

Dandelion

Emma Ross

Dandelion
in a field
of roses.
Every little seed,
fragile.
Gust of harsh wind,
blows me away.

Dandelion
in a field
of roses.

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Tired.
Trapped
in my own
panic.
No way out
but to fly away
and disappear.
Dark.
Holding down the
anger
and sadness
as i wilt.

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Numb.
Suffocated in my own thoughts,
Blow me away.
No longer
in misery.
Spread my seeds
amongst the
beautiful roses.

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Why don't I have
pretty red petals?
Why am i
the only one
wilting
in a field
of roses?