

A Question of Yellow

It must be April
The dreaded dandelions bloom
And I with my weed killer
Go forth to battle.

It is a shame
That unlike most weeds
The dandelion is yellow.
Such a happy color!

I feel a sadness
As I seek to kill
The first flowers my son picked
And gave to me.

If I could ask God
Anything I wished
I wouldn't ask hard questions
Perhaps I would ask about dandelions.