

I felt I held a dandelion

our city bloomed with protests
as a virus held us.
You were wind-light,
your back a sheet of bark
then flew away
wish in my mouth.
I wanted to see you
I wanted to send you off
as sparks.
My air grew round, lips paused, mid-puff.
Our city started to wake up.

And in June
Afraid of what I could not see
I hid under you.
to scratch our story on.
Knots along your scapula
rocked against my touch,
like parachuted seeds.
I felt I held a dandelion,
lit on fire, fuel for
engines of the old gods.

— Lynne Ellis

