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Only The Rejected Can Comprehend: Story of a dandelion

Eric Goldrup¹

A flower bloomed
One spring day
Golden petals catching sunny rays

It flourished there in soil rich
No other plant
Could grow as quick

It knew its beauty
Through and through
And in its mind knew what to do

I must grow tall it said
My petals must reach
For the warmth that heaven sheds

It thought
Oh if only I can grow tall
He who tends the garden will find me fairest of all

The dandelion thought
I feed the bees and butterflies
So surely I will be fairest in his eyes

I feed the bees that make honey sweet
And that's how he sweetens what he eats
Surely he will see the need

to help me,
his flower,
to succeed

¹ This poem was created with three messages in mind. First, like the dandelion, we label people in society and don't appreciate their attempts to grow and benefit the world in their own way. We don't allow people we see as "garden weeds" who can never be anything else, to actually be something else. Whether this is a matter of ethnicity, socioeconomic status, sexuality, sexual identity, disability, or religious belief. Everyone has more than one story and more than one chapter in each. Second, this is story of finding that one person in your life who can make you feel appreciated. That one person, no matter who they are to you, that makes it all worth it. And last, this is a story of the love in children's hearts. That for them, before the world tells them what is not beautiful, everything is and everyone they meet is beautiful in some way. I hope we can all relearn that childish ability to love and appreciate the world and everyone in it, because that to me isn't so childish.

And maybe one day when I'm grown
Like my neighbor the rose
I'll be welcomed into his home

The dandelion never knew
The sadness coming
When it bloomed

That someone could hate its beauty so
To curse its name
When they see them grow

And so it was plucked
From garden rich
But it grew again just as quick

And this time found a kinder hand
That of child
Who just learned to stand

The smile on that child's face
All that pain
It did erase

The dandelion knew deep down
That it had many reasons to be proud
And now it knows through and through

It had its deepest of dreams come true
To be plucked with love
And welcomed through

The love of a child's hand
Who saw its beauty
Someone who could understand

Only the rejected
Can comprehend