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Milkweed

by Bonnie L. Verburg

It was not love, to be carelessly
snapped from her dreams, a milkweed pod
whose gnarled body succumbed to the prying
fingers of a preoccupied visitor.

Propping her open, he sought nor found release
in the arms that let loose
a thousand white and downy fairies
dreams lifted and scattered by wind.

Each word from her quivering mouth
disappeared, unheard, in the flurry; lost
on a man sighting his mission and stepping away,
letting her crumpled hull fall to the field.

It was not love, but the brown-grey of October
that swallowed her body silently, without sympathy,
as every particle of down became
a seed for next year's harvest.

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