

## **Weeds and Dandelions**

My clothes don't fit anymore.

I want to stomp on my glasses,  
For the scars on my knuckles to never fade,  
For my nails to never grow back,  
For my eyesight to worsen –

Plant my tonsils in a forest.  
I hope a weed grows there.  
I hope it's pulled in the hour,  
so the trees need not be plagued  
by the pale white tufts of dandelions.