

Pest

Dear Dandelion,
Chère Pissenlit,
I pray you won't ignore my plea
to keep yourself away from me
and from my lawn.

A verge, a meadow or plateau,
I really don't care where you go,
please find another place to grow,
you devil's spawn.

It's true your pretty yellow heads
are sunshine in my flower beds,
but not so lovely when they're dead
and turn to fluff.

Then the wind begins to blow,
seeds are scattered down below,
like swirlings from a drift of snow
or powder puff.

I admit you're loved by bees,
your stems are full of Vitamin C,
your roots and leaves, made into tea,
can cure some ills.

It's said that you can make us pee,
protect the skin from UVB,
I'd rather visit my G.P.
and get some pills.

So, sadly, dear Taraxacum,
a nasty end is coming soon,
though these words you may impugn,
I won't give way.

You really are an evil weed,
I dig you out, but still you seed.
And now it's clear that what I need's
a lethal spray.

Some things are very hard to thole
even for a kindly soul,
your destruction is my goal,
a weed has-been.

If I find you've not complied,
I will put my qualms aside
and practice some Asteraecide,
Yours,
Eva Green.

aka Kate Gordon