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## Dandelions

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*Shawn Delgado*

## Dandelions

It's a blessing that some things are designed  
for destruction. Early May, a warm day  
already ending,

    I kick the soft globes,  
scatter airy feathers to assuage  
an unnamed grumbling, a kind of hunger  
needing uncommon sustenance.

Who would stop me now?

These blossoms were unwanted, the ragged  
leaves sharp and ugly most months,  
and I'm only making more, an easy chore,  
    though none of this matters in the moment.

The white tufts goad me to violence—each  
flaunts its unwelcome softness—I explode  
a whole field with the ease of a child plucking  
the wings off a beetle too metallic and radiant in the sun.

Coarse and lumbering, I crash toward a season  
of prosperity, nurse my own ill weather  
with a satisfying *thwock* tethered to each kick  
when my boot clocks a seed head, frees  
thousands of parachutes barely visible in the breeze.

Next year, as reward or comeuppance,  
there will be a larger crop, and if alert,  
I might salvage the tenderness of the young leaves  
and burgeoning sprouts. I could wait  
for blossoms to fill myself

with a feast of wild greenery,  
store the rest in dark jars  
where it will become a crisp wine.