

Henbit Deadnettle

Henbit Deadnettle loves a warm winter
and upsetting false importance in the Spring.
When her soil bed has been prepared as she likes;
soft, unfrozen,
and warm from the sun,
she sinks her purple body into the land
and stretches with a smirk
across all borders etched
into our one shared heart;
yards closed in by cement,
fields contained with fences and roads,
property lines clarified by 'no trespassing' signs,
both sides of county divides
and the school and prison yards too.