

WEEDS

Kate Ellison

We are the dandelions,
we are the plantain weeds
growing everywhere
never eradicated.
Not pepper spray, not Roundup,
nor pruning, mowing,
or mass media mind control
will stop us from growing
or keep us from our dreams

Our roots are deep and strong
reaching the fertile ground
of those who went before,
never tamed, never eradicated.

Our leaves, our bodies
ordinary, blending in
as they bring the sun's rays
to meet life-sustaining water,
the ordinary work of daily life.

Our flowers emerge,
bright like the sun
or gray-green and sturdy
standing tall on the roadside,
flowers like placards
shining out for peace, for civil rights,
a healthy planet,
for weeds and for humanity.

Our seeds, the fruit of our labors,
fall on rich dark earth,
richest possible source
for sturdy flowers that will come
when we are gone.

We are the dandelions.
We are the plantain weeds.
We resist Roundup and pepper spray.
We grow where cultivated grasses can't survive,
where hybrid seeds fall short.
We adapt and spread like weeds.
It is what we do.

We can be pruned and uprooted,
but our wild seeds of thought fly
on the wind currents, the air waves
beyond the continental divide,
beyond the digital divide.
Any ground can be ours.
We change and grow,
it is what we do.
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