WHERE DO THE DANDELION SEEDS GO?

by Deborah Di Verde

When their yellow petals turn as white as snow, And the summer winds begin to blow, Where do the dandelion seeds go?

Do the seeds land on the nose of a sleeping dog, Or get carried down a river on a big, brown log? Do they cling to the window of a local store, Or get swept up by a broom after they fall to the floor?

When a child picks the feathery ball, And shakes it to and fro, Where do the dandelion seeds go?

Do the seeds perch on a woman's hair walking down the street, Or do they settle on the food of a man who's about to eat? Do they get picked up and tossed into the sky, Or wished upon when caught by a passerby?

When an animal in the night moving very slow, Brushes past the dying flowers, Where do the dandelion seeds go?

Do the seeds hop a ride on the animal's back, And end up with a furry coyote pack? Do they settle on the ground in a faraway place, Or do they land on the cheek of a baby's sticky face?

When a hard rain comes, And thunder cracks the sky setting it aglow, Where do the dandelion seeds go?



2021 Nancy J. Heggem Poetry Award -- Adult: Honorable Mention

Do the seeds get washed away in a tiny creek and float about, Or hold on tight waiting for a ray from the sun to peek out? Do they get squished in the dirt, or stomped in the ground, By a rain boot making a splashing sound?

When fall and winter come and go, And the first signs of spring begin to show, Where DID the dandelion seeds go?

The seeds grew again into yellow flowers that sway in the breeze,
And sometimes cause a person to sneeze.
The flowers get picked by a chubby hand, placed in a jar,
Then brought to Grandma's house in the car.
They sit on her table and soak up the sun, waiting for the day to come,
When their yellow petals turn white once more,
Then are shaken by Grandma from her back door.
For Grandma knows the seeds will scatter for miles,
And be caught by children, their faces beaming with smiles.

