

Travelling Seeds

By Lori Friesen





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When I was a seedling my roots were strong.
With newly-formed buds my stem grew long.





My flower opened wide and was
pollinated by a bee. Under each floret,
a seed was formed that all could see.

My flower soon turned gentle, wispy and white.
No longer a beautiful bloom but seeds ready
to take flight.





The wind came and carried my seeds far away.
Landing in a new spot, I wait to become a bouquet.

I grow in the woods and people don't like me.
They say I'm a pest, they call me a weed.





Just wait until my flowers bloom,
my spiky seeds will cause much gloom!

A dog brushes past with lovely thick fur, my aim is perfect, I release my burr. I go for a ride until they welp, "Get this off me! I need help!"





When I'm picked off and left in a new place,
I'm ready to start over, to leave a new trace.

I'm bright red and sweet and a bird's favourite
treat. When eaten I sit and then I wait, until it is
time to reach my fate.



Down I go, down I'm plopped. I grow again,
where I'm dropped.



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