

## Taraxacum

She had a dandelion face,  
round, girlsome, blithe,  
devoid of a single bad memory,  
a face innocuous and blowball-light,  
a kiss too heedless  
could have demolished her mouth.  
I knew.  
And yet I kissed her.  
Last time I looked  
she was still trying  
to seed herself back together  
from the air.