

## DANDELION

Geoffrey Burch\*

M.A.T. Program in English, Rivier College

I'm not afraid to admit it. I'm a weed.  
Do not, and I mean do not, classify me as a flower.  
Flowers...with all their petals, perfume, and prettiness.  
Please.  
Flowers are just that...pansies.  
Pampered in greenhouses. Planted with care.  
They don't know what it's like to really live, to really survive  
Up there in their ivory towers or wooden window boxes.  
Relaxing in vases. Excuse me, *vaases*.  
Cheering people up. Like you're really going to feel better  
About your dead spouse or hospital bed sores with some  
Daisies or daffodils.  
Flowers are feeble. Flowers are fake.  
  
Me, on the other hand, I'm a true plant.  
Rough, resilient, real.  
I stand alone against a sea of green,  
One single burst of strength.  
Don't let my color fool you.  
Could a coward do what I do?  
I'm dug up, ripped out, and thrown away.  
But, I overcome. I persevere.  
I remain.  
That's what it means to be alive.  
Not decoration. Not deodorant.  
But, defiance.  
I am a dandelion.

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\* **GEOFFREY BURCH** was born and raised in New Hampshire. From an early age, he developed a passion for reading and writing which inspired him to become an English teacher. He completed his undergraduate and graduate studies at Rivier College, where he earned his B.A. in English Education and M.A.T. in English. He has taught middle and high school for three years. Writing is a true passion of his as he has written numerous poems and short stories. He has also written a feature-length film screenplay. Through his writing, he hopes to inspire people to "make the better story."