

The Weed Society

Camden Whitlock

My father barks like crabgrass, looking for a fight.
My mother is a dandelion, yellow till she's white.
My sister's with the purslane, a succulent for sure.
My brother laughs with cadence— he's just quackgrass immature.

My friends are all white clovers, an ordinary bunch.
My neighbor loves her goosegrass— crazy things and such.
My lover tastes like chickweed and I always wonder why.
My dog loses her goldenrod and barks until I cry.

My grandpa's rough around the edges, ironweed's opponent.
My grandma is some silphium — she'll be back in a moment.
My cousins all try hard to act like milkweed, so close-knit.
My aunt sees them together, and like fescue, has a fit.

My uncle is a handyman— a real jack of allspice.
My stepmom and her children are rosemallow, crimsoneyed.
My daughter is a sassafras, my son a heart foamflower.
And I, myself, I guess that I'm a snake-mouth with my chatter.