

Ode to a Violet

Oh, little violet in my lawn,
Gee, how I wish that you were gone!
I strive to grow a carpet green
In which no weed nor blossom's seen.
You don't belong among these blades
Of grass...move to some place with shades
'Neath tree or bush, by rocks and rills,
Where passing strollers leap with thrills
When they spy your purple hue.
And gush aloud with "Ahhh!" and "Ooh!"
Come spring, I pray you'll not say "Hey,
I'm here again! Have a nice day!"
How you intrude, you wedge in so
That in your spot my grass can't grow!
Wish I could kill your kith and kin
And make of you a true has-been!
'Tis true, wee flower, shy and coy
You are State Flower of Illinois,
but seeing how you spit out seed
to me I class you as a weed!
Yes, fellow, I am not impressed,
Knowing how I must invest
In "goo" that will deweed the space
Except for your 'Can't-hurt-me" face!
You do thrust out your tongue and thrive,
And stay defiantly alive!
But, years ago, this wasn't thus,
For when I saw you, how I'd fuss!
I sang to you when but a kid.
I loved the way you shyly hid.
I shrieked with you to see your hue,
Where midst the concrete cracks you grew.
When young, I'd bunch you in a vase
And sketch your petaled purple face.
I plucked your blooms and whiffed your smell,
And pinned you to my coat lapel...
But that was long before I grew
This lawn that made a home for you,
Where you and all your progeny
Advanced like soldiers, daringly!
But, now I'm old...my lawn I prize,
I see it "green" my neighbor's eyes.

I use my waning energy
Defying your persistency,
As I get down on aching knees
And use old-fashioned elbow grease
to pry you and your heart out loose
and shout with glee...OUT, FIEND,
VAMOOSE