

99 WRITING

# Dandelion

by Elizabeth W.

**TYPE**  
**POETRY**

A white dandelion in a field of flowers.

The pale glow that stands out

and without a doubt,

I'm different.

Take a look and you will see

I may stand out subtly.

My light skin and blonde hair

in a field of opposites.

Words carry in the breeze

and the dandelion is me.

The flower is fragile:

soft fibres easily flee.

Uncommon, uncertain,

a loneliness.

There aren't many dandelions

in this field of flowers.

Make a wish to myself

to feel more content

and have acceptance

that I am different.

Fuzz flies away,

a rebirth of seeds.

Planted in the ground,

I will be free.

A new beginning, a realization.

Almost away from the fear of not fitting in.

An indication

that even though our roots may differ,

in the end, we are in the same soil.