

All That's Gold

Not a crowd exactly,
More like a scattering
Of jaunty rosettes;

Scruffy manes
With a ragged bright
Of sunshine yellow.

Their milky tubes
Staining eager fingers
A stubborn brown.

They bloom
To moons
Or fragile globes

That fall apart
In stars.
A breath or breeze

Sending seeds drifting
Like fairies
Seeking new stories.