty,
The lion tooth queen.
With both night and day
As her subjects.
It is the nothing that gives to us
Our promise and beauty.
A love from the shadows,
The flower of weeds.

On nights when the air is particularly smooth,
And the sky is freckled with light,
I join the dandelion out in the yard,
In its silent prayer
And we pray together.
Live quietly, and breathe softly.
So that when you do invite a voice,
Each whisper will sound
Like the morning bell
Waking those who sleep too deeply.
When darkness comes
We will go into it dancing,
And smile up at the rain
As it beats down on our face.
Praise to you
The lion tooth queen,
And to all of your variety.