



A Yellow Smile

A cheering smile of yellow is peeping through my wooden walk
Through small crack with nourishment and water scant
Its purpose of making parachute seeds proceeding ad hoc
Soon to catch a warming April breeze of Spring
Or a child's joy filled blowing breath to plant.

Some call your kind a weed -- a plant out of place
Desiring lawns of monotonous monotones of plain verdun
While declaring your dotted yellow décor a disgrace
Stabbing emasculating chemically your day in the sun
Or a child's joy filled blowing breath to plant.

For me calling you a plant out of place does not fit
No more than an artist's blank canvas sans paint.
Dabs and swatches of bright yellow ever emit
Recollections of youthful running unconstraint
Chasing parachuted seeds my joy filled breath did plant

Don Adams

On Bethel Pond, May 2020