A.M. Gwynn

Dandelions

The grass was noon high
when last I passed
here. I had rested
with my crisp apple
in this field, dandelions
tucking butter under my chin.

This is where violence sprung
without warning from the hips
of our executioners. The crooked
lines of shaking bodies
re-loading like their rifles.

We witnessed our ends
in the eyes of others, one by one
the blue gas of their energies
escaped then disappeared. Afterward,
darkened outlines against the frost.
I wonder who comes to mow this field grass?

There has always been something
in this field destined to be cut down.
I prefer tall grass,
dotted with dandelions. Beautiful
things considered weeds.

The children were shot first
on purpose. Killing us for no reason
was not good enough. My sister's grave
is near the tallest pine. There
is no inch of this field
not given to a grave.
She lay as they had left her.
Not yet twelve. Silenced
in their muddy boots
and gun powder. They had spread
her like water over thirsty dirt.

Perhaps, in one hundred years
people may forget this place.
But I swear, there were wildflowers
blooming from her dark
hair matted in the earth
like roots.

A.M. Gwynn writes poetry and short fiction. Her poetry will be featured in a forthcoming issue of *War, Literature and the Arts: An International Journal of the Humanities.* Her work also appears in *Boston Literary Magazine*. She resides in Germany.