



Wildflowers

The farmyard is not a schoolyard.
The hens are not teachers.

The cottages are not classrooms.
Their doors, although as red as alarms, are not emergency exits.

Although hard from being walked on, the path is not anger.
Although taloned and full of testosterone, the rooster is not a shooter.

The boulders are not bullets.
The wildflowers are not students, splashes of clover, dollops of poppy, ribbons
of milkweed, blooming, bursting from swaths of rye, alive.