

Weeds

By Sasha Martin

In fields of green and flowers fair,
Some may think it's the only beauty there.
But amidst the tall and thriving green,
There's another kind of beauty to be seen.
Weeds with their wild and untamed grace,
Pushing through the dirt at a frenzied pace.

They may not have a fancy name,
But their charm is just the same.
Dandelions with their golden glow,
Filling fields wherever they go.
And thistles with their purple hue,
Standing tall and proud in view.

Let's cherish weeds and their chaotic way,
For their beauty adds to life in every day.