

DANDELIONS ON THE WIND

The multicolored patchwork quilt
Lays in a heap upon the mind.
Each faded square a memory gone,
The tattered threads like opaque tears

Dripping onto stained glass dreams
Shattered by the weight of age,
But in dark corners slivers twinkle
Yet too dim for one to see

Photographs pasted in an album,
Nameless faces passing by
In slow motion, troding gently
While whispered voices drone on and on.

Elderly children sit in a wide circle,
Their clocks have stopped though the hands still spin.
They have forgotten their place of honor
For their thoughts are dandelions on the wind.

Elizabeth Anderson