

The Scent of Weeds

by raz *Tuesday, May 2 2017, 10:11am*

international / poetry / post

roses are garish
unfurled in their femaleness
with overpowering scent
but not all, some lack fragrance altogether

roses are demanding
they require tending and care
but by the roadside and in cemeteries
weeds proliferate --
straight and sturdy they issue a subtle scent
rough as their jagged leaves and coarse
like sandpaper

one wonders at times why weeds are rejected in favour
of cultivated flowers that wither and die when exposed to
the elements --
aesthetics seem inverted, but who would give
a weed on Valentine's day? me probably,
as a sign of endurance and simple taste,

weeds survive in the harshest of conditions
without demands
they have learned that independence leads to survival
and so displace the weak and tended

weeds supply useful materials, chemical and fibrous,
they have learned to bribe predators
with compounds that delight and intoxicate
while roses quickly fade and die ignominious
useless deaths

but then taste and aesthetics are learned,
cultivated by culture
though some people have different tastes