

GOTTA LOVE THEM NARKY WEEDS!

or

ODE TO NARCISSISM

Today, I would love to play, to frolic
In the grass and while away the day –
But I must pull weeds.
I would much prefer to sit in the sun
And contemplate . . .
But, today the weeds are my fate.

Oh! Them naughty weeds!
When did they first appear?
In the Garden they were, I fear,
The equals of the lilies of the field,
Whose beauty rivaled Solomon's.
Do weeds aspire to such acclaim?

Look at the noxious things!
Prolific pests! Invasive indigents!
Unwelcome, unwanted invaders!
So proud and tall, sure to please –
Themselves – that is,
Dancing in the breeze.

Do they bow and bob beside the pond,
Seeking their reflection before
We do our inspection?
They must be taught a lesson, them narky
Weeds before they can set any seeds!

Annihilate them narcissistic knaves!

Oh, them poor narky weeds!
Paradise lost! What chance now?
Usurped by a host of dainty daffodils
Dancing in the breeze –
Twiddle Dee and Twiddle Dumb,
Can they be eaten by a cow?

Ah, them narky weeds,
I shall teach them democracy!
Every weed equal under the sun.
Such freedom unknown to the caste of Flowers,
Those pampered darlings!
Just so much sun, and a little shade.

A snip here and a snip there.
The purest water to sip
And the best fertilizer.
The prettiest, sissy-est, most useless.
In this is the flower's pedigree –
And its' downfall.

Cunning! Them narky weeds!
They plot and they plan
To rid us of our weapons:
"Weed Out," "Weed-be-Gone," "Round-Up".
Of these, they shall demand
An account, and we would not hesitate.

Clever, them narky weeds!
Now they have united,
Risen as one, and
In the heat of the scorching
Summer sun, their fearless leader
Charges the Evil Axis of Flowers!

But who will win this fated fete?

Bother! Them narky weeds!
They believe they have won.
Narky weeds invade every nook
And assume they rule the world.
And, per chance, they are better suited
For a reality we don't share.

I shall feign their disappearance:
Fie! Be gone! You are not there!
Life so short lived, will our descendants know?
Better to plant flowers and pretend all is well.
Then per chance I can contemplate in the sun,
And warm my toes and burn my nose.

Ah, well, gotta love them Narky Weeds!

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