

'Dandelion Sun'
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A child's sun finds a dream in young eyes.
In blinks of dandelion eclipses,
refracted light reflects on retinas
 holding warmth in ragged leaves
 below a flower standing up and out.

Ryegrass and foxtail for company,
a golden head of petals,
 swaying and slight,
 is there and gone and there again.

The wings of friends unfold to test the air
with thoughts aloft in stretching skies,
 days that lift and soar with matchless views.
 They seek what hawks perceive as truth
yet still count the faces that look familiar.

And dipping hands in search of clues,
 a box of sights,
 of scent and sound,
 they choose a shade and wear a skin,
fit in and lose themselves as one of many.

But this child blinks dandelion eclipses;
hawkbit tinctures bathing open eyes
 with picture sun now placed behind an ear
 while looking up and out.

A trust in truth is not weighed as cost
 and light in ragged leaves endures.
 Though slight,
 as scythes descend and sweep the dream,
 it will not fail at dusk.