

I Am a Dandelion Seed

A Gather Place collaborative poem

I am.

I am a dandelion seed blowing in the warm air.
Once I find my place to grow,
I'll be a pretty golden flower growing
to be the greatest.

I am a pinball machine banging and bouncing
as the score drifts up in points
I am the silver ball bouncing bumpers and targets
as it travels down to the flippers,
I am the player's frown turning into a smile
as he wins the game.

I am a spray paint can spraying everything
in red paint on an abandoned train.
I am a new path leading to somewhere new.
I am a vacuum picking up dust.
I am Mario collecting power moons.
I am a flying squirrel gliding through the air.
That is what I am.

I am a bubbly soda bottle.

I am a book filled with words.

I am a violin with high and low pitches.

I am the blue sky between cirrus clouds,
pouring dissolved soft eyes.
I am a conch shell ocean sound resonating
with the universe.

I am an elderly sea captain sailing my cuddy
with a mutinous crew through stormy seas against the wind.
I am Odysseus, Gulliver, Captain Bligh.
I am fighting my crew.
I am fighting the storm.

(continued)

I am just fighting, fighting, fighting,
but all I really want is just be
under the sea in an octopus's garden beneath the waves.

I am a flower soaking up this April rain
alongside this old place.
I am looking up in the bright sunshine
suddenly appearing in my blooming golden yellow face.

I am a computer reading and writing
for all of eternity, ones and zeros flashing
on a CRT screen, writing an image
for myself.

I am a felted chirps gurgling behind leaves,
branches, fluttering.
I am seeds cracked, shells cascading
to the squirrels.
I am claw marks on bark, dark dash dot
paths encircling the trunk.

I am an elderly sea captain.
I am a lifeless gray rock that turned into a rose,
deep red,
alive,
vibrant,
but studded with thorns.
I am a voice screaming into the wind that turned
into a song of love,
protection,
peace,
but not always in tune.
I am a Picasso that turned into a penguin.
Simple,
still
waiting
for love to return.

I am a sad sailor missing my little boat,
missing salt, missing sunrise and sunset

(continued)

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on the water, missing the sound of a halyard slapping
against the main mast! Missing
lost companions.

I am rhythm pounding, vibrating, barely detectable.
I am a party, transferring energy, connecting, and making memories.
I am my dog Indiana, intelligent, making terrible choices, and loyal,
I am learning, understanding, changing perspective,
I am nature fading, regenerating, strengthening.
I am water flowing, constant relieving, healing.
I am paper, mailable, transformative, communicating, and expressive.

I am.

I am.

I am a seed.

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