

# Dandelion

by Crystal Senter-Brown

I wonder  
if you can sense the way  
your energy fills

a room, the way knees  
begin to buckle and bend  
at the mere sight of

you? How sharing the  
same space often ignites the  
smokey, firework

filled- frenzies. You are  
buttoned up/ combustible/  
a Windsor/ (k)not for the

weary/ even on  
your off-day, sex seems to seep  
from every

ounce of you. And when  
your smile begins to descend  
upon your lips I

quietly picture  
my own, brushing against them.  
The assembly line

of adoration  
forms and soon there is no room  
for me/ they dive in

hips first, swimming in  
your contagious grin. But you  
quickly bore of this

side-show you know you  
will never be without a  
warm bed/ you know that

there will always be  
the hungry ones, the eager  
ones, struggling

up from the cracks of  
the earth like dandelions  
after the first rain

in May...